



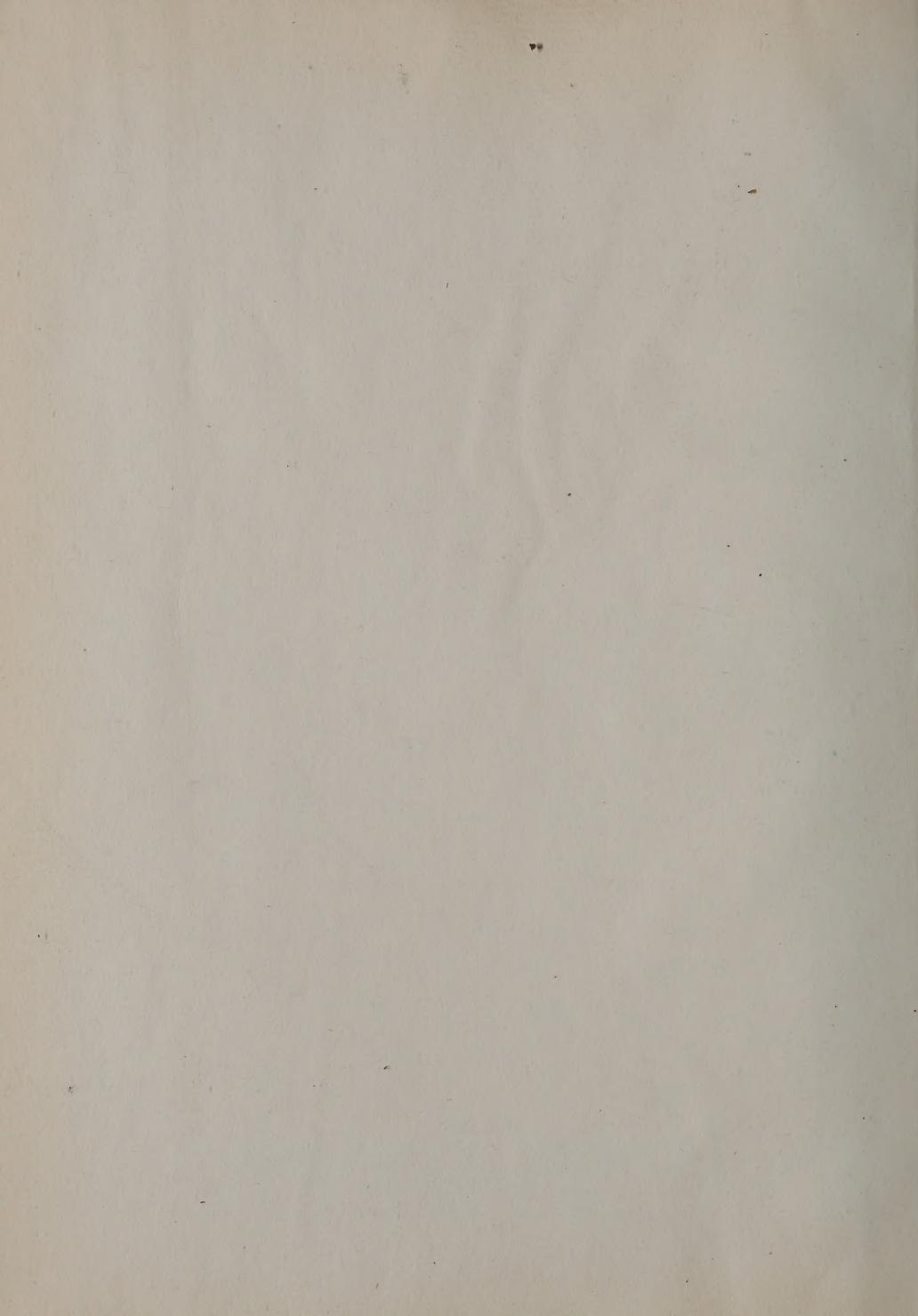
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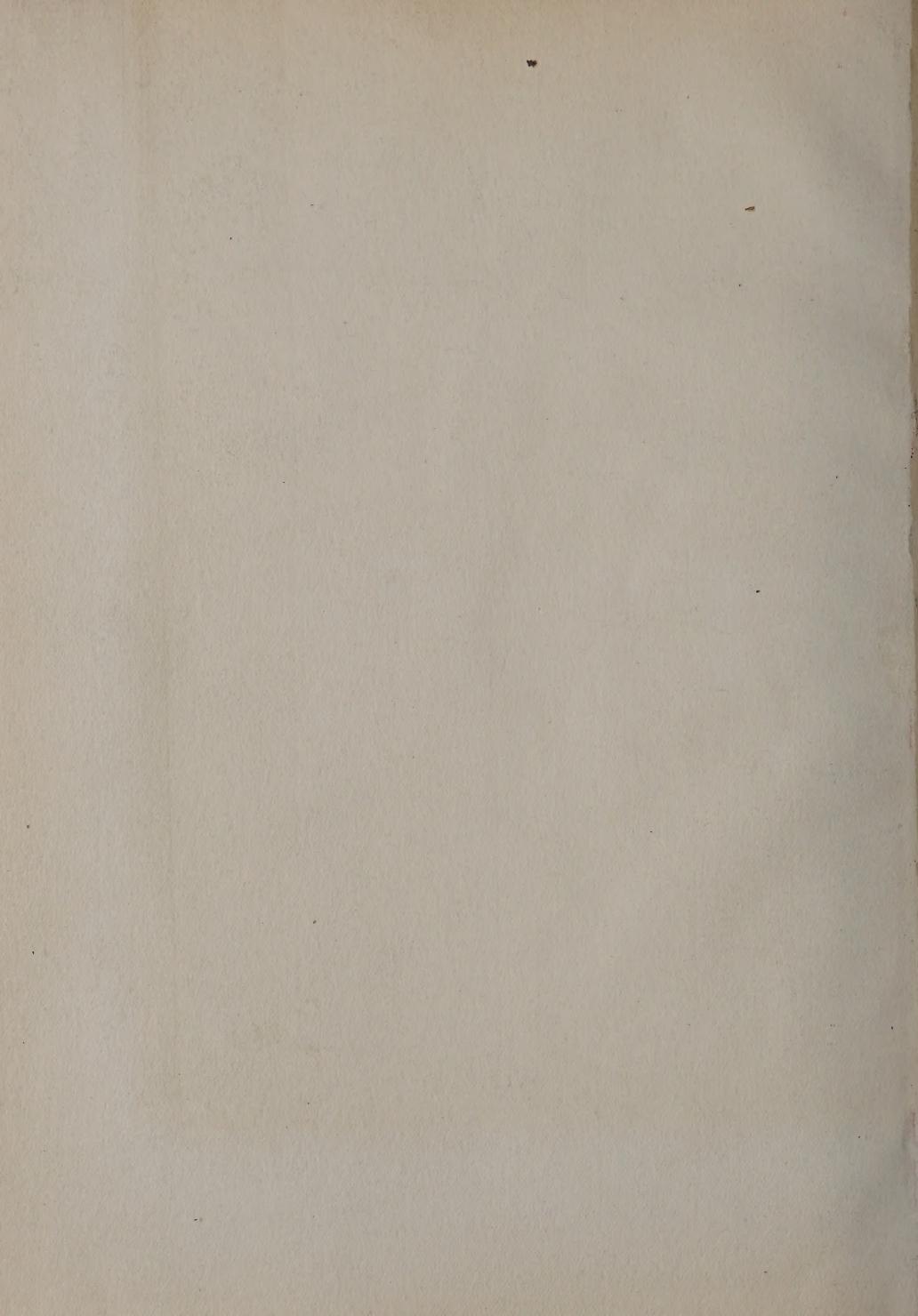
GUACANAGARI	PONTIAC	BLACK HAWK
MONTEZUMA	CAPTAIN PIPE	KEOKUK
GUATIMOTZIN	LOGAN	SACAGAWEA
POWHATAN	CORPLANTER	BENITO JUAREZ
POCAHONTAS	JOSEPH BRANT	MANGUS
SAMOSET	RED JACKET	COLORADAS
MASSASOIT	STINKING CIRCLE	LITTLE CROW
KING PHILIP	TECUMSEH	SITTING BULL
UNCAS	OSCOOLA	CHIEF JOSEPH
TEDYUSKUNG	SEQUOYA	GERONIMO
SHABONEE		



TO PERPETUATE THE HISTORY
AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE
PEOPLE REPRESENTED BY THE
ABOVE CHIEFS AND WISE MEN
THIS COLLECTION HAS BEEN
GATHERED BY THEIR FRIEND
EDWARD EVERETT AYER
AND PRESENTED BY HIM
TO
THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY
1911







Flyer

1887

Our Forest Children.

Vol. 1, No. 1.

SHINGWAUK HOME.

February, 1887.

Any Number of Copies

Sent Gratis

to those who will interest themselves in educating and christianizing of the

25,000 Indian Children

of schoolable age scattered throughout our country.

Our Object.

 UR object in issuing this little paper, which will be printed from time to time as funds admit, is to draw attention to the following facts :—

1st. That there are in this country, scattered throughout the Dominion of Canada 130,000 Indians.

2nd. That as time goes on and our White population increases we must necessarily come more and more into contact with them.

3rd. That unless we take wise measures to prevent it we have in all probability the same troubles in store for us that they have been suffering for so long in the United States.

4th. That the American people, made wise by experience, are now spending a million dollars a year in educating the children of their 260,000 Indians.

5th. We wish to show that the wisest and most just and humane course for us in Canada to pursue would be at once to establish Institutions on a large scale where Indian children would be trained and educated and brought up to civilized and christian habits, so that instead of having to fight them, they may join with us in building up this great country.

What is to be Done With the Indians ?

 HIS is a question that has more or less occupied the public mind for many years past. So long as the Indian keeps quiet and does not attempt to oppose our gradual aggressiveness we pay him little attention, but when stirred up, as he sometimes is, by some act of injustice on the part of his white neighbours, to resent and to rebel, the question again comes to the fore. What are we to do with these wild men of the Forest, the original owners of the soil ? Either we must dispossess them of all their rights and drive them into the wilderness, or else we must provide for their existence in our midst and admit them into our civilization. There seems to be little doubt but that this Indian question will become more and more difficult and serious as time advances. The advance of the iron horse into the prairies of the North West had probably as much to do with the Indian rising of 1885 as had the insidious influence of Louis Riel and his half breeds ; the Indians doubtless associated the disappearance of the buffalo with the laying down of the steel rails of the C.P.R. We have invaded their hunting grounds, we have advanced into the heart of the Indian country, and as time goes on shall keep advancing more and more. Every year will bring our white population more and more into contact with the wild Indians of the North West, every year will embitter the feelings of jealousy which already exist ; the Indians may not perhaps dare to meet us in open warfare, but they will probably be increasingly a terror and an annoyance to our incoming settlers.

The troubles that have been experienced in the United States are probably in store for us. In the United States there are 60 millions of white population and 260,000 Indians. Here in Canada we have 5 million only of white population and 130,000 Indians. We in Canada have just half the number of Indians that they have in the United States ; the Indians therefore are in far greater proportionate numbers with us than they are across the border. As our population increases we must necessarily come more and more into collision with them. The United States Government has spent millions of money in trying to reduce the Indians to subjection and compelling them by force not to interfere with the advance of white immigration. But time has made the Americans wiser ; they have found that killing the Indians and driving them westward does not pay, the process has been too expensive. Within the last eight or ten years they have completely changed their policy. The American Government, instead of expending large amounts of money and sacrificing the lives of many of its best soldiers in reducing the Indians to subjection by force of arms, is now subsidizing in a liberal generous manner a number of large Institutions which for the most part have been originally started by philanthropic people or charitable societies. There are now in the United States eight or ten

LARGE INSTITUTIONS

for Indian children, accommodating from 200 to 600 pupils each, all under efficient teachers, and with facilities for teaching trades. The American Government is now spending a million dollars a year, solely in the education of young Indians. We want to see something of the same kind done in Canada: Surely it is a question, which it would be well for the country, just

at this juncture, to consider,—whether money, expended in the education and training in Industrial pursuits, of the rising generation of Indians would not be money well spent. The Indians are among us. The Indians have to be dealt with in some way. And just now it is a question, which is the wisest course to pursue? That they are, as a people, capable of elevation and education, seems to be a point beyond dispute. The success that has attended the Institutions, which already exist, both in this country and in the States, goes to prove this. If the Indians are to become our fellow citizens, and to unite with us in building up this great country, it surely seems the wisest and most generous course on our part, to afford their children the advantages of a liberal education, and to put them in the way of gaining their own livelihood, as we do ourselves. A little money spent now, both by government and by our wealthy philanthropists, may be the means of saving much expense, and perhaps, many lives, in the future.

A Large Protestant Institution At Sault Ste Marie.



S SAULT STE. MARIE is a splendid centre for Indian work, and that is where the two Indian Institutions, called the Shingwauk Home and the Wawanosh Home are already established. Probably no better central position could be found. It is already the crossing point of eight or ten different steamboat lines, and we expect within two years time it will be the centre of four railway lines, two connecting us with the States and two with Eastern Canada. Our position on the banks of the St. Mary River is a very prominent one, and a large Institution established there could not but be noticed by the travelling public. There are already

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not belonging to the Church of England, shall be allowed to attend their own place of worship in town, and be visited by their own ministers.

Shingwauk Boys to the Carlisle Boys.

FOllowing is the message which the boys at the Shingwauk Home sent to the boys at the American Institution in Pennsylvania, which Mr. Wilson visited. "We hope that you all love Jesus Christ. Pray without ceasing. We wish you all to be patient at your studies; and in every thing that you do, do it unto the Lord. Signed, David Minomine; John A. Maggrah."

Mr. Wilson brought back 25 replies from the pupils at the three Institutions which he visited. These are some of them:—Dear Friends: I am very glad to receive the message, that you sent to us. So I thought I would like to send my message back to you. Well, I have this to say: We are glad you love our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, and try to keep His Commandments. Now I must tell you, that we have prayer meeting, and we pray for you people. We want you to pray for us, also.

I am truly, your friend, Lorenzo S. Bonito, an Apache boy, from Arizona.

To the girls at the Home, up in Canada:—Dear Friends: We were very glad indeed to receive that kind and welcome message, you sent by Mr. Wilson. I was very much interested in hearing about your school. Our school here, is very large; we have great many buildings here, and we have about 600 students. The Indians here, come from different parts of the United States; some from Dakota, Indian Territory, Nebraska, and a few from Arizona. I myself come from Nebraska, and I belong to the tribe of Omahas. I am 13 years old. I study geography, arithmetic, history of the bible, grammar,

history of the United States, Natural history which I like very much. I guess I will close now as I think this will be too long a letter for the first time. I hope you will like the cotton pod I sent you. Good bye yours truly Nettie Fremont.

Shingwauk Examination.

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There are 130,000 Indians scattered throughout the Dominion of Canada.

As time goes on and our White population increases we must necessarily come more and more into contact with them.

In the States they used to spend \$22,000,000 a year in fighting the Indians.

General Atkins, who is at the head of Indian affairs in the States, says "\$1 expended on educating the Indians goes further than \$10 spent on fighting them."

The American people, made wise by experience, are spending a million dollars a year in educating the children of their 260,000 Indians.

There is the Carlisle Institute in Pennsylvania for 600 Indian pupils; the Lincoln Institute, Philadelphia, for 200; the Hampton Institute, Virginia, for 150; the Sitka Institute, Alaska for 150; the Chilocco School, Indian Territory, for 200; the Haskell Institute, Kansas, for 350; the Santee Institute Nebraska, for 150; the Genoa Institute, Nebraska, for 150; the Albuquerque Institute, New Mexico, for 200; the Salem Institute, Oregon, for 150; the Good Shepherd Institute, Wisconsin for 300; these and a number more of less capacity.

The American Government gives grants towards the support of all these Institutions, generally at the rate of \$167 per capita, per annum.

We ought to have at least one large central Institution here in Canada for the children of our 130,000 Indians.

Indian Boys and Girls at Philadelphia

Captain Pratt, the Superintendent of the Carlisle Institute for Indian children in Pennsylvania, with his usual energy and enterprise, a few weeks ago took a party of more than a hundred of his pupils to New York and Philadelphia, his object being to demonstrate before the white people in those two great centres of commercial activity what can be done with Indian children if properly trained and taught. The meetings that they held were most successful and were illustrated by tableaux showing the boys at their trades and the girls cooking, sewing, ironing etc., all as bright and merry as larks. Following is an extract from a Philadelphia paper:

"Hearty applause rewarded the young Kiowas' speech, and this swelled into a roar as the curtain rose upon a tableau for which the audience was not prepared. It showed the industries at the Carlisle school in which the boys are employed and the show filled the entire stage. In the centre were half a dozen strong young fellows sewing shoes, and back of them was a blacksmith shop, in full blast. To the right several of the boys sat cross-legged upon tailor's tables plying the needle, and to the left was a complete printing office with type setters and press men at work. In the rear were carpenters, and bakers, and tinsmiths and harness makers. All were as busy as bees. Strung across

the stage was a large placard which explained that there were 363 boys and 194 girls in the school at present, and that the trades were distributed among the boys as follows : Carpenters 19, tailors 25, tinsmiths 15, blacksmiths 10, printers 13, waggon makers 10, shoe-makers 56, harness makers 25, painters 4, broom makers 15. The lads all seemed to be bright, wide-awake fellows and they went about their work with great skill. The curtain fell, and there was more music. When it rose again the stage was crowded with Indian maidens big and little. Some were sitting and some were standing, some were sewing and some knitting, some ironing, and some baking. Two or three sewing machines were humming, and the dashing of a churn was heard. All the work in a well regulated house was going on at the same time, and the girls, with their bright smiling faces, made an attractive picture and completely captivated the audience. When the curtain went down the Secretary of the Interior, who was present, joined in the demand for an encore, but did not get it.

A primary class composed of four girls and two boys, all of them little more than toddlers, gave a blackboard exhibition of addition, division, and subtraction, and then a bevy of youngsters ran on the stage and sang "See-saw," while two young Indians in the background bobbed up and down on a board balanced across a bench. After this a little Pueblo girl sang "Apples for a penny ;" she wore a big straw hat, and carried a basket of apples on her arm. In pantomime she was perfect, and fairly took the house by storm. Samuel Townshend, a young Pawnee, who looked every inch the civilized Indian, delivered an original speech, his subject being "Work a civilizer." He was earnest and self possessed, and he argued that employment of the head and hand was bound

to make the Indian a good citizen. The next thing was a "Debate," in which a number of the boys took part, the resolution discussed being "That the Indian be exterminated." The controversy waxed fierce and exciting and lasted for three quarters of an hour. The result arrived at was that the way to exterminate the Indian was to instruct and civilise him. Captain Pratt was warmly congratulated by hundreds in the audience upon the success of the exhibition. The pupils came by special train on the Pennsylvania railroad."

Shingwauk Talk.

Gilbert, the boy from LacSeul in Manitoba, who came to us last summer, is learning blacksmithing up town and is getting on splendidly ; people who have visited the shop say it is a sight to see him wielding the hammer, he is a strong muscular fellow six feet high, but only about 18 years of age. That boy seems determined to get along. He only knows a few words of English and is low down in the school, but there is a look about him which tells you he is bound to succeed.

John Thunder, a Sioux boy, from Bird Tail Creek on the borders of Assiniboia, only came to us for one year, but he now asks if he may stay two.

We have a nice time Sunday evenings. The services in the chapel are morning and afternoon, and Sunday school is in the afternoon. In the evening the girls have all gone back to the Wawanosh Home, and just the boys only gather in the school room. Mr. Wilson then writes up four Bible questions on the blackboard. Last Sunday the questions were (1) When were there 276 people on board a ship ? (2) Where is the first mention of a ship in the Bible ? (3) Who was thrown from a ship into the water ? (4) Who stood up in a ship and told the storm

to cease? Boys of the 2nd 3rd and 4th classes got their Bibles and try to find answers to the questions; while those of A and B class, who are only just beginning to read and know very little English, are taught orally from some large bible pictures, or have letters given them to try and make short texts with. Mr. Wilson's children help to teach these beginners and take great pleasure in doing so.

Our hospital is now nearly completed, and is a most delightful little building, bright cheery and very pleasantly situated. One room in the upper floor has already been put into shape and furnished and a stove put up. And we were none too soon, for last Monday a little girl was taken sick at the Wawanosh Home, and she was wrapped in blankets and brought at once to the hospital. At first we feared it was going to be a serious illness, but there are hopes now that she may recover.

Wawanosh Jottings.

We are sorry that Miss Schneegans feels compelled to give up her post as Superintendent of the girl's Home owing to indifferent health, and we have no one yet to take her place. Miss Schneegans says the girl's Sunday uniforms are nearly all worn out. Blue serge dresses with scarlet binding or trimming. Will our lady friends help us in this matter? The girls all look so nice and neat in the uniform dress when they come to chapel on Sundays, but things will wear out.

The snow is 5 or 6 feet deep in the road opposite the Wawanosh, such a big drift right over the fences; and so all the teams that pass have to drive through the Wawanosh grounds in at one gate and out at the other.

Mary Ann and Alice Macgregor were very sorry to hear of the death of their little brother Duncan at Cape Croker the other day.

Warming Up.

We have lately received many very kind encouraging letters, and cannot but feel that peoples hearts are gradually becoming warmed towards our poor Indians and the work in which we are engaged. A widow lady writes " Our Women's Auxiliary has decided to send you \$25 towards the projected Indian Homes. May you have every support from the church in Canada as well as abundant comfort from the Great Head of the church." A clergy man in the Diocese of Quebec says " Please let us know in what way we can help the Homes. We have a woman's auxiliary connected with our church and they would like to make clothing for your children." This enclosed \$13. A Montreal clergyman writes. " I am most desirous of helping you and I pray God to support and sustain you in your blessed work that you may never weary in it. Wherever I go I try to speak with all the power I can for you. I have known three generations of you all doing a good work for the Master in the great mission field, and I am sure that in what you are doing you are seeking the guidance of God's Spirit.

Chief Buhkwujjenene.

Chief Buhkwujjenene came the other day to the Shingwauk Home to hear an account of our recent visit to the States, and was very much gratified to hear that the Americans had so completely turned round in favour of the Indians, and were now educating their children instead of shooting them. We told him our plans for enlarging the Shingwauk and erecting new buildings so as to receive 300 pupils, and that we had applied to Government for a grant of \$45,000. The Chief pondered a little over this and then said " I do not think the Government cares enough for the Indians to give so much money, but I believe

you will do the work nevertheless. You have worked hitherto trusting in God. The work has been God's and not man's. I shall pray every day to God that God may give you the money to do this great work."

Branch Homes.

We still look forward to erecting at least two Branch Homes one up in the North West and the other in the neighborhood of our old mission Sarnia. Towards the former, by putting the amounts standing to the credit of the two North Western Homes together, we have now just upon \$2000 (£400). We expect this spring to select the site and possibly to purchase the land. For the Home near Sarnia we expect to collect money among the townspeople and others living in the neighborhood, and the Indians themselves, it is thought, will contribute about \$500. They are all of them very anxious for it to be erected. Both these Branch Homes will be receiving Homes for the great central Institution at Sault Ste. Marie.

Lively Times at the Sault.

Our hitherto quiet little village is now all astir in anticipation of the coming railroads and the erection of an international bridge across the river St Mary. Land is running up in price, and there seems likely to be a boom. It is perhaps a little unfortunate that the railway is to cut through the vestry of St Luke's church, and so will compel, we presume the removal of the church, however it may turn out to be all for the best. Others of our friends are trembling for their houses, others have their gardens and backyards broken into. Still all are in good humor, and all seem to welcome the advent of the iron horse. Certainly it will be a great change, instead of having to drive 65 miles in an open sleigh to the nearest station in Michi-

gan in order to get out of Algoma in the winter time we shall now have four different railway lines, two American and two Canadian, all converging at this one point. We have already some eight or ten steamship lines passing through the canal here, so we shall soon begin to look upon our town as the great centre of Canada.

Receipts Indian Homes.

Mrs. Nivin for boy.	\$ 3.20
St. John's S. S. St. John N. B. for boy	75.00
St Paul's S. S. Wingham for boy	10.00
Aylmer S. S. for girl	12.50
St. Paul's S. S. London for boy	60.00
Memorial S. S. London for boy	18.75
Diocese of Toronto for Shingwauk	19.32
Wawanosh	48
Mrs. Gault for girl	3.50
Trinity S.S. Quebec for Shingwauk	13.00
Ch. Redeemer S.S. Toronto for boy	18.75
St. Peter's S.S. Sherbrooke for girl	18.75
	\$ 253.05

Receipts for Branch Homes.

Friends at Perth	\$ 10.00
St. John's S. S. St. John N. B.	10.00
Miss Gibbin England £100,	485.55
	\$ 505.55

Shingwauk Extension.

Mrs Nivin's boy account wigwam fire	2.10
Per Miss Mitchell Mrs S. Heward	7.27
Miss Mitchell	2.43
Per S. A. Hughes a friend	1.00
	\$ 12,80

Our Forest Children

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REV. E. F. WILSON,
SAULT STE MARIE, - ONTARIO

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It is intended to issue 15 or 20 numbers in the course of the year, and friends of the cause are asked to keep them on file, they will thus have a history of this movement from the beginning.

Our Forest Children.

Vol. I, No. 3.

SHINGWAUK HOME.

April, 1887.

ANY NUMBER OF

Copies Sent Gratis

to those who will interest themselves in educating and christianizing of the

25,000 Indian Children

of schoolable age scattered throughout our country.

IN Canada there are 130,000 Indians, distributed as follows :—17000 in Ontario, 12,000 in Quebec, 2000 in Nova Scotia, 1550 in New Brunswick, 300 in Prince Edwards Island, 11,000 in Manitoba, 21,000 in the North West, 2000 in the Peace River District, 8000 in Athabasca, 7000 in the McKenzie River District, 4000 in the Hudson Bay District, 1000 on the coast of Labrador, 4000 on the Arctic coasts, and 38,500 in British Columbia.

The tribes represented in Ontario are the Ojibways, the Ottawas, the Pottowatamies, the Algonguins, the Munsees, the Mississagas, the Delawares, the Iroquois, the Wyandottes, and lastly the Six Nation Indians (nearly 5000 in number) consisting of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras.

In the Province of Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, the tribes represented are the Algonguins, Iroquois, Hurons, Micimacs, Amaliesites, Nas-kapees, Montagnais, and Abenakis.

In Manitoba are Crees, Saulteaux, and Ojibways.

In the North West, (Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta) are the Sioux, Stonies, Assinobaines, Sarcees, Blackfeet, Piegans, Bloods, Saulteaux and Crees.

In Athabasca are Chippewayans, Beavers, Crees.

In the Hudson Bay District chiefly Crees.

In British Columbia are the Aht Nation (about 6000), Hydahs, Cowichan, Quackewelth, Tsimpsheans, and many other tribes.

There are about 18,000 Ojibways (including Saulteaux) in the Dominion, about 18,000 Crees, about 5000 Six Nation Indian, about 5000 Blackfeet (including Bloods and Piegan), about 4000 Micmacs, and about 2000 Sioux. These last are chiefly refugees from the States.

The most reduced of the Indian tribes seem to be the Delawares (about 270) the Munsees about 270, the Hurons about 260, and the Wyandottes about 100.

At the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes we have the following tribes represented : Ojibways, (61) Pottawatomies (6), Ottawas (7) Sioux (6) Delawares (2).

The American people are spending a million dollars a year in educating the children of their 260,000 Indians. They have 36 Institutions each with a capacity for upwards of 100 pupils who are taught the English language and instructed in trades besides receiving a good christian education.

In Canada the only Institutions at present existing are the New England Company's School at Brantford (ch. of England) for 90 pupils ; the Mount Elgin Institute at Muncey Town (Methodist) for 60 pupils ; the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes at Sault Ste. Marie (ch. of England) for 85 pupils ; the Wikwemikong School on Manitoulin Island (R. Catholic), attended chiefly by day pupils ; the Qu'Appelle Industrial school (R. Catholic), for 40 pupils ; The St. Joseph's Industrial school, near Igarty, (R. Catholic) attendance of

OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

about 20 ; and the Battleford Institution, Saskatchewan, (ch. of England) attendance about 40.

Of the above Institutions, the Brantford school receives no government aid, the Mount Elgin, the Shingwauk and Wawanosh, and the Wikwemikong schools receive grants in aid towards the partial support of pupils, and the Qu'Appelle, St. Josephs, and Battleford schools are wholly supported by Government.

The whole number of Indian children of schoolable age throughout Canada is probably about 25,000.

The entire number of children enjoying the advantages of Institution training at present in Canada is less than 400. In the States they have about 50,000 Indian children of schoolable age ; and of this number about 10,000 have the advantage of Institution training.

The Proposed Institution for 300 Children, at Sault Ste. Marie.

We are asking the Canadian Government for a grant of \$45,000 towards the erection of the necessary buildings.

We propose to sell the Wawanosh Home, which is two and a half miles away from the Shingwauk; and in future, to have boys and girls boarding in separate buildings, but attending the same school.

The new buildings when erected will consist of (1) one large central building, containing Dining Hall for 300 pupils, and kitchens on the ground floor, and a large assembly room above, (2) a School building, containing 8 classrooms, 4 on each flat, (3) a senior boys' Home, (4) a junior boys' Home, (5) the present Shingwauk, converted into a girls' Home, (6) Hospital,—already built, (7) Chapel,—already built, (8) Offices and teachers' quarters, (9) Laundry, (10) Workshops.

We want it to be a large central Protestant Institution for the Indian children of Canada.

Opposition to our plans has already been stirred up. Roman Catholics are raising their voices against the proposed grant. Church people, in some quarters, are raising objections to the Institution in any way losing its distinctive Church character.

But we maintain our ground.

We believe our position to be the true and the right one,—a large central Protestant Institution. All pupils belonging to the Church of England will, of course, attend our services as usual, and may continue to be partly supported by Church of England Sunday Schools as hitherto ; but we propose that, pupils coming to us, who belong to the Presbyterian, Methodist, or any other Protestant denomination, shall be allowed to attend their own place of worship.

The property is Church property and will remain Church property.

The Branch Homes.

Instead of four, we hope to build two Branch Receiving Homes, one in the North West, on the border between Manitoba and Assiniboia, the other near Sarnia.

If any of our friends, who have kindly contributed towards the two proposed North Western Homes, object to this proposed amalgamation, we shall be glad to hear from them and to consider the ground of their objections. No change is made yet. At present it is merely a proposal.

Shingwauk Notes.

'Play School' is the newest thing out at the Shingwauk. The idea is to keep the school-room from being racked all to pieces during play hours, to encourage free-hand writing and drawing on the black board, and to give the

boys of the senior class an opportunity of learning to teach. Certain hours in the day are appointed, when certain boys in the senior class have to take their turn at the teacher's desk; they ring the bell and the scholars assemble. No scholars need come unless they please, but if they do come they must fall in and behave themselves. The teacher may take any subject he pleases,—geography, spelling, arithmetic, writing, drawing, singing; he must exercise proper discipline, and enter in a book, kept for the purpose, the number of scholars present, how they behaved, and what he taught them. If no scholars come, the teacher may read to himself, but he must not leave the room during the appointed 'play school' hour.

The Dormitory monitors are now required to keep books, in which they enter their daily report thus-wise:—

"April 12.—Boys get up in time; all washing good themselves; all behaved well. Thunder. E. D. M." "All on time, all in place, Oshkahboos and Solomon not wash arms. Joe. F. D. M."

"April 13.—Matron boys did not do his work to put water in place last night, all on time. Joe. F. D. M."

The boys are drilled now once a week, by Serjeant Howe, who very kindly gives us his services free.

The boys and girls had a rehearsal the other night, in the Dining Hall of what they hope to do if they go to Ottawa.

Boys may, at any time, go into the Chapel to pray, read the bible, or sing hymns. They always behave well.

Wawanosh Twitter.

The half-day system, which in imitation of the plan followed in the United States, we have recently adopted, does not seem to be as well appreciated at

the Wawanosh as at the Shingwauk. The morning laundry girls say they have the hardest work. Never mind! at the end of 5 weeks you will change over, and the morning work girls will be at school a.m., and go to work p.m.

As we have difficulty in getting any one to fill the post of lady superintendent until navigation opens, Miss Schneegans has kindly consented to remain until May 1st.

The girls are going to begin 'play school' too.

The well at the laundry has gone almost dry, and Mrs. Bridge has had to depend on melted snow for filling her wash tubs. We have sunk three wells one after another, but none of them yield sufficient water supply. Well, we must move girls, laundry, tubs and all back to the Shingwauk. There is plenty of water in the river.

The Boom.

Things are booming at the Sault. Our next door neighbor has sold his farm for about \$6,000, having bought it originally, we believe, for about 20 cents an acre.

The Shingwauk land, exclusive of buildings, which was bought for \$500, is now worth \$6,000.

Since the boom began, the law firm, Kehoe & Hamilton, have handled upwards of \$100,000 worth of property for different people.

There is again talk of our having a canal on the Canadian side. The American locks, though the largest in the world, are not sufficient to accommodate the increasing lake traffic. The tonnage that passed through last year, during the 7 months that navigation was open, was 4,219,397 tons, while the great Suez Canal, open all the year round, only passes 6,000,000 tons.

Four railway lines are to centre at the Sault; two from the States and two from Canada.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

The international bridge across the St. Mary River is to be a steel structure, and to cost \$560,000.

Odds and Ends

"Talks and Thoughts" is the name of a little weekly sheet published at the Hampton Institute, Pa.

"The Indian Helper" comes to us regularly from the Carlisle Institute, Penn., and all our boys, and teachers too greatly enjoy reading it.

A Friend at the Central Institute writes us; "I am anxious for your success. You have the location, the material (25,000 Indian children), the plant and the pluck. And all you need now is the *boom*. This with God's blessing will insure success."

This is what President Cleveland says about the Indian question: "The conscience of the people demands that the Indians, within our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the Government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship."

If any of our friends prefer subscribing for "Our Forest Children," to receiving it gratis, we will furnish it at 10 cents a year.

Receipts, Indian Homes, Since Last Issue of O. F. C.

St. Paul's S S Rothersay	\$ 5,00
Cathedral " Kingston, for girl	12,50
St. Paul's " Clinton, for Homes	10,00
Sunday Sch'l Cornwall, for girl	12,50
Cathederal Quebec, for Wanosh	10,00
St. James' S S Morrisburg for boy	15,00
Rev. R. J. Uniacke	7,20
St. James' Church, Worcester	1,80
Trinity Church, Durham	7,00
"Subscriber," Blenheim	5,00
Trinity Church, Mitchell, for boy	6,25
W. R. Strickland	5,00
St. Paul's Uxbridge, for boy	8,00
Longueil Sunday School	10,90

Strachan Bethune	10,00
Conno Sunday School, for boy	4,00
"A Friend," Montreal	5,00
Ch of Ascension, Toronto for boy	40,00
E. M. M. T.	,80
St. George's SS, Goderich for boy	6,25
Trinity SS St. John's N. B.	18,75
Trinity SS St. John's N. B. for girl	18,75
St. James' Stratford for boy	25,00
Miss Yarker for Wawanosh	1,00
St. Matthias Montreal for boy	6,50
Mrs. Niven for boy	12,00
J. H. Wood	25,00
Miss J. Roe St. George's church	{ 25,00
Miss Union, Lennoxville,	{ 25,00
St. Peter's SS Toronto	16,25
	\$ 330,45

Receipts Branch Homes.

J. W. Jessop	\$ 1,00
Sunday School Gananoque	5,00
Memorial Church Branch,	
Womens Anxilliary, London, Ontario,	{ 25,00
Mrs. Osler	5,00
	\$ 36,00

Receipts "Our Forest Children."

Miss Bacon	\$ 2,00
Rev. E. F. Wilson	5,00
Miss S. Murray	,25
Mrs. Irvine	,25
Friends Carlisle	2,50
	\$10,00

Our Forest Children

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Our Forest Children.

Vol. 1, No. 4.

SHINGWAUK HOME.

May, 1887'

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This is what President Cleveland says about the Indian question : "The conscience of the people demands that the Indians, within our boundaries, shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the Government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship."

Indians Advancing.

(From the *Algoma Pioneer*.)

Don't be alarmed dear reader, altho' the above announcement may be startling, the advance of the Indians in this case is not with war-paint, bows and arrows, tomahawks and rifles, but progression in education and the more peaceful arts of civilization, proof of all which was given by an exhibition at Dawson's Hall last night by the pupils of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, under the management of Rev. E. F. Wilson, the Principal of the Institutions. Sharp at the appointed hour up went the curtain, revealing some 30 Indians busily engaged at nearly all the mechanical trades usually found in a large village, and the ring of the anvil, the stroke of the axe, the rush of the plane, the hiss of the saw, tailor, shoemaker, doctor, baker, and barber, all joined in the chorus to the work song. The crowded house was completely taken by surprise, and the rounds of

applause whch greeted the first tableau assured the managers of the entertainment of a perfect success. Another tableau representing other Indian boys and girls doing 'chore work' was equally effective. A speech by a Sioux boy, telling the story of his wild early life, followed by school work on the blackboard, in wnhc a number of specimens of good writing, correct spelling, general information, and drawing, told the delighted audience how far the Indians had advanced into the outworks of civilization. A fairly sustained debate on the question, as to whether Canada or the United States has done the more for the Indians, created a good deal of merriment ; but beneath the flashes of fun were to be seen an earnest effort to inculcate and establish principles of temperance and truth. The Indian who filled the post of captain of the debate cleverly reviewed the arguments presented, and declared that, population and wealth considered, Canada had done the more good for the Indians. Debate gave place to singing, and "Rock of Ages," "How beautiful upon the mountains," work songs, and "God Save the Queen," were sweetly sung by the Indians without any assistance whatever by their teachers. In fact from the beginning of the entertainment to its close, the teachers disappeared, and the Indians were left to run their own show, and they do it effectually and well. A better satisfied audience rarely left a public hall than that which witnessed the testimony given last night, that the Indians are advancing to become useful and honorable citizens of the Dominion, and if Principal Wilson decides on making a tour of the Province with his pupils, we bespeak for them crowded houses, and a higher and more general appreciation of the great life-work to

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

which he has devoted himself. Want of space prevents our giving a full description of this, the first public entertainment ever given by the Indians.

Proposed Visit to Western Ontario.

Our vacation begins July 16th, and we propose then to bring our 30 Indian children who gave the entertainment at Dawson's Hall, Sault Ste. Marie, on the 28th ult., to visit Sarnia, London etc. We had intended going to Ottawa and Montreal, but have deferred this trip until next November, when there will probably be through railway communication direct from the Sault, and the expense, consequently, will be less. Our idea is to leave here by one of the Beatty boats July 16th, give an entertainment in Sarnia, Monday July 18th, Walpole Island July 19, St. Thomas July 20, London July 21, and then home again, leaving those children that belong to Sarnia and Walpole Island to remain for their holidays. We throw out now the suggestion, and we hope before the time comes to hear from our friends in those places whether they approve of the scheme and will assist us in carrying it out. Our object is not to raise money, but simply to prove to the assembled public what we have been trying to prove for so long, that the Indian is not a mere animal, that his intellect is not of a lower order than that of his white brethren, that if only he has the opportunity offered him, he has the full capability of taking his place side by side with the white man and emulating him in every branch of industry and civilized occupation. In order to meet the expenses of travel, a charge for admission will have to be made at the doors, and we would throw out the suggestion that with the double object of lessening our expenses and making the Canadian children better acquainted with our young Indians, a deputation of 30 Sunday School children should

at each place we visit meet us on our arrival, and each take one Indian pupil to their homes for the night. One can have great tall Snayamani from the North West, another can have little Charlie Baker from St. Joe's, another, little Gracie from Walpole Island, another, Peter Oshkahboos, the boy that draws so well from Serpent River, another, Smart, the bootmaker, another, little Negaanewenah from Sheshegwaning, another, Jane Sampson, the clever tailoress, and so on. We hope the clergy, at the above places, will kindly bring the subject before their Sunday Schools, and let us hear what they say.

Short Opening Address, Rev. E. F. Wilson.

TABLEAU NO. 1

Showing the Bows at their trades (Singing as they work)

Johnny Maggrah will tell what the white man thinks of the Indian, and David Minominee will give a short speech in Ojibway.

TABLEAU NO. 2

showing boys at Chore work, Singing Glee Rounds led by David Minominee, "John the Boatman," "Money will Make the Mare to Go," The Kine the Kine."

John Thunder, a Sioux boy from the North West will give a short history of his life.

TABLEAU NO. 3

Showing Girls at Work, singing.
School Teaching—Tommy Jackson will give a writing lesson, David Minominee, spelling and general information, Johnny Maggrah, Geography and Scripture, Thomas Jackson, Drawing. 5 minutes each.

Indian Singing, by the Sioux boys from the North West.

Debate—Resolved "That the Canadian Government has treated the Indians better than has the American Government." David in the chair. Affirmative, Johnny Maggrah, Tommy Jackson, Ned Beesaw. Negative—John Thunder, Albert Sahguj, Jos. Soney. 30 Minutes

Sacred Music.—Anthem—"How Beautiful Upon the Mountains." "The Jubilate" "Rock of Ages."

"God Save the Queen."

The entertainment will last two hours and a half.

Mr. Wilson's Trip to the North West.

By the time this issue of "OUR FOR-

EST CHILDREN" is in print, the Editor expects to be off on a third visit to the North West, to visit the Indians and, if possible, bring down some of their children to the Institutions at Sault Ste. Marie. He expects first to visit the old missionary station in charge of the Ven. Archdeacon Cowley, near Winnipeg. From there he will go to Griswold, and visit the Sioux mission at Oak river in charge of the Rev. A. W. Burman. Then he will stop at Slkhorn, and visit the Bird tail Sioux Reserve, the home of 6 pupils now at the Shingwauk Home. From there he will go to Qu'Appelle, hire a buck-board, and drive across the prairies, and visit Chiefs, 'Standing Buffalo,' 'Pausquah,' 'Mushkcwepeetung,' and 'Piapot,' his old friends of 1885. This will bring him to Regina, where he will take the cars again and go on 430 miles further west to Gleichen at the foot of the Rockies; here he will join the Rev. J. W. Tims and spend several days visiting the Blackfeet, Blood, and Piegan Indians about 6000 in number. He is very anxious to bring back two or three Blackfeet boys to the Shingwauk Home, but Mr. Tims thinks there is very little chance of his doing so, as the parents will not let their children go to the Roman Catholic Institution which has been built on purpose for them only 30 miles from their Reserve.

Shingwauk Notes.

The "Onward and Upward Club" at the Shingwauk Home numbers 49 members.

For several weeks past the Shingwauk boys have been regularly drilled by Sergeant Howe and have made rapid progress. Mr. Howe gives his services voluntarily.

During meals, David, the captain, sits on an elevated seat at one end of the room to keep order, and the three monitors, Thunder, Joe, and Sahgjui, in

white aprons wait at table. Captain and monitors have their meals after the other boys have finished. Boys all march in order to and from the table.

Wednesday afternoon 4 p.m. is the time for "Dormitory Inspection. Every boy, in his uniform, with clean face and hands and neatly combed hair, stands beside his bed or hammock, while Mr. Wilson and the members of his staff and visitors pass round for the inspection. As soon as the party enters the room, the monitors calls "attention!" "Salute," and every boy's hand goes to his forehead in proper military style. Then, when inspection is over, the word comes "Left face!" march, and all go down and out to the front for drill.

"Garden Recess" is just now going on. While this lasts there is only school for juniors, 3 to 5 p.m., and for the rest of the boys an hour and a half in the evening. "Garden Recess" means turning the boys all out of school to work in the open air just at the first burst of spring when the snow is all melted and there is so much work to be done. They are divided into work-gangs of 4 or 5 with a reliable 'boss' over each gang; and they all receive pay, 5 to 20 cents a day, which pleases them. Some of them are making a garden for the hospital, others, building stone walls, others, carpentering, others, ditching, fencing, etc.; and one party is removing the remains of the poor burnt wigwam.

Question Box.

Q. How do your pupils get money, and are they inclined to save their money or to spend it?

Ans. Occasionally a dollar or so is sent to them by their parents. Boys working at trades get about 20 cents a week in cash, the rest being put in the Savings Bank. Laundry girls get about 15 cents a week. Boys cutting

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

wood, fetching water, doing work, etc., from 3 to 10 cents a week. As to spending : the candy shop generally seems to be the great attraction ; next to that, the photographer ; some of them buy ties, pocket-handkerchiefs, hymn books, prayer books, or save their money till they can get a 50 cent reference bible. Most of them give liberally at the collection in church.

Honors Received.

Among the photographs displayed last year at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, were pictures of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, accompanied by a short history of the work. We were not a little surprised at the receipt a few days ago of two diplomas and two medals,—a diploma and medal for the Shingwauk, and a diploma and medal for the Wawanosh. The diplomas are large colored pictorial designs, representing Britannia sitting in state and graciously receiving the various representatives of her many distant colonies. We shall have them framed and hung up in the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. The medals have the head of the Prince of Wales on the face, and "Colonial and Indian Exhibition, London, 1886," on the reverse.

RECEIPTS, INDIAN HOMES.

MAY 1887.

Church of Ascension, Hamilton,		
for boy	\$ 75,00	
St. John's S. S. York Mills,		
for Wawanosh	3,00	
Children's Easter offerings,	1,30	
Niagara ladies, for girl	25,00	
St. Stephens, Toronto, for girl	10,00	
Sunday School, Mt. Forest,		
for boy	6,20	
Christ Church S. S. Markdale,		
for Homes	10,80	
Miss H. Maxwell, for Homes	5,60	
Sunday School, Orangeville,		
for Homes	14,00	
Sunday School, Yarmouth,		
for boy	25,00	

Sunday School, Yarmouth,		
for girl	25,00	
St. Luke's S. S. Halifax,		
for girl	21,30	
Trinity Church collection,		
Halifax, for Homes	4,00	
St. Paul's S. S. Shelburne,		
for Homes	4,34	
Sunday School, Strathroy,		
for boy	6,25	
Per J. J. Mason, for Shingwauk	24,52	
St. Paul's S. S. Port Dover,		
for boy	7,00	

\$ 268 31

Receipts for Branch Homes.

St. Stephen's, Toronto,		
for Branch Homes	\$ 15,00	
Woodstock Branch Women's		
Auxiliary,	20,00	

\$ 35,00

Receipts, Shingwauk Extension.

Per J. J. Mason, for Shingwauk		
Extension	\$ 27,02	
Rev. W. Besant, Congleton,		
England,	14,52	

\$ 41,54

Contributions are solicited towards the proposed extension of the Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie. Mr. Wm. Brown, the Mayor, has kindly taken charge of the subscription list, and will be happy to receive the names of any who are willing to contribute, in Messrs Kehoe & Hamilton's office. The diplomas and medals received from the Colonial and Indian Exhibition are also on view in the same office.

Our Forest Children

EDITED BY THE

**REV. E. F. WILSON,
SAULT STE MARIE, -- ONTARIO**

10 Cents per Annum or 12 of each Issue
For \$1.00 per Annum.

It is intended to issue 15 or 20 numbers in the course of the year, and friends of the cause are asked to keep them on file, they will thus have a history of this movement from the beginning.

Our Forest Children.

Vol 1. No. 5.

SHINGWAUK HOME.

June, 1887

ANY NUMBER OF

Copies Sent Gratis
to those who will interest themselves in the
educating and christianizing of the
25,000 Indian Children
of schoolable age scattered throughout our
country.

Mr. Wilson's trip to the Rocky Mountains.

I stayed six days with the Rev. J. W. Tims, C.M.S., Missionary to the Blackfeet Indians, and it was exceedingly interesting. The blackfeet teepees were all around us, and the kitchen generally full of Indians, either some to ask for medicine or to see the new comer. There are 6,000 of these people divided into three tribes—the Blackfeet proper, the Bloods, and the Peigans. They all speak the same language, and are nearly all without exception pagans. Over them presides the renowned chief Crowfoot, and he reigns like a Czar, enforcing his will if necessary by violence. He has his native soldiers under him; and if any of his people refuse to obey when he orders to move camp, or to assemble for a sun dance, he sends his soldiers to pull down their teepees, tear up their blankets, and kill their dogs. Under Crowfoot are three second chiefs, next to him in authority—"Old Sun," reigns over the northern blackfeet, "Red Crow" over the Bloods, and "North Axe" over the Peigans; and there are again petty chiefs under these, such as "Big Plume," "White Pup," "Eagle Rib," etc. I made very good friends with these people, and they did me the honour of adopting me into their tribe, giving me the name "Natusi Asamiu,"—the sun looks upon him. I had been warned not to say anything to them about having an Institution

for Indian children, as the people are so entirely set against civilisation and education, and seem to be in constant dread that the white people will take away their children from them. "If they find out that you have got a school for Indian children, and want to take some of their children away," said Mr. Tims; "I know just what they will do—a young man will be sent round to every teepee in the camp, to warn the people not to go near you ; he will go round to every teepee and shout into it 'Dont go near that man, he is going to steal your children ! Dont go near that man, he is going to steal your chiidren !' Why the Roman Catholics said Mr. Tims have got an Institute built for them by government, only thirty miles from here, at a cost of \$25,000, and they have not got a single Blackfoot, Peigan or Blood child ; the people will not send their children to them." So I took Mr. Tims advice, and for the first two or three days refrained from saying anything to the people about my schools. Then, one evening when they were all gathered together to listen to me, I thought I would tell them. Are not all these things in God's hands, and cannot Almighty God turn the hearts of men and influence them by the secret voice of his Holy Spirit ; and so I told the people right out about my Homes ; how they originated how the Ojibway chiefs took part in setting them on foot, and how they were now filled with pupils almost to over flowing, and then I asked them to let a couple of their boys go back with me, just for one year to be educated. I told them I wanted to learn their language, so that when I came again I might be able to speak with them, and I would surely bring the boys back again at the end of the year. By the

grace of God I won my way with them, and next day there were two or three offers of boys to go back with me. I could see the people desired to give their children, but were evidently afraid of one another, and especially afraid of their chiefs. If our boys go they said we must not let Crowfoot know. One old blind man came with his wife begging me to take his son, a lad of sixteen, "I want him to learn something good" he said, but don't let any one know, take him away quietly, and as soon as he is gone, I and my wife will slip away, and travel one hundred miles off, as there is sure to be trouble in the camp. Another boy who wanted to come with us was afraid his elder brother would make trouble if he knew about it; but his elder brother was just then away at McLeod, and would not be back for several days, and he wanted to slip away with us before his brother returned.

TWO BLACKFEET BOYS.

The end of it was that when I started to return home two Blackfeet boys accompanied me, nice intelligent looking fellows. Appikokia aged 18, and Etukitain 16, both heathen, and both wearing their long black hair in plaits. Appikokia had been living more or less for the last year with the missionary and consequently had doffed his blanket and taken to coat and trousers, but Etukitsin, son of the old blind man, was still in regular Indian dress, blanket, leggings, moccassins, necklace round his neck, brass rings on his fingers, and wearing no hat or cap. The boys behaved uncommonly well during our long journey of 1200 miles by rail and made no attempt to run away. Neither of them could speak a word of English, but I had picked up a little of their language and had got a number of words and sentences written in Blackfeet on cards which I carried in my pocket and so was able to make them

understand me. On arriving at Port Arthur they were greatly astonished to see the great lake and the steamboats, as they had never seen anything larger than the narrow Bow River before. As we had two days to wait for a boat I took them to visit the Ojibway Indians at Fort William. We went on the little local steamboat the Kakabeka; the engineer took them down in the hold to see the furnace and they both jumped back as though they were shot when he opened the furnace door. The Fort William Indians, who are comparatively civilized, were very much edified at receiving a visit from a couple of Blackfeet of whom they had only heard about before. They assembled in large numbers in the Council House, and I introduced the boys to them and told them a number of things about their heathen practices which interested them very much. On the 12th of June we arrived home at the Shingwauk. It was Sunday and Sunday school was just over. The Wawanosh girls and all present, and great was the astonishment depicted on all faces when I drove up with my two wild looking companions. I am allowing the boys to keep their hair long as it would offend both them and their people very much if it were cut off; I am also allowing them for the present to smoke. They must be let down gradually and not be frightened by any too sudden changes. At present they seem to be quite happy and contented and ready to make friends with the other boys tho' not understanding any of their languages. We have already started them at trades, Appikokia carpentering and Etukitsin bootmaking. They both show marked aptitude.

A Branch Home at Banff.

In the course of my travels I visited Banff which is about 100 miles beyond the Blackfoot Reserve. It is like a

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

little Swiss village up among the Rocky Mountains and is noted for its hot springs which attract numbers of invalids and other visitors. I have thought that an Institution on a small scale established in this picturesque spot might prove both attractive to visitors and also help to dispel the false ideas that people have as to the uselessness of attempting to educate Indians. It would also be an excellent centre, as we should have the Blackfeet Indians on one side of us, the British Columbia Indians on the other side and a number of other tribes to the north. I have opened correspondence with the Indian Department in regard to the scheme and have some reason to hope that my proposals will be acceded to. In that case I shall try probably to place my present Homes at Sault Ste. Marie in other hands, at any rate for a time, and move my quarters to Banff to try and inaugurate this new work.

A Branch Home at Elkhorn.

Our readers are aware that I have for some time past been desirous of establishing a Branch Home either in Manitoba or Assiniboia, and the way seems now to be opening towards the accomplishment of this purpose. During my recent trip to the North West, I was offered a free grant of land in an excellent position on the outskirts of the village of Elkhorn, close to the railway, and in one of the few spots on the prairies where good water is abundant. We have about \$2,000 in hand and it is not unlikely that we may commence building operations this season. Our idea is to put up a small Institution with accommodation for about 15 pupils, and to place a clergyman in charge, who will also undertake the duty at the village church. There are numbers of Indian Reserves all around in the neighborhood, and if after a year or two the school seems likely to

succeed we shall be able to enlarge and to take more pupils.

A Monthly Magazine.

We are sending round the following circular letter to the heads of all existing Protestant Institutions for Indian children in Canada, and would solicit also the kind attention to the subject of all interested in the Indian cause:—

The Indian Canadian.

DEAR SIR:—Above is the title of a 16 page monthly magazine which with your cooperation and help I propose to publish in the interests of Indian education and advancement. I have long felt that the number, position, needs and capabilities of our young Indian population is not yet known or understood by the people of Canada, and I propose, by God's help, to make the above magazine a medium for such information. I also feel that in order to stem the rapid progress of Romanism, we who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, whether belonging to the Church of England, or the Presbyterian, or Methodist, or other protestant denominations, must band together and aim to bring the whole Indian population under our Christian influence. I think a magazine such as I propose, supported by us in common, will form a pleasant means of intercommunication between us and may also become a power for good. The title of the magazine will, I hope, commend itself to you. As we have French Canadians, Irish Canadians &c. in the country, so our aim is to convert the Indians into Indian Canadians, and offer to their children all the advantages of education and civilization which we ourselves possess.

I may mention that I have lately been travelling in the States, and have formed a connection with several of the largest Institutions for Indian children in that country. Our magazine will

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

be exchanged with theirs, and thus we shall be able to keep our readers informed of the good work going on across the border, as well as of what is being done in Canada. I propose that the magazine shall be illustrated, well got up, and made as attractive as possible. If you approve of the scheme will you please send me a few lines which I may make use of in the first sample copy, which, if I meet with sufficient encouragement, I propose to issue. Kindly give me a few little items of interest also about your work, and say to what extent you will be prepared to support the movement.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD F. WILSON.

Receipts Indian Homes. MAY 1887.

St. James' Mission Union, Carlton Place, for boy	\$ 37.50
St. Matthias, "Ladies Aid" Mon- treal, for boy	18,75
St. Stephens S.S. Toronto for girl	1,76
St James' " Perth for girl	37,50
Miss Ballachys' S. school class. Brantford,	3,06
St. Mark's Missionary Associa- tion, for boy	26,49
Grace church S. S., Brantford, for boy,	37,50
St. James' S. S. Dundas for Homes	10,00
Trinity S.S. Liverpool for Wawa- nosh	5,50
Holy Trinity S. S., Toronto, for boy	15,00
Laura Ide, for Homes	50
All Saint's S.S. Toronto for girl	25,00
Per Miss Yielding, Children's church Guild	50,00
Memorial S.S. London for boy	18,75
St Peter's Guild Sherbrooke for girl	18,75
All Saint's Niagara, South, girl's Guild, for Wawanosh	2,70
Port Rowan, Woman's Auxiliary, for Homes	10,00

Church of Redeemer, S.S., Tor- onto, for boy	18,75
St Peter's S.S. Quebec for Shing- wauk	10,00
St. Paul's S. S., London, for Homes	7,00
Per S. Belcher, Sutton S. S. for Shingwauk	1,50
Per S. Belcher, St George's S. S., Portage du Fort Sh'gwk'	4,00
Per S. Belcher, Grace church, S.S. Montreal for Homes	7,54
Per S. Belcher, Grace church, Band of Hope	5,00
Girl's Friendly Society, Corn- wall, for girl	12,50
St George's S. S. Montreal, for boy	75,00
Ch. of Redeemer S. S., Deer Park, for girl	6,25
Miss Wright for Wawanosh	4,20
St. George's Cathedral S.S. King ston, for girl	12,50
St. John's S.S. Berlin, for boy	9,38

Receipts Shingwauk Extension.

MAY, 1887.

St. James' S. S. Farnham,	3.00
Per Miss Pigot. Mrs. Geo. Bryan	1.00
J. M. Burke, Belleville	11.00
Rev. All Saints, Niagara South, Girls' Friendly Society	2.30

\$17.30

Branch Homes.

MAY, 1887.

St. Peter's Sunday School, Quebec	5.00
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Our Forest Children.

Vol. I. No 6.

SHINGWAUK HOME.

August, 1887

ANY NUMBER OF

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to those who will interest themselves in the
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our country.

At a Standstill.

A BRIEF STATEMENT OF THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE INDIAN HOMES AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

I make no fresh appeal for funds, but I ask you kindly to spare a few moments to read through carefully, and I hope sympathetically, the following notes:

1.—In June 1884 we had 32 boys, 22 girls, total 54: In June 1885 we had 43 boys, 21 girls, total 64: In June 1886 we had 47 boys, 23 girls, total 70: In June 1887 we had 53 boys, 27 girls total 80.

Our homes were never in a more hopeful and prosperous condition than in this summer of 1887.

2.—The location of branch or receiving homes is not yet definitely decided on, so many different contingencies having to be considered, but we hope, if the way opens, to have two or more of them. Towards the receiving home at Elkhorn Manitoba, we have \$2,000 in hand, and the offer of a free grant of land. We want to build another at Banff, among the Rocky Mountains, and another in the neighborhood of Sarnia.

3.—We had very much hoped that ere this something would have been done towards enlarging the Shingwauk Home. Our increasing numbers require it and we desire to carry out our plan of making it a large central Protestant institution for Indian children.

4.—Everything just now as regards our Homes is at a complete standstill.

5.—We have been overdrawing our resources, resting in the hope of a Government grant and liberal gifts from our friends to set all this new work on foot and these hopes having failed we are now obliged to retrench.

6.—I am obliged to part with my Assistant Superintendent, being unable to pay his salary, and must reduce the number of my pupils to about 40 boys and 20 girls. At the beginning of the year our Maintenance Fund was overdrawn \$667, and now shows a deficit of \$1,400;

7.—We therefore sink back into the position we were in about 5 years ago; and all our prospects of enlargement and extension seem to be for the present blighted.

8.—A question forces itself to my mind. How is it that in the United States, notwithstanding all that has been said of their cruel and unjust treatment of the Indians, they have some 32 large Institutions for Indian children, notably the Carlisle Institution in Pennsylvania for 600 pupils, which receives \$80,000 a year from the United States Government, and \$10,000 a year from the United States public?

9.—And another question forces itself upon me. How is it that our Canadian government has within the last few years erected an Indian Institution, at a cost of \$25,000, near Calgary in the N.W. for the Roman Catholics, and another Indian Institution, at a cost of \$25,000, at Fort Qu'Appelle for the Roman Catholics, and is about to build another Institution for Indian girls at the same place for the Roman Catholics, and last year gave \$4000 towards rebuilding the Roman Catholic Institution on Manitoulin Island, and yet has no money to spare for the Shingwauk

OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

Home, which has been struggling upward through many difficulties, during the past 14 years?

10.—Is it the will of this country that the Indians whose land we are now occupying should be given over into the hands of the Roman Catholic priests? Is it a matter of indifference to Protestants in Canada and in England, whether the Indians are brought up to the Romish faith, under Roman and French influence, or whether they be taught the Gospel of Jesus Christ?

11.—I have my own views—and strong views—on the subject, but, with the government refusing help, English contributions diminishing, the Canadian Church so indifferent, apparently about the whole question: "What am I to do?" I commit my cause into God's hands, and pray for patience to await His time.

E. F. WILSON.

Sault Ste. Marie, July 27th, 1887.

Letter to the Queen.

Our Indian pupils sent the following letter to her Majesty, to congratulate her on her Jubilee; it was written on two sheets of gilt edged cardboard by one of the boys and headed with a water-color sketch, by Mr. Wilson, shewing the two Institutions, the hospital, chapel, and some Indian wigwams in the back ground.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

June 21st, 1887.

May it please your Majesty:

We the pupils of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes desire to congratulate our Queen on her Jubilee. We wish to relate your Majesty about our procession this morning; we took your picture, and above it the bible to indicate that always to put first God whatever we do in this world; our teacher had told us before you gave

a present to a prince from Africa, and you said "This the secret of England's greatness." You so love the bible and we love you. When we got the town we all turned to the people and singing the Jubilee hymn. In 1874, Lord Dufferin laid the foundation stone of our Institution. The Marquis of Lorne and suite visited us on their way to the North-West.

We are your humble Indian subjects
D. Minominee for the Ojibway pupils.
J. A. Maggrah " Ottawa "
J. Thunder " Sioux "
Joseph Soney " Pottowatamic " "
Appikokia " Blackfeet "
Dora Jacobs " Delaware "

The following reply has been received from the Queen's private secretary—

"The Private Secretary has received the Queen's commands to thank the pupils of Shingwauk for the kind and loyal expressions conveyed in their communication of the 21st June."

15th July, 1887,

Privy Purse, Office,
Buckingham Palace, S.W.

The Branch Home at Elkhorn.

Just before going to press we have received a letter from our friend Mr. Rowswell at Elkhorn saying that building operations are now actually commenced. For some time past we have had \$2000 in hand towards the erection of this Branch Home at Elkhorn in Manitoba, but a letter from the Indian Department saying that no aid could be given from Indian Funds placed us for the time somewhat in a dilemma. We have decided however now to go on and build. We have a man on the spot, in the person of Mr. Rowswell, who we feel sure will do everything in his power to make the Institution a success, and it is with his advice and promise of co-operation that we have commenced the work. He feels with us how lament-

able it is that this nominally protestant country should be swayed so much by Roman Catholic influence. We wrote to him "If you will go ahead we will," and he wrote back "It wont do to stop!" and so, with barely enough money to put up the building, and without a cent promised towards its future maintenance, resting on God, and believing that He in his own good time will find us the means we have commenced the work. The site is right in the village of Elkhorn close to the Railway track and has been donated to us by the C. P. R. The land will be deeded to the church; provision being made that no part of it can be sold leased mortgaged except with the consent and approval of the Rev. E. F. Wilson or his successor. The building it is expected will be completed before winter sets in, but it must remain closed until funds are forthcoming for the annual maintenance.

Our New Magazine.

In our last issue of OUR FOREST CHILDREN we spoke of setting on foot a new monthly illustrated Magazine, to be called the "*Indian Canadian*." We have received many warm and encouraging letters from friends and persons hold high official position to whom we wrote on the subject, among them the Lieut. Govenor Dewdney, Dr. Wilson, of University College, Toronto, Horatio Hale, Dr. Rand of Halifax, and others. We thank these friends for their kind words and promises of assistance, and are now waiting to hear from others to whom we wrote before taking any further steps.

The Blackfeet Boys.

The two Blackfeet boys from Alberta are doing splendidly, one is learning carpentering, the other bootmaking. They still have their hair in long plaits, but are becoming gradually civilized in

their habits. Neither of them can as yet read or write intelligibly. When they want to send a letter home, they dictate to Mr. Wilson what they have to say in the Blackfeet language, and he takes it down as nearly as possible according to the sound, without understanding beyond an occasional word or two what it is they are saying. The letter is sent to Mr. Tims, the Missionary, and he has to decipher it and read it to the parents. We are glad to hear that the Blackfeet people are not angry at these two boys being taken away from their Reserve, and if God spare them to return strong and well to their people next summer, we trust that the year they have spent at our Institution may be the beginning of a new and important work among those interesting people.

Clothing for the Indian Homes.

JUNE 1886.

The following gifts are very gratefully acknowledged:

Two boxes from England per Mrs. Marten containing a large and useful supply of clothing for the boys and girls of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, a parcel for Mrs. Renison from Miss Peache, Christmas tree gifts from the children of the late Rev'd Basil Woodd, and Mrs. Halson, Clothing from Miss Wells, Miss Pender the Missionary working party and Girls National School Bath, Texts in Cree from Miss Hadden, besides many presents from kind friends to the Missionary and his family. For Nancy Warner a new and complete outfit from the Ladies of Kingston per Mrs. Buxton Smith. For Bella Naudée a large supply of new clothing, prayer book and Testament, etc. from New Liverpool, P. 2. per Mrs. Davenport. Two boxes from Picton from the Guild of St. M. M. containing quilts, cloth-

OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

ing for the Homes, dolls, books, papers and toys. From the Boy's branch of the W. A. Montreal per Mrs. Nivin a box of nice clothing for both Homes, Christmas gifts, and a present for their boy Peter of a pair of skates. Per Miss Baird a box containing parcels of clothing from the scholars of the church of the Ascension S. S. Paisley, also Miss Duncan, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Sadler, Mrs. Baird, Miss Arnold. A quilt, toys, 75 cents from the boys of Miss. Arnold's class for the boys of the Home and clothing from Mary and Nellie Fisher to the girls of the Wawanosh. For Philomine Sampson a beautiful new outfit and several nice pieces of cotton and cloth material from the G. F. Society Cornwall, per Mrs. Gault.

JULY—A box of clothing from Mr. Morgan per Rev. M. Fothergill, Quebec. A box sent last year from St. Georges L. A. S. Kingston has at last arrived containing clothing, books and many pretty presents for Christmas. A box from St. Georges S. S. Montreal containing Testaments, slates pencils, papers, dolls, tops, and other toys.

Receipts, Indian Homes.

JUNE—JULY, 1887.

Geo. H. Rowswell, for Elijah	\$75,00
Per Mrs. Nivin, Montreal	28,50
Y.M.C.A Montreal, boys' meet'g	5,00
St. Lukes' S. School, Halifax,	
for girl	17,50
Mrs. McWilliams, for boy	25,00
Sunday School, Aylmer, for girl	6,25
Mrs. J. Roper	1,00
Sunday School, Ancaster	6,50
Trinity S. School, St. John, N.B.	
for boy and girl	37,50
St. George's S. School, Goderich,	
for boy	6,25

Sunday School, St. John's Town ship, London, Ont.	6,00
W.F.D.M.S., St. John's, Peter- borough	12,70
Mr. Holmstead	5,00
Dr. Read, Grimsby	5,00
St John's S. School York Mills	3,50
Niagara Ladies, for freight	5,00
Dr. Ridley	10,00
Miss Baring, for Pete	58,08
Per Rev. G. Burson, coll. S. S. "Alberta"	6,50
C. P. G. Hill, for Pascoe	72,50
St. Paul's S. School, Uxbridge, for boy	13,75
St. Paul's S. School, Port Denver for boy	4,00
Miss Bacon	4,20
St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, for girl	18,75
Sunday School, Mount Forest, for boy	6,25
Miss F. Twohy	5,00
Two S. School children, Port Colborne	2,10

Our Forest Children.

Miss Youmans	0,50
Mrs. Gibb	0,30

Branch Homes.

"Lend a hand club," Hampton, Va.	5,00
Christ Church S. School, Gan- anoque	6,20
Miss Baird	2,00

Our Forest Children

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beginning.

Our Forest Children.

Vol. 1. No 7.

SHINGWAUK HOME.

September, 1887

ANY NUMBER OF

Copies Sent Gratis

to those who will interest themselves in the
educating and christianizing of the

25,000 Indian Children

of schoolable age scattered throughout
our country.

Our Present Position.

A friend of our Institutions for Indian children, signing himself "Niagara" has sent a communication to the *Dominion Churchman*, Toronto, in which he deplores that our work should be at a standstill and that Church people should not have responded more liberally to our appeals for help; and he suggests that a Committee, or a Board of Trustees, of lay and clerical members should be appointed to relieve Mr. Wilson of his great burden and aid him in his work of Indian education in the Diocese of Algoma. To this we have responded as follows:—

"I would like to remind "Niagara" and your readers that I have myself in public print expressed the desire that such a Council or Board of Trustees as he describes should be appointed; I have often said in private letters and in printed circulars that the burden is too great for me, and that I would like especially to have a Treasurer in Canada to receive our funds as the Bishop does for the Diocese. But I maintain as I have maintained before that these Homes were brought into operation before there was any Diocese of Algoma, that they are not intended solely for the benefit of Algoma Indians, that we have always

from the first taken pupils from outside the Diocese, and of late years have drawn them from long distances in the North west.

I consider that no board or committee has a right to take the work out of my hands and change it from its original purpose. My aim and object is to establish a large central Protestant Institution for some 300 Indian children—drawn from all parts—here at Sault St. Marie and three or four branch or receiving Homes at various distant points. If a Committee can be found who will back me in this work—a committee of men who have faith in the work and believe in the capabilities of the Indians, I will gladly have them to co-operate with me. And if the church of England will take this work up and do it in the thorough and liberal manner that I want to see it done, then the Homes shall remain as they have been distinctly church of England. But I doubt in the first instance whether ten men whether lay or clerical can be found in this country who believe in the Indian and in his capabilities of becoming a self-sustaining prosperous individual. There are plenty of people who are ready to help the Indians so long as they are kept at arms length, so long as they are confined to their Reserves, they will give them blankets and cast off clothing and beads and tobacco,—but this sort of thing so far from helping me simply undoes my work; I want no beads and tobacco and blankets for Indians; I want kind sympathy and patient dealing and a "lend a hand" to help them up to a higher and better position in every way than they at present occupy. And as to the church of England doing it—I must confess I have

little faith in church of England liberality in this country. We are a grand old church, with a grand line of Bishops right back from St. Peter, and a grand old liturgy which we all love,—and yet with all our grandeur and all our oldness these new mushroom churches and societies are cutting us out and leaving us behind in the race. If the church of England will rise to the emergency and lay down a few thousand dollars—now—before it is too late—before Rome—false Rome—lays claim to the great mass of these poor ignorant Indians—and the few that remain become Methodists or Presbyterians,—then I will accept the gift and gladly work with a Committee or Board of Managers, and gladly hand over my books (deficit and all) to a Treasurer who may be found to relieve me of this burden and responsibility. But if not—if the church of England will not do the work—if ten men cannot be found who believe in the Indians—then leave me to myself—I would rather work on ALONE with all the odds against me, than to have associated with me those who regard the Indians as paupers incapable of improvement and to be kept always at arms length.

Our New Magazine.

We have been thinking the matter over—This new 16 page Magazine—to be called "the Indian Canadian" and to represent Protestant educational work among the Indians in all parts of Canada and the North west. We have received many kind letters from influential persons about it. Some advise our launching out at once, others advise waiting. We have decided to do the latter. To wait a little and not attempt it at present. The expense and risk would be too great just now when our coffers are so low.

But what we propose to do, is gradually to improve "Our Forest Children" and to get as many subscribers as we can to this little sheet at ten cents a year for single copies, \$1 for twelve copies.

We also intend to bring out a handsome sixteen page illustrated CHRISTMAS NUMBER of "*Our Forest Children*" which will contain information about all the Protestant Institutions for Indian children at present existing in Canada—and tell also of the work which is being carried on so successfully in the United States. This Christmas number of *Our Forest Children* will be well got up and made as attractive as possible and we hope it will find a place on many a drawing room table throughout the Dominion. The price will be ten cents, and to any one sending us twenty cents we shall send the CHRISTMAS NUMBER and *Our Forest Children* each month from Jany. to December. To those who send \$1 for twelve copies of "*Our Forest Children*" we will give one copy of the CHRISTMAS NUMBER free.

Our trip to Montreal.

We have received a cordial invitation to bring thirty of our Indian pupils—20 boys and 10 girls to attend the great Jubilee Sunday School Demonstration, to be held in Montreal Saturday, October 1st.

12000 Sunday School Children are to parade the streets of Montreal, and then to gather at the Victoria skating Rink for religious and other exercises.

There will be representatives from the blind and deaf and dumb Institutions, also Chinese, Japanese, and lastly Indian children from the Shing-wauk and Wawanosh Homes. The expense will be great, but we believe it is worth our while to go as it will afford us the opportunity of bringing

OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

our Indian Children face to face with a vast concourse of white people and white children. They will see what our pupils look like and be able to judge a little of their capabilities.

One gratifying part of the invitation is that the Indian children are to be invited to the homes of the Sunday School children in Montreal. They will be divided about in this way over the city. This will save us considerable expense, and also afford the white children an opportunity to make good friends with their red skinned companions.

The intention we believe is that on the Monday following the Jubilee Celebration—our Indian children are to give an exhibition in some public Hall on their own account. This will consist of tableaux showing them working at their trades, speech making, and singing. We hope to visit Ottawa also before returning.

Following are the names and tribes of the pupils who have been selected to go on this expedition:—

OJIBWAY BOYS, David aged 20, Gilbert 18, Smart 14, Riley 15, Sylvester 12, Sharpe 13, Oshkahboos 13, Sahguj 15, Willie 12, Beesaw 10, Cromarty 12, William 16.

OTTAWA BOYS—Johnny 19, Frank 10, Matthew 16.

POTTOWATAMI BOYS—Joseph 14.

SIOUX BOYS—Wasi 16, Elijah 9.

BLACKFEET BOYS—Appikokia 18, Etukitsin 16.

OJIBWAY GIRLS Mary 15, Maria 16, Harriet 15, Sophy 11, Mary J. 9.

OTTAWA GIRL Philamine 14.

POTTOWATAMI GIRLS Gracie 10, Fanny 12.

DELAWARE GIRLS Dora 10, Lily 10.

We expect to travel by the Bishop's yacht "Evangeline" about 95 miles to Algoma Mills, then take train, via Sudbury Junction, through to Montreal, and return the same way.

Odds and Ends.

We have 42 boys now at the Shingwauk Home and 21 girls at the Wawanosh Home.

Sergeant Howe is kindly drilling the boys twice a week preparatory to their trip to Montreal.

The Branch Home at Elkhorn, Manitoba, is now in course of erection.

There seems good hope now that we shall get help from the Government towards the erection of the Elkhorn Home and also towards the maintenance of pupils.

The Branch Institution at Elkhorn is to be called the "Washakada" Home.

We shall be glad if some new Sunday Schools will take up our work and support pupils in the Washakada Home; \$75 for board and clothing, \$50 for board only. Clothing for the prospective Indian pupils can be sent at once to care of George Rowswell Esqr., Elkhorn, Man.

Our Exchanges.

"Our Forest Children" is exchanged with quite a number of similar papers (monthlies and weeklies) published in the interest of Indian education in the States. Among these are the "Indian Helper" (weekly), "the Morning Star" (monthly), both published at the Carlisle Institution, Penn.; "the Truth Teller" published at the Sisseton Agency in Dakota; "the Word Carrier" published at the Santee Agency Nebraska; "Talks and Thought" (weekly), "the Southern Workman" (monthly), both published at Hampton Institution, Virginia.

These papers have nearly all of them from time to time made kind mention of our work here at the Sault St. Marie, and the pupils of these Institutions in the States correspond with our pupils of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh and take great interest in our progress.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

There is no doubt the Press may be made a power for good if wisely made use of. We would like to get a wide circulation for "Our Forest Children" here in Canada, and would advise our friends also to subscribe for some of these little papers published in the States so that they may see how wide awake people are across the border in dealing with the vexed Indian question. "The Indian Helper" is only 10 cents a year, "Talks and Thoughts" 25 cents, "the Morning Star" 50 cents.

Clothing Received.

The following packages of clothing have been received for our Indian Homes and are acknowledged with many thanks.

FROM MORRISBURG :—per Mrs. Killaly, a box containing a large supply of coats, trousers, waistcoats, socks mits shirts, dresses, nightgowns, boots and shoes &c.

From St. Matthews, Quebec, a barrel of clothing (not yet opened).

Receipts Indian Homes

SINCE LAST ISSUE.

Rev. Dr. Beaumont	\$2,	Mrs. Beaumont	\$1.
St. Stephen's Sunday School			3,00
Montreal for boy			
Trinity Sunday School Mitchell	25,00		
F. Codd	10,00		
St. Peter's Sunday School	.80		
Toronto, for boy			
St. Matthias Montreal	16,25		
St. Stephen's Sunday School	18,75		
Toronto, for girl			
Evangelical Ch'mau for boy	12,50		
Lewis R. Marsh for Homes	45,00		
Visitors	5,00		
In Memoriam M. B. E. Toronto	2,25		
St James' Sunday School Ferguson for Shingw'uk	10,00		
Sunday School Strathroy for boy	3,00		
	6,25		

Sunday School Hudson for boy	4,00
Mr. Isbester (visitor)	10,00
Visitors	1,00
Augustine Beesaw for Homes	5,00
Miss Wallis and her father for Homes	7,00
Jehu Matthews for two girls	75,00
Mr. Buskin for Homes	1,00
St. James' Kingston for Homes	22,10
Ch. of Redeemer Sunday School Toronto for boy	18,75
Trinity Sunday School Mitchell for boy	10,00
Collection S. S. Alberta for Homes	7,50
Sunday School Port Dover for boy	4,00
Memorial Sunday School London for boy	18,75
St. George's Sunday School Owen Soundforgirl	16,30
	\$358,20

Receipts for Branch Homes.

Trinity Sunday School Brockville	\$10,00
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Receipts Memorial Chapel Organ fund.	
Ladies Auxiliary Cataraqui	\$45,00

Receipts Our Forest Children.

H. H. Pine 30 cts. Rev. J. Hugonnard	
28 cts. Mrs. Pine 30 cts. total 88cts.	

Our Forest Children

EDITED BY THE
REV. E. F. WILSON,
SAULT STE. MARIE --- ONTARIO

10 Cents per Annum or 12 of each Issue
 For \$1,00 per Annum.

If intended to issue 15 or 20 numbers in the course of the year, and friends of the cause are asked to keep them on file, they will thus have a history of this movement from the beginning.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

VOL. I.

SHINGWAUK HOME, OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 8.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF

INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

WE wish to inform the many friends who are interested in our work among Indian children, that we have arranged for this little paper, "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," to be issued now as a regular monthly; the size of the paper is a little enlarged, but the price will remain the same—10 cents per annum, or \$1 for 12 copies. Through a change in the office of publication, we hope to ensure in the future freedom from typographical errors, and a more punctual issue of the paper; so that our subscribers may depend on receiving it within the first day or two of each month.

We intend to make this little paper the medium for giving general information to the public as to what is being done towards the education and christianizing of young Indians throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, not only by the Church of England, but by other Protestant denominations as well. We do not think that members of our church should withdraw from us, or refuse to support our paper, on that account. We believe that our beloved mother church will gain infinitely more influence in this young country by opening her arms widely and acknowledging the good work done by others, than by standing proudly aloof from all Christian enterprises that are not of her own immediate organizing; and especially in this matter of evangelizing and educating our Indian population, we feel that it is a sin to let our party discords and differences hinder the great work which God has called us to do. Our want of agreement in the past has doubtless been the main cause that so large a proportion of our Indian population has been converted to Romanism; and we are persuaded that in order to prevent the continuance of this grievious state of things, protestants must work together. We therefore most cordially invite our brethren of the Presbyterian, Methodist, or other Protestant bodies, who have been, or are laboring among the Indians, or engaged in educating them, to join with us in this work and contribute articles of interest to our little paper. We

desire to call special attention to the Christmas number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, which we propose to issue about Christmas time. It will be very prettily got up, extensively illustrated with original sketches engraved for the purpose, 16 pages in length, and the price 15 cents. For 25 cents we will send OUR FOREST CHILDREN to any address from the present time until December 1888, and the Christmas number now to be issued. We hope to get as many orders as possible for the Christmas number. In no better way can the friends of our Indian Homes help us just now than by sending \$1 with the names and addresses of 4 new subscribers, to each of whom we will send the Christmas number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN and the monthly issues for one year.

Shingwauk Pupils to Montreal.

WE are just back from a most interesting and successful trip to Montreal and Ottawa. What a business it was getting those 30 children ready! First, there was the selecting which of them should go—as many tribes as possible must be represented; every trade taught in the Institution must be illustrated; the best singers must go; the nicest-behaved must go; and of course we must not omit the two Blackfeet boys. At length the 30 were decided on—20 boys and 10 girls. Then there were all the uniforms to be overhauled; new ones to be made for some; pack-straps to be made for the boys; side-straps for the girls; each one must carry all that would be required for themselves during the 15 days' absence, and all the things required for the tableaux; and the large pictures to hang on the walls; and then when the packs were completed, all were weighed, and the weights regulated according to the size of each child. Then there were the provisions to see to—baskets for canned meats, butter, cheese, plates, &c.; tin cans for tea, with cups and spoons packed inside; bags for bread, and bags for apples. Then all the boys must have new hats, and these had to be trimmed with yellow and black ribbon; and lastly, there was the drilling and rehearsals for the tableaux and singing. Well, the day came at length, and they all looked very nicely as they started off at 6:30 in the morning—the boys all with their shiny black packs on their backs, the girls with satchels slung to their sides, and all carrying flags in their hands. It was a foggy

morning, and consequently there was a little delay in starting; but by a quarter to eight we were all on board the local steamboat *Foster*, the fog lifted, and off we went. Passing the Shingwauk, the boys all climbed up on the hurricane deck and shouted, and their shouts were returned by the poor 'left behinds' on the Shingwauk dock. All day we were travelling, and it was already quite dark when our boat drew up at the Algoma Mills railway wharf. We were disappointed in finding that no special car had been provided, so we had to stuff in where we could, and passed a very uncomfortable night. However, things were better next day; at 12 o'clock we reached Sudbury Junction, where the Algoma Branch joins the main line. There were three hours to spare, and all the children were delighted to find a nice grassy place near a creek, some little way from the village, where we all had a good wash, and made a fire and had a pic-nic dinner. When the train arrived, at 3:15 p.m., we were glad to find that a special colonist car had been provided for us. Packs were stowed away, sleeping berths drawn down, and all made comfortable for the night. We were all very tired and sleepy, and at 8 p.m. we had prayers and then retired to rest.

ARRIVAL IN MONTREAL.

It was drenching with rain when we reached Montreal station at 8 o'clock Saturday morning. "First Division fall in on the platform," was the first order given, followed by the same order to the Second Division, and then the girls; and in a few moments all were standing in an orderly double line with their packs and their baskets and cans and flags in their hands. "Right turn, quick march!" and all marched into the shelter of the large waiting room. Here we found the Rev. G. V. Rogers, of St. Luke's Church, and the Rev. R. Lindsay, of St. Thomas', come to meet us. The girls were packed into cabs and the boys into a passing street car, and all were thus conveyed through the soaking streets to the Sabrevois mission, where arrangements had most kindly been made by Mrs. Henderson and other ladies for our hospitable entertainment. There were three dormitories set apart for our pupils' use, each containing ten comfortable looking beds, with snowy white coverlets. As soon as breakfast was over, ourselves and a few of the elder boys started for the rink where the great Sunday School demonstration was to take place in the afternoon, and spent an hour getting things ready for the entertainment.

Owing to the wet weather the parade of 10,000 children belonging to the Protestant Sunday Schools through the streets of Montreal, had to be omitted—but the gathering in the Victoria Rink was a great

success. Fully 13,000 children and persons were present, and the place was packed almost solid; the sight was one not soon to be forgotten; all the roof was hung with flags, and every Sunday School brought its own banners. An immense cheer went up when our Indians arrived and crossed the platform to take their seats. The programme consisted in repeating verses of Scripture and the Lord's Prayer by all the children together, sacred music by the colored jubilee singers, and tableaux by our Indians. After it was over and the place nearly clear, our pupils were marched out in good order, and they formed up in the street outside the rink and showed "Shingwauk" and "Wawanosh" on their flags—one letter on each flag. Our tableaux were repeated in the evening before an audience, less in dimensions but perhaps more appreciative, as better order was kept, and everything could be seen and heard better. One noteworthy incident in the course of the evening was the presentation to each child in our company of a jubilee cup—each cup being a *facsimile* of those given in Hyde Park, London, in June last. They will be highly prized by our young Indians. Sunday was a busy day. We attended, first of all, a short service at the Theological College, then all went to the Cathedral for morning service, the Indian pupils marching in order up the centre aisle to seats set apart for them. In the afternoon we divided into three parties: David and nine pupils were to visit St. Luke's and Trinity Sunday Schools; Johnny and nine more were to go to St. Stephen's and St. Jude's; and Mr. Wilson and ten more to the Cathedral and St. Martin's, and then to Mrs. Nivin's boys' class at Mountain street. Unfortunately there was some misunderstanding about David's party, so that St. Luke's and Trinity were left unvisited; but all the other engagements were duly kept; and at each Sunday School that we visited the Indian pupils repeated some texts and sang some hymns. In the evening Mr. Wilson gave a missionary address at St. Thomas' Church, and catechised some of his pupils before the congregation.

On Monday morning the children all enjoyed a great treat in a visit to the ocean steamship *Parisian*, of the Allan line. Capt. Barclay met us at the gangway, and asked chief officer MacAdams to conduct us over the vessel. We went into every part and saw it all thoroughly, the pupils walking two and two, and seeming to take great interest in everything they saw. In the afternoon, our kind friend, Mrs. Nivin, whose boys' class supports Peter Oshkahboos, took us to the museum, and the Indian children were greatly edified in seeing among other things a real mummy from Egypt. In the evening a most successful missionary meeting was

held in St. George's school house. Dean Carmichael occupied the chair, and several gentlemen addressed the meeting. The place was full to the doors, and the audience seemed thoroughly to appreciate the singing of our Indian children and the evidences that they showed of intelligence and advancement in civilization. (*To be continued.*)

OUR VISIT TO OTTAWA.

At Ottawa, as at Montreal, we arrived in drenching rain. The Rev. Mr. Pollard, Rector of St. John's, met us at the station and showed us the way to the Temperance Coffee House, where accommodation had been provided for our boys, and the girls were billeted out with various friends who had kindly undertaken to receive them.

Soon after arriving, Mr. Wilson and his daughter Winnie had a private interview with those diminutive little personages, Count and Countess Magri (the latter widow of the late Gen. Tom Thumb) at their hotel, and received an invitation to bring the whole party of Indian children free to the entertainment which would be held in the afternoon. A private interview with these little people was more entertaining than a public view of their performances. It was amusing to see the little Countess open a big trunk as high as herself, fumble for some papers, then perch herself on an ordinary chair and write, with a pen that to her must have been like a walking stick, in a very neat, lady-like hand, "Admit party free;" then, to her husband, "Shall I put just my initials, or Countess Magri?" It was very civil of them to give us this free admission to their entertainment, and our Indian children all thoroughly enjoyed it. However, we had to come away before it was over, as our own matinee began at 4 p.m., and we had to prepare for it. Owing to the rain the attendance was small—about 100—but we did better in the evening, for the hall, which would seat 300, was quite full, and the audience very appreciative. Our programme consisted, as at Montreal, of tableaux, showing the elder boys working at their trades—blacksmiths, shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, &c., singing as they worked; some smaller boys at 'chore work'—cutting wood, peeling potatoes, &c.; and ten girls at their various household duties, laundry work, &c. All sang well and kept excellent time with their movements—the blacksmith's hammer, the barber's scissors, and the girls' irons all moving in harmony with the 'work away' chorus of the song. Then there was a speech by David Minominee, Ojibway, Dakota, and English hymns, the anthem, "How Beautiful upon the Mountains," Jackson's Jubilate, school exercises on the blackboard, and a Sunday evening tableau, which

showed how well the children could repeat texts and answer bible questions. Nor must we omit to mention the presentation scene, when the members of each different tribe were presented separately—Delaware, Sioux, Ojibway, Ottawa, Pottowatamie, and Blackfeet—and, stepping to the front of the platform, bowed to the audience. Last of all came the National Anthem and three good round cheers for the Queen.

The next day, Wednesday, we visited the Parliament buildings, and had the honor of being conducted through them by no less a person than the Minister of the Interior himself—the Hon. Thomas White. Mr. White has recently had the Indian Department added to his office, and he appeared to take great interest in our young aborigines; had them sing to him under the great dome of the Library, and examined carefully the various specimens of their workmanship.

(*To be continued.*)

The Forest Children.

EACH Sunday School, as it arrived, was received with applause by the one preceding it. The cheers developed into a long and continuous "hurrah" when

THE INDIANS,

under the care of the Rev. E. F. Wilson, arrived. Each of them bore a little Union Jack, and when they entered the building the deafening applause with which they were greeted seemed to take them fairly aback. There were in all thirty of them, and a more healthy, robust set of boys and girls it would be difficult to find. The boys were dressed in navy blue suits with a red sash tied around the waist. A golden-yellow ribbon adorned their hats, giving them the appearance of a small regiment of militiamen. The girls were dressed in neat navy blue dresses, trimmed with red tape. Round their waists were tied immaculate white aprons, with a neatness of taste about them which many whiteskins would do well to study. The Indians' ages ranged from seven to sixteen years, and under the teaching of Mr. Wilson they have attained to a considerable degree of education. Of the whole number, 16 are Ojibway Indians, 5 are Ottawa, 3 Pottowatamie, 2 Sioux, 2 Blackfeet, and 2 Deleware; 6 come from Walpole Island, 2 from Sarnia, 1 from Parry Island, 2 from Cape Croker, 5 from Manitoulin Island, 5 from the North Shore of Lake Huron, 5 from Manitoba, 2 from the Rocky Mountains, and 2 from Moravian Town.—*Montreal Witness.*

The Happy Little Indians.

THE boys of the town had a glorious time of it last week, consorting with the children of the forest. Indeed all the families who threw open their houses to receive them were delighted subsequently at having done so. At the first they consented to the proposal with reluctance, some, in fact, with horror; and they began to think whether a bed in the woodshed would not be more satisfying to the spirit of the roving rascals. But when the electric wires of human nature were strung, and the whites and reds looked into each other's eyes, the fog of misconception dissipated, and there came a feeling of warmth and fraternity. The "spare" bed and the Benjamin's portion were freely bestowed. The children were exceedingly clean and neat. They ate with refinement of manner, very slowly, very noiselessly, and with rather elaborate conclusion. Their courtesy and delicate responses to kind words and kind deeds made them favorites; and they made bows and arrows for the children in whose houses they stayed, arrows that were models of mechanical symmetry and that could shoot as straight as a line. One of the boys who stopped at Mr. Godden's asked one of the town group: "Shall I bring down that bird in the tree?" Eagerly they fired off a volley of "yesses." The little Indian sharpshooter picked up a stone, and in a flash the bird was tumbling to the ground. The two Blackfeet youths stayed with Mrs. McKay. One of them had never been clothed except with a blanket until three months ago. There were some boxing gloves in the house, and Capt. McKay and one of his men gave a little exhibition, at which their faces lighted up instantly, and they looked on to the end with eager interest. Everywhere in the houses the children succeeded in imprinting indelible impressions; and when they walked out on the streets with polished boots and well-brushed uniform, these impressions circulated into a wider area and were discussed with enthusiasm.—

MR. WILSON has some thought of taking a number of his Indian children to England next spring.

THERE are 42 boys now at the Shingwauk, 21 girls at the Wawanosh, and about 30 applications have had to be refused.

A LITTLE Mohawk, named Sebastian Brant, a lineal descendant of the renowned Chief, Joseph Brant, has been received at the Shingwauk.

Clothing for the Indian Homes.

FROM Morrisburg, per Mrs. Killaly, a box containing a large supply of coats, trowsers, waistcoats, socks, mitts, shirts, dresses, nightgowns, boots and shoes, books, and various other things.

FROM St. Matthew's, Quebec, a barrel containing a nice supply of boys' and girls' clothing, shirts, socks, underclothing, petticoats, aprons, a frock, factory cotton, books, toys, etc.

PARCEL by mail, containing two knitted vests.

FROM MTS. Bartlett, 12 pairs socks, cloth, mitts.
FROM the St. Paul's branch of W. A. of Dt. F. Mission, Quebec,
a complete and new outfit for Charlotte Knaggs; also,
clothing for boys, quilt, and other gifts.

A box of church papers and socks from Rev. P. B. DeLom,
Petrolia.

A QUILT for the Wawanosh Home from the G. F. S., Waterloo,
per Mrs. G. E. Robinson.

FROM St. John's S. S., York Mills, per Mrs. Osler, a new outfit for Indian girl; also, overcoat, needles, calico, etc.

All the above are most gratefully acknowledged.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

SINCE LAST ISSUE

Professor Schneider	\$6	29
Girl's Friendly Society, Cornwall, for Girl	12	50
Rev. T. H. M. Bartlett	8	00
F. R.	10	00
St. James' Sunday School, Hudson, for Boy	13	00
Cathedral Sunday School, Kingston, for Girl	12	50
Miss Milnes, per Miss Pigot	9	70
Miss Pigot (England)	1	20
Trinity Sunday School, Havelock	5	00
J. J. Mason, for Shingwauk	32	75
" for Wawanosh	49	26
" for Indian Homes	115	06
" for Shingwauk Extension	17	26
E. S. Roper	2	00
	\$294	52

TOWARDS MONTREAL TRIP.

William Plummer	\$ 5 00
Mrs. Baumgras	1 50
A Friend	5 00
Frank Brown	2 00

RECEIPTS FOR BRANCH HOMES.

Per Miss Skinner, S. School, Gananoque \$8 00

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

EDITED BY THE

REV. E. F. WILSON,
SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO.

10 CENTS PER ANNUM, OR 12 OF EACH ISSUE FOR \$1 PER ANNUM.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 15 CENTS

Sixteen pages, Illustrated with Original Sketches and well got up.

SEND 25 CENTS for the Christmas Number and O.F.C.
Monthly, during 1888. Stamps accepted.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

VOL. I.

SHINGWAUK HOME, NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 9.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION

Copies Sent Gratis

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

Shingwauk Pupils to Montreal.

(Continued from October Number).

CARLETON PLACE.

Our next stopping-place after Ottawa was Carleton Place. Here we were met at the station by quite a number of Sunday School children, come to welcome their young Indian friends and take them in pairs to their various homes. In a few minutes all were billeted, and Mr. W. and his daughter also comfortably provided for. The entertainment at this place was given in the Opera Hall, and was very successful; the first night the place was perfectly crammed; it was built to seat 300, but there must have been over 500 present, and the receipts (at 15 and 10 cents) amounted to \$67. So enthusiastic was our reception, that we determined to give a second evening's performance instead of going on to Brockville, as had been previously arranged. The second night the room was full to the doors, and we netted in all \$71.

KINGSTON.

On Saturday, October 8th, we arrived in Kingston, and were met at the station by several of the clergy and a number of young ladies, the latter of whom at once divided up our girls among them and took them off to their homes. A kind-faced doctor picked out two little boys and took them away; the rest of the party were marched in order to the Albion Hotel, where quarters had been provided for them. It should have been mentioned that we sent back Willie and Sharpe from Carleton Place to Montreal to visit St. Luke's and Trinity Sunday Schools, and rejoin us on Tuesday when we returned to that place from Kingston. Nothing could exceed the kind hospitality which we have received at all the places we have visited; and even if nothing else were effected, it is, we feel, a cause for much thankfulness that our Indian children have found such warm-hearted friends,—have learned that the white people can love them, that there are those who care for them and are doing all they can to help

them. All who have had our children at their houses have expressed to us the pleasure it has been to them to do so, and have borne testimony to the good behavior and intelligence of their little guests. Many a tender kiss did our little Indian girls receive from the kind ladies who had cared for them, and they came away loaded with dolls, necklaces, lace collars, apples, &c. And the boys fared equally well, to judge by the bulging trowser pockets which spoke only too plainly of knives, and balls, and marbles, and mouth organs, stuffed within. We passed our second Sunday in Kingston. Five of our boys united with us in receiving the Holy Communion in St. Paul's Church, in the early morning, and later in the day we all met together in the same church for service. Mr. Wilson gave a missionary address from the pulpit, and in the middle of it called upon the Indian boys to rise and sing a hymn, which they did softly and sweetly. In the afternoon we visited the three principal Sunday Schools in the city; and in the evening Mr. Wilson preached in the Cathedral. On Monday we visited the Penitentiary and the Military College; and at night there was an immense gathering of 800 or so in the City Hall to see our tableaux, and hear our boys speak, answer questions and sing.

The whole cost of our expedition has been just \$400 (£80). It was a venture of faith, as we had only \$22 in hand when we started, but the net receipts at the meetings, together with a few special donations, have nicely covered all our expenditure.

The children were all full of excitement on the way home, looking over their presents and talking over the many things they had seen. We returned from Kingston as we had come, by Sharbot Lake and Carleton Place. At the latter place we had 7 hours to wait, and we were met again as on our first visit, by a crowd of Sunday School children, and there was quite a lively competition as to who should take our Indians home to tea. Packs and flags were stored in the baggage-room, and soon all the party were dispersed to different houses, to meet again at the station about midnight. Very sleepy were some of the poor children waiting for the train to come. It was due at 1:10 a.m., but was an hour late. Some of us passed the time by going to visit a saw mill which worked all night under the glare of electric lights. Others accompanied Capt. McKay to the gymnasium to bring down some 20 packages of

condemned military uniforms which the Captain had to dispose of, and kindly presented them to our Institution. Besides these, quite a number of red jackets had been given to us by the military authorities in Kingston. At ten minutes past two our train steamed into the station, and very glad were we to find that a special sleeping car had been set apart for us. As quickly as possible berths were allotted—boys at one end, girls at the other—but even at this late hour, admonition had to be repeated more than once before tongues would cease chattering and silence reign for sleep. It was amusing on awakening in the morning, to note the sleepers rousing one after another. In these colonist cars the upper berth is simply a strong wooden tray hinged on one side and held in horizontal position by two strong chains; the under berth is formed by drawing out the two seats, one towards the other, when the backs fall and they meet. From our position in an upper berth we saw stockinged feet stretching, and eyes rubbed with knuckles,—then a little fellow sitting up and looking round trying to collect his senses and take in the situation; then a cautious look over the edge of the tray, and perhaps the next performance would be a mischievous twist of the hair of his still sleeping companion, accompanied by a knowing grin. In the berth opposite we hear a little girl talking to her mite of a doll, and introducing a little quiet humor into the conversation, "My dollie just like Albert Sahguj." Albert Sahguj is in the berth below us, and although we cannot see him we imagine he has shown signs of waking, and that the remarks are intended for him to hear.

Among the children is an addition to our party, a little 7-year-old Mohawk from the Bay of Quinte, whom we have just picked up. He is an amusing little fellow, and a lineal descendant of the great chief, Joseph Brant, in whose honor a statue was recently erected in the market-place at Brantford. As soon as all are astir, the order is given for breakfast to be got ready. Of course there is no tea, but we make our repast off canned meats, bread, butter and cheese. Before breakfast we have prayers, a hymn joined in heartily by all, a few words of Scripture, the general confession, Lord's prayer, and, the morning's collects. The day on the train is a long one, but no one seems wearied out. The boys have permission to array themselves in the scarlet tunics given us in Kingston, and they enjoy themselves hugely. One, a funny fellow named Cromarty, pretends to be conductor announces imaginary stations, and goes round to collect tickets. At one station a youth comes on board with one flat pie cut in four pieces for sale; we buy it, and lots are

drawn for each of the four slices. At Sudbury Junction, instead of having to change cars, our sleeper is shunted and hitched on to the Algoma Mills train. At length, just at midnight, Algoma Mills is reached. We make enquiries and find that, owing to stormy weather, the *Northern Belle* is not yet in, and not expected till morning, so we let the boys and girls sleep on undisturbed, and the railway authorities allowed us to remain in possession of our car till the boat came in, at 11:30. Then we all went on board. We had a rather stormy passage, and, through God's mercy, reached the Sault all safe and sound at 8:30 a.m., Friday, Oct. 14th. We wish to tender our best thanks to the C.P.R. authorities for allowing us to travel at a very low rate, and for providing us with a sleeping car. We received most courteous treatment from all the railway and steamboat officials throughout the entire route.

Peter Oshkaboos; or, How Boys can Help.

(A boys' branch missionary meeting has been held in Montreal in connection with the Women's Auxiliary, and its results justify the belief that a similar one might be carried on successfully in other places).

Peter Oshkaboos is the name of an Indian boy, for whose support and education at Shingwauk Home we boys have promised to pay. This is the way we are trying to do so: We meet on the first Friday of every month from 7 to 8 o'clock, meet in the same way as any other society would do. A lady (Miss Evans), kindly assists us, and commences with Scripture reading, singing and prayer. We elect our own officers, have our minute and treasurer's books, and collect our money monthly. Each member promises to pay not less than 25 cents yearly, and is provided with a little book in which to put down what he can give regularly. We get letters from Peter, and sometimes write to him and send clothing. We gather mission news for our scrap book, and like to hear of God's work amongst the heathen, as well as to feel we are ourselves trying to help. It makes us happy to know that Peter is *our* boy, and we pray God to bless him and teach him to help other Indians. We are learning also to work with our hands, and in June last filled a large table with boys' work: Wooden toy furniture, fret and saw work, painted cards and drawings, knitted balls, paper flowers—were all sold. We are glad to say that the proceeds of this sale encourages us to undertake supporting the same boy for another year. We invite other boys to try what they can do, perhaps in a different way to ourselves. We believe that in helping Peter, we have learned that boys, as

well as girls, can be made happy and useful in the blessed work of missions.

MONTREAL, November, 1887.

(The thought of this originated during the last Provincial Synod. A lady, deeply impressed with Mr. Wilson's earnest devotion to his work, promised him to try what she could do among the boy companions of her own sons, having often felt that boys are apt to be left out in this work.

Rev. E. F. Wilson:

DEAR SIR,—I have read your article in the *Dominion Churchman*, referring to the improbability of the Indian. Let me relate a fact which seems to help us a little to a decision. The last time I addressed an Indian congregation one half of them walked over to a second service immediately, a mile and a half distant, under a broiling sun; while the interpreter, unpaid and unasked, walked between 12 and 16 miles (I do not know his short cut), to interpret for me at a late service the same day. Congregations and offertories, both proportionately to numbers and financial prosperity, very large. I am often said to be a very poor speaker; but they are not hypercritical, flock to hear, and listen with attention; whether they go home and test my utterances by their bibles I cannot say; but their faithfulness, and their satisfaction with ordinary sermons seem to point to metaphysical conditions which must be taken into account as factors of our decision.

It is a somewhat singular coincidence also that at the very time that you are appealing for aid for your schools, the president of the British Association should be telling England that *their system must be reformed "from top to bottom,"* and that one of the chief points of revolution pointed to by most educational writers now is the *learning of trades*, a matter so long dealt with in the schools you have founded. If the above is in any way useful, use it as you like.

MANITOWANING, Sept. 27th, 1887. J. F. COLE.

The Forest Children.

AT the conclusion of the tableaux, Rev. Mr. Wilson introduced David Minominee, an Ojibway, from Parry Sound, who has been four years in the Shingwauk Home, and has been a christian six years. He is captain of the Home. He began by saying that he supposed his hearers knew what Indians were. He hoped that none would say they were not good for anything. The Indians that had appeared had showed that they could do something. They could sing, work, and do many

things. It was not easy for them to learn the English language. White boys could pick it up quicker because it was their own. The white people were necessary to help the Indians by building schools and institutions in which they could be educated. The Indians wanted something in return for their property, and should be given knowledge and christianity. They knew that the forefathers of the white people had learned the forefathers of the Indians to use liquor. He did not think it was a good thing for the civilized people to have given to Indians liquor, which injured their bodies and souls.

The boys appeared again, and were engaged in cutting wood.

Mr. Wilson then introduced two of the oldest boys he had in charge. He recommended them as being perfectly reliable. They held important positions in the Home. One was a captain and the other a steward who gave out the provisions and kept a strict account of them.

Mr. Wilson proposes to establish a new institution at Banff, in the Rocky mountains. He has had favorable correspondence on the subject with Mr. Stewart, the manager of the National Park, and Lieut.-Gov. Dewdney, and has recently had an interview with the Hon. the minister of the Interior, who has promised to give the matter his serious attention. Mr. Wilson's idea is that if such an institution as he proposes were established at Banff he would be able to gather into it as pupils representatives of the Blackfeet, Blood, and Piegan tribes from the South; Sarcees, Crees, Stonies, and Sioux from the East; Crees, Beavers, and Chipewyans from the North; and British Columbia Indians from the West. The many visitors who resort to this locality every summer would thus have an opportunity of seeing for themselves what Indian children can do when civilized and educated; and attached to the institution would be a museum of Indian curiosities and relics gathered from all parts, and a library with all that can be procured in the way of Indian grammars, dictionaries and other literature. It is now generally admitted both in the United States and in Canada that the institutions for Indian children are best quite away from the Indian reserves, so that the pupils may be entirely separated from and uninfluenced by their parents. That the Indian parents will permit their children to go long distances and attend at institutions has been proved by the fact that Mr. Wilson has now in his Shingwauk Home Blackfeet and Sioux boys, who have travelled from 900 to 1,600 miles to come to him, and he has had the offer of a child even from the Peace River. Banff would not be a

suitable locality for agriculture; but Mr. Wilson thinks of introducing watchmaking, telegraphy and engineering as industries which Indian children would be apt to learn. Those who look favorably on the project cannot do better than to put down their names for a contribution, which will be called for if it is found feasible to carry out the scheme.—*Kingston Whig.*

IT was the early enthusiast that caught the seat at the Exhibition of Indian Children in the Opera Hall last Thursday evening. At 7:30 the passage leading up to the Hall was choked; and at 8 o'clock the great Hall itself was jammed tight, so that those who arrived later had to stand throughout the entire performance, while those who eagerly sped up still later met a padlocked door. The evening was one of unalloyed pleasure; and as a demonstration of the subduing power of civilization over the Indian mind, was a gratifying success. Rev. Mr. Forsythe opened the proceedings with an address explanatory of the origin and progress of the Shingwauk Home at Sault Ste. Marie, which was the creation of Rev. Mr. Wilson, who has ever since, now fourteen years, been its star in the East. After the speech followed a tableau representing the boys at their various occupations. They sang as they worked, regulating their movements to correspond with the measure of the cheerful ditty on their lips. Two strapping fellows were hammering a red-hot iron on an anvil. One was washing, another sewing, another pegging, two were using a cross-cut saw. There were carpenters and bakers, and a little fellow carrying in supplies from the side wings. There were several tableaux, one of them entirely given by the girls and confined to their own distinct pursuits. The last was the most interesting, representing as it did a Sunday evening in the Home, with the Missionary sitting in the lowest form and his entire school all about him, and back of him on raised seats, which went to the ceiling, the eldest with open Bibles in their hands, the entire class in animated discussion of the Scriptures.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, as he appears on the platform, seems austere, stately and December-cold in his perpendicular dignity; but there must be a big heart of flesh inside of him and a fascinating way not disclosed to the outlying world, else where the secret of his grip on the untutored mind of savages, and else explain the illumination of their swarthy faces when they see him coming?—*Central Canadian, Carleton Place.*

LEARN to entwine with your prayers the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you—be it a changed

look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wrong, a wound, a demand you cannot meet, a sorrow you cannot disclose—turn it into prayer, and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Men may be too little for your great matter; God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

SINCE LAST ISSUE.

St. Luke's Sunday School, Halifax, for Girl	\$15 00
A. A. Davis, S. School, York, for Boy	75 00
Trinity Sunday School, St. Thomas, for Boy	12 50
H. C. Harris	5 00
T. Millman	10 00
Proceeds Harvest Festival, Haysville	61 12
St. James' S. School, Stratford, for Boy	37 50
Mission Union, Carleton Place, for Boy	18 75
Sunday School, Strathroy, for Boy	6 31
Girls' Friendly Society, Waterloo, for W. H.	2 00
Mrs. Drake, for coat for Fanny Jacobs	5 00
St. Mark's, Parkdale, for Boy	6 50
St. Stephen's S. School, Montreal, for Boy	25 00
Mrs. W. J. Buchanan	10 00
Miss Crusoe	10 00
Cathedral S. School, Montreal, for Girl	50 00
Col. Sumner	10 00
			\$359 68

TOWARDS MONTREAL TRIP.

Friend, per H. P. Pim	\$1 00
W. M. Simpson	5 00
Miss Pigot	1 00
Mr. Baumgras	1 50
Collection Theo. College, Montreal	4 36
“ St. Thomas', Montreal	22 15
Jubilee Singer	1 00
Jubilee Committee, Montreal	150 00
Collection Missionary Meeting, St. George's, Montreal	32 00
Friend, per Rev. H. Pollard	1 00
Mr. Morgan	2 00
Lady, Ottawa	1 00
Net Receipts, Carleton Place	88 20
Jacob B. Brant—Travelling Expenses—Boy	5 00
Net Receipts, City Hall, Kingston	71 05
			\$386 26

RECEIPTS—“OUR FOREST CHILDREN.”

Rev. N. P. Yates ..	10 cents	S. C. Hagen ..	10 cents
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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. I.

SHINGWAUK HOME, CHRISTMAS, 1887.

NO. 10.

A Visit to the Shingwauk.

ARECENT visitor to the SHINGWAUK HOME, says: One day last week, in company with a lady who takes great interest in Missionary work, I visited the Indian boys' school here, or Shingwauk Home—which means a Pine Tree, and was so named in honor of an old Indian Chief. The Home is about two miles east of the Sault, and is one of the prettiest spots in the world. On the way down we passed a group of small picturesque islands, near the shore, covered with tamarac, spruce and birch, and looking like so many large bouquets in the clear blue river. A little further on, we reached the Home,—a massive stone building, somewhat like an hospital, with a fenced area in front. A little to the right side was the Chapel—a unique little stone building, standing in a beautiful native grove on rising ground, facing the river, and a model place of worship in every way. Over the front gate

a rustic archway is built, with a gabled roof; and the church-yard has a very neat dry stone wall around it. The Church itself has fine stained-glass windows, a hardwood floor, excellent pews, chancel, vestry, and baptismal font—the latter made of grey granite—base, pedestal and bowl out of one block.—The walls are decorated with scripture mottoes, cut in wood scrolls. Too many of our grand city churches have become mere social clubs for the higher classes to spend a pleasant hour or two on Sunday in, and see each other; but in this

modest little chapel half hid in the tall trees, like a Druid temple; a strangely devout feeling comes irresistibly over one, excluding all worldly thoughts, and you leave it with a strengthened heart for the duties and responsibilities of life.

Coming to the Institution we entered the school room and found the teacher and a number of the boys busily engaged doing some exercises in arithmetic on the black-board. The



SHINGWAUK HOME.



WAWANOSH HOME.

dormitory, with its rows of clean, comfortable beds on little iron bedsteads—one for each boy—and pictures tastefully arranged on the walls, is in many respects far ahead of the student's room in our best colleges.

Carlisle Boys at Philadelphia.

THERE was one division in the great constitutional parade in Philadelphia last Thursday that should have kept marching on, right on across the State, clear to the Missouri river, and still on, until every State in the Union had seen and studied it. The Indians! A band of braves, mounted and in their war paint; plumed and feathered and fierce visaged, armed to the teeth; savages from scalpelock to moccasin. Behind them, on foot, a band of younger braves that will sweep these old warriors and savages out of existence forever.

In the neat uniforms of their schools, trim and tidy as any boy in any grammar school in the land, marching steady as soldiers, with the free, easy stride born of the prairies, each dark-skinned brave armed with a slate, marched these dusky warriors from Carlisle and Hampton and Lincoln Institute. It was grand, it was inspiring, it was sublime, it was Christian! A class of boys and girls drove by, singing with all their Indian hearts in their brave voices, "Hail Columbia, Happy Land." Anything but a "happy land" has Columbia, from the day of Columbus to the day of the cowboys, been for them and their fathers. They sang as the prophets sing. After them came the Indian boys at work at their trades; mechanics, farmers, teachers; girls at house-work; bright, neat, happy-looking girls; cooking, sewing, knitting, reading; trained nurses in a hospital ward; useful, happy girls as your own daughters. Why, I can't begin to tell you how the "Indian exhibit" impressed people. I never in all my life saw such an object lesson. Ahead were the savages "exceeding fierce," possessed with seven times seven devils, and then these boys and girls, clothed in their right minds,

sitting at the feet of the Prince of Peace. I blushed with shame for every flippant and heartless word I had ever said or written about this much discussed "Indian problem." There was its solution—the rescue of a race by a Christian nation. There is something for this government to do with the next river and harbor appropriation bill; divert the spoil from Mud Creek, Sandy Run and Beasley's Branch, and pour it out upon these Indian schools.—*Hartford Daily Courant.*

Speech by John Thunder.

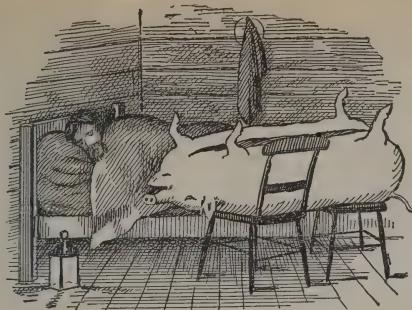
"NINE years ago I was been place called Beulah, in Manitoba. On that time I was not cut my hair, so I am like a girl. I was painted my face with red, blue, black, yellow and white. I was wear blanket every day too. After one year one of the Englishmen he went up there, that man is name L. W. Herkimer. He was kind to the

THE CHAPEL AT OUR INDIAN HOMES.



Indians. One day he wants me to doing something to his garden. By and by he came to see me how I going to, he looked what I done and he said "you are very well done." Of course I am not understand him, but some one interpreter to me. By and by he said again "I like you very much, you are good boy, so I want to cut your hair and then you will be a very nice boy." So me willing to let him cut my hair. By and by me come back at my home. My mother she said "Who did cut your hair?" I said Indian Agent. Oh! she was very angry and scoled me and whipped me hard as she could. This is the way I beginning to be like white man. I hope I never been like girl again or painted my face."

THE other day there was found lying by one side of a ditch, a pig. On the other side, a man. The pig was sober, the man drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose, the man had a ring on his finger. Some one passing exclaimed, "One is judged from the company he keeps"—The pig arose and went away.



Missionary Experiences.

ONE night I slept with a Pig! It was a vacant room in the Chief's new house. After our services were over, and we had had supper, Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnuhquud took a clean blanket on her shoulder and a lantern in her hand, and calling me to follow, led me to the apartment. There was a bedstead with a mattress on it, in a corner; and on two chairs in the middle of the room, lay a pig, which had been killed the day before. Early next morning, before I was fully awake, the door opened, and Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnuhquud appeared, with a knife in her hand. What could she want at this hour of the morning? I opened one eye to see. Her back was turned to me, and I could not distinguish what she was doing; but I heard a cutting and slicing and wheezing. Then the good lady turned around, and closing the eye I had opened, I did not venture to look out again till the door was shut, and Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnuhquud departed; then I peeped out from my rug—poor piggy was minus one leg! Next time I saw the missing limb it was steaming on the breakfast table!

I SAT by the blazing fire, and gazed with a feeling of happy contentment into the yellow flames. The scene was certainly a novel one. In the dark corner by the chimney, sat a dirty old couple on the couch where they had been passing the night; they were visitors from Muncey Town and were staying a few nights only at Kettle Point. The old woman lighted up her pipe, and whiffed away with her eyes half shut; after enjoying it for about twenty minutes or so, her old husband thought she had had enough, and taking it from

her put it in his own mouth and had a whiff. When he had done, he restored it again to his wife. Some of the children were cleaning themselves, a tin bowl of water and a towel being given to them in turns. I was wondering whether my turn would come, when Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnuhquud, having once more filled the bowl, addressed me with the words, "Maund' uhpe," which in polite English would mean, "Here you are!" "Ah, megwach ahpeche,"—"thank you kindly," said I, and forthwith began my ablutions, while the children stood around me in wonderment.

I HAVE been four times christened by the Indians. Twenty years ago, the Mohawks on the Grand River, gave me the name 'Shagoyateyosha', (beautifier of men) In 1868, the Ojibway chief, Ahbettuhwahnuhquud of Kettle Point, gave me the name of 'Puhgukahbun,' (clear day light.) In 1885, the Sioux Indians of Oak River, Manitoba, named me 'Kasota' (clear sky.) And this last summer, 1887, the Blackfeet Indians bestowed upon me the name 'Natusi-asamiu,'

(the sun looks upon him.) It was chief "Old Sun" who bestowed upon me this last name, and in doing so he adopted me into his nation, and told me I must call him "father," and his wife "mother."



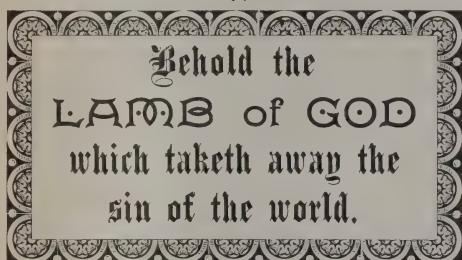
CHIEF PIAPOT



MY INDIAN ESCORT.

IT was the summer of 1885, I was on a visit to Piapot's Reserve, about 30 miles north of Regina. The Indians gathered outside the agent's house

and in the dusk I sat and conversed with them. I told them about our Institution, and about Buhkwujenene going to England, and made Abram take off his boot to show what an Indian boy could do in the way of boot-making. It was handed round and closely examined. All the people were in the wild Indian costume; none of the men wore trowsers; all had ornamented leggings, and blankets round the body, and the hair plaited and ornamented with strips of fur. After our pow-wow, I asked the way to Chief Piapot's teepee; a tall Indian, with a tomahawk in his hand, got up, and, plunging away into the darkness, motioned me to follow him. I did so, and two other wild fellows on horseback followed close on my heels. Piapot is bitterly opposed to Christianity, and has several times insulted the priests; but I found him very friendly, and had a long talk with him.



A Comparison between Indian Education in Canada and in the United States.

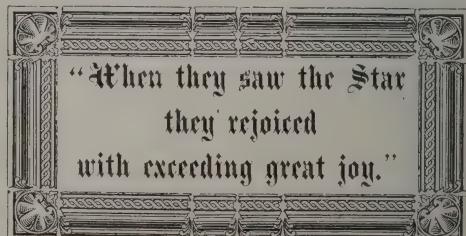
IN the United States there are 248,000 Indians. Of this number it is computed that about 46,800 are children of schoolable age. Fifteen years or so ago very little was being done towards educating the Indian children;—but of late years a great change for the better has taken place. Last year there were 214 Indian Schools in the States, employing 703 teachers, and having a capacity for 14,000 pupils. A large proportion of these schools were boarding schools, and the whole cost to the government during the year was \$997,000. Among the largest of these schools are the Carlisle Institute in Pennsylvania, which receives 600 pupils, taught by 40 teachers, and costing \$90,000 a year; the Haskell Institute in Kansas, with 350 pupils; the Lincoln Institution in Philadelphia, with 250 pupils; the Chilocco School in Indian Territory, for 200; and the Hampton Institute in Virginia, for 200 pupils. There are 36 Institutions, each with a capacity for upwards of 100 pupils, and a large number of smaller ones.

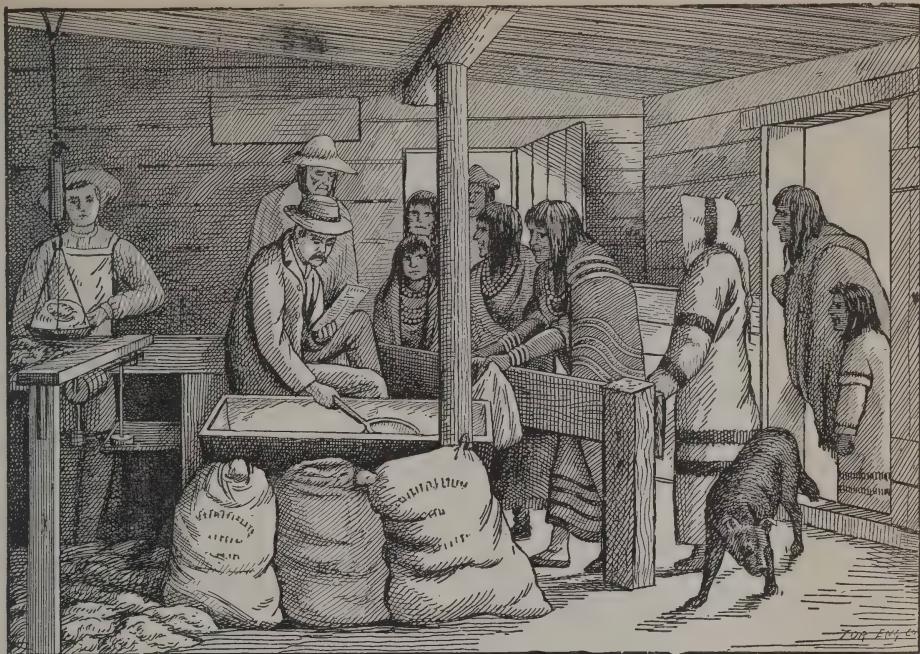
In Canada there are 128,700 Indians. Of this number there are probably 24,000 children of schoolable age, but of these about 16,000 only are at present

within the limits of civilization. There are at present seven Institutes in operation, having a capacity for about 580 pupils, and 131 small day schools. The total annual cost to the Canadian Government for the maintenance of both day and board schools is at present about \$95,000. The seven Institutions are as follows: The Mohawk Institute (Episcopal) near Brantford, for 90 pupils, supported by the New England Company; the Mount Elgin Institute (Methodist) at Muncey Town for 60 pupils, assisted by Government; the Wikwemikong Institution on Manitoulin Island (Roman Catholic), for 110 pupils, (day and boarders), assisted by Government; the Battleford Institution (Episcopal) in Saskatchewan, for 60 pupils, wholly supported by Government; the High River Institution in Alberta (Roman Catholic), for 90 pupils, wholly supported by Government; the Qu'Appelle Institution in Assiniboria (Roman Catholic), for 90 pupils, wholly supported by Government; the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes (Episcopal), for 85 pupils, at Sault Ste. Marie, assisted by Government.

The Battleford Institution.

SHORTLY before the Riel trouble in the North-West in 1885, an Institution for Indian boys was established by the Government at Battleford, in the Saskatchewan District, and placed in the charge of the Rev. T. Clark, a Church of England Clergyman. Mr. Clark was warned of the approach of the hostile hordes by one of his pupils, a little Indian boy named Jack. The lad told him that the Indians were coming in and intended after killing the Government Officials to burn the town and then scatter over the country. Knowing the boy to be reliable, Mr. Clark moved at once to the Fort and so saved his life. Jack was the only boy that went with him; the other pupils went to the Indian camp a mile away, taking a lot of provisions from the stores with them. The Indians ransacked the school and smashed up the stoves and furniture. After the trouble was over and Louis Riel executed, the Battleford School was re-opened and is now in a flourishing condition with a large number of pupils. The cost to the Government last year for the maintenance of this Institution was \$10,179.





RATION DAY ON THE BLACKFEET RESERVE.

What Capt. Pratt says about the Indian Question.

NO association with our higher and better life has been in any considerable degree allowed to the Indian. He has been driven back upon himself, and by all our course of treatment forced to compact against us. It is a very strange condition that of all the nations and tribes upon this earth all are invited to enter into and become a part of the people of this country (the States), except the original inhabitant. The Chinaman, the Japanese, and even the Hottentot, is welcome and finds a home wherever he will. But the Indian is coralled and imprisoned upon his reservation and forcibly held aloof from the associations which alone would elevate and civilize him. * * My Indian boys, sitting here, are told by every sentiment, governmental, individual, Christian or other, that they must go back to their reservation—to their people. This is the curse, this is the oppression that bars the way of Indian progress in civilization. * * What is the cure for this condition of the Indian? In my judgment it is to be found in the establishment of a general system of education, reaching every Indian child of school age, and so arranged as to bring the subject as quickly and for the longest time possible, into personal contact with the masses of our own children. * * Two years, under

proper training, is enough to give to a young Indian a sufficient knowledge of the English language, sufficient intelligence and sufficient industrial capacity to enable him to make himself acceptable and even self-supporting as a part of our agricultural population;—aye, and properly trained, he will have the desire to do it. With this two years start he may be accepted in a farmer's family and earn enough to pay for his own clothing and food, and secure to himself the advantages of our public school system.

The High River Institution.

THIS School is situated in the neighborhood of Fort Macleod in the Alberta District. It was built by the Government at a cost of \$25,000 and is in charge of the Roman Catholics. Last year it cost \$12,607 to maintain. It appears to have failed in its original object, which was to gather in the children of the Blackfeet nation, of which there are some 1900 of schoolable age. These people are so utterly opposed to christianity and education that missions among them whether by Roman Catholics or Protestants, have been thus far a comparative failure. The pupils at present attending the High River School are principally the children of Cree Indians and Half Breeds.

A Lady Missionary to the Blackfeet.

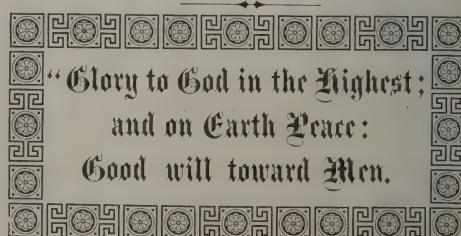
WE were glad to see Miss Brown and make her acquaintance, when she passed through Sault Ste. Marie on the 8th September last, on her way westward to the Blackfeet country. She was anxious to see our Wawanosh Home in passing, as her special mission is to try and establish a Home for Blackfeet Girls in connection with the Rev. Mr. Tim's Mission at Blackfeet Crossing. There was only a little time between her arrival by one boat and her leaving by another, but we just made time to drive to the Wawanosh and let her see the girls at school and others at their various employments,—cooking, sweeping, washing and ironing. We also made a point of letting her see our two Blackfeet boys, and we made them understand by signs that she was going to their country. Etukitsin has been learning shoe-making since he came to us, and aided by the bootmaker, he made a nice pair of slippers for his mother, which Miss Brown took with her. Miss Brown is sent out by the Toronto Branch of the Women's Auxiliary. Since reaching her destination we received a message from her about the slippers: "Etukitsin's mother was very much affected and shed tears over her son's shoes."

Should Indian institutions be Undenominational?

WE say no. We believe in interchange of friendly feeling between the Protestant bodies; we believe in the Protestant bodies uniting to resist the progress of Romanism; we believe in a hearty co-operation in all matters that may tend to the elevation and Christian training of the young Indians—but in the matter of Sunday services and Scripture classes, we believe it best for each denomination, as things are at present, to keep to their own lines. We for ourselves are wedded to our church of England teaching, the church of our forefathers for many generations back; and we doubt not that Missionaries of the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations are equally wedded to their own religious system, and like ourselves have taught their converts to respect and love that form of faith under which they were brought to a knowledge of the truth. We believe it would be a bad thing for the Indians if, as we have heard hinted, the Government were to make all Indian institutions undenominational, and compel all Indians living within a certain area, to send their children to the particular Institution appointed for them. We feel confident there would be rebellion at once, if such a plan as this were carried out. No; what we would like to see would be as follows:—We would like the Church of England to have one large central Institution for about 300 pupils, and a number of Branch Homes scattered through the country in those parts where there are already Church

of England missions in existence; and let the Branch Homes all be Church of England and all work in connection with the large central Institution. We propose that the same plan should be carried out for the Presbyterians, the same for the Methodists, and the same for the Roman Catholics. Then let every Indian parent choose for himself the Institution to which he will send his children; and having once made his selection, let him (except in a very exceptional case) be obliged to keep to it, and not be allowed to send his children first to one school and then to another. By this plan each Christian body would be represented in their Indian work all through the country, and each would have its large central Institution for carrying on educational work. At the large central Institutions the best of teaching could be given and a number of trades taught; and the things made could be distributed to the smaller Branch Homes, and also such things as harness, agricultural implements, &c., to the Indian Reserves; thus the Indians would be using the things made by their children at the Institutions.

Some persons seem to have got the idea that we had proposed to make our Shingwauk Home undenominational. We never proposed this; all we said was that should children belonging to the Methodist or Presbyterian denominations attend our school we should be willing, if so desired, to let them attend their own place of worship on Sunday. To make Indian Institutions undenominational would be, we feel sure, a very grave mistake. For these Institutions to be successful there must be religious instruction. If the religious instruction is dropped, or is allowed to become a mere milk-and-water anything or nothing, it will be like taking the life and mainspring of their usefulness out of them. Whatever has been done to benefit the Indians hitherto has been done by religious people from religious motives; the bond that has united the teacher and taught has been religion; and a religion of some definite form which has become dear not only to the teacher but also to the taught. For these Institutions already existing or about to be built, to be successful, we feel sure that the religious leanings of the people must be respected, and they must not be in any way forced to have their children brought up under other teaching than that which they approve.





THE VILLAGE OF ELKHORN, MANITOBA.

The Washakada Home.

THIS Institution, which has been built this autumn in the village of Elkhorn, Manitoba, will, it is hoped, be open for use next spring. But this must depend a good deal on the action of the Indian Department, as without some aid from Government, it would be a difficult matter to carry it on. The Institution has been built as a branch of the Shingwauk Home; it cost \$1350, and it will have accommodation for about 16 pupils. The manner in which the work originated was as follows: There was a gentleman living in the Western part of Manitoba who took great interest in the Indians and was anxious to have more done for their welfare. One evening he said to his wife, "If I could see my way to have a Home for Indian children established in this neighborhood, I would like to give \$1000 toward it." A day or two after there came into that gentleman's hands one of the "Red hot shot" from the Shingwauk Home, which spoke of establishing Branch Homes in the North-west, and contained the words—"as soon as I receive the promise of \$1000 towards the erection of this or that Branch Home, I shall regard it as an indication from God that the work is to be proceeded with, and shall take steps to put the scheme into more definite shape and to raise the required amount." On reading these words; the gentleman at once wrote to Mr. Wilson, "If you can see your way to establish one of your proposed Branch Homes in this neighborhood, I will give \$1,000 towards it." This is how the work began. The land on which the Home is built has been donated by the C.P.R., and is close to the railway. The Home is in a good central position, being about 25 miles from the Sioux Reserve at Birdtail, 40 from the Oak River Sioux, 25 from Pipestone, 40 from Gambler's Saulteaux band, 50 from

another Saulteaux band, 60 from the Cree and Saulteaux Indians at Broadview, 60 from the Cree and Assiniboin Indians at Moose Mountain. It is a decided advantage to be quite 25 miles away from an Indian Reserve, as there is endless trouble with the Indian parents if the Institution is built close to where they live. We hope that kind friends will take up our work at Elkhorn, and so enable us to open the Institution in Spring; also that Sunday Schools will aid us by supporting individual children at \$75 each per annum.

The Mohawk Institution.

It may not be very generally known that there exists at Brantford in the Province of Ontario, an Institution for Indian children which has been in operation for nearly 60 years, and is indeed probably the oldest Institution of the kind, whether in Canada or the United States. It is not supported or even aided by Government, but the whole cost of its maintenance is provided for by the New England Company. This is an ancient and venerable Company, dating back to the days of Cromwell's Long Parliament in 1649. England had heard of the Red Indians of America living in their wigwams, from the great and distinguished missionary, John Eliot; and members of Parliament not at that time having their heads turned by steam engines and telegraph and telephones and Bradlaughs, had time to think about religion and give attention even to a missionary. On the 27th July, 1649, an Act or Ordinance was passed, bearing the title, "A Corporation for the Promoting and Propagating the Gospel of Jesus Christ in New England." This ordinance recited that the Commons of England in Parliament assembled, had received certain intelligence that divers heathen natives

of New England had, through the blessing of God upon the pious care and pains of some godly English, who preached the gospel to them in their own Indian language, not only of barbarous become civil, but many of them forsaking their accustomed charms and sorceries and other satanical delusions, did then call upon the name of the Lord,—and that the propagation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ amongst these poor heathen could not be prosecuted with expedition and success unless fit instruments, such as schools and universities were encouraged and maintained. The Corporation consisted of President, Treasurer and 14 Assistants, and as a first step £r2,000 was collected by voluntary subscription, through England and Wales. With this money some landed property was purchased in Suffolk and Kent, and the income expended in the support of missionaries and teachers among the Indians. The first Institution for Indian children was built in the neighborhood of Brantford, Ontario, in the year 1828; its object was to teach Indians handicraft trades, and it was called the "Mechanics' Institution." The School was rebuilt in 1858 and then became known as "the Mohawk Institution." It has from time to time been enlarged and improved, and has now accommodation for 90 pupils, half boys and half girls. The ground belongs to the Institution and the Manual Labor Farm comprises about 250 acres of the very best of land, which is admirably cultivated. The staff consists of Rev. Robt. Ashton, the principal; a schoolmaster, schoolmistress, laundress, assistant matron, carpenter, farm foreman, &c. Close to the Institution is the old Mohawk Church built in 1782, the oldest church in Canada. In the bell tower hangs the same bell which the Mohawks had in the old church in New York State before they migrated to Canada; and among other relics are the large English Bible and solid Silver Communion Plate given to them by Queen Anne.

Last year four pupils at this Institution passed the public examination for entrance to the Collegiate Institute at the City of Brantford, obtaining positions of credit amongst the 71 who passed at Christmas.

Of pupils who have left the Institution within the past 5 years, 36 are now engaged at farm work as hired servants, 5 are working at trades, as clerks, or in factories, 5 are schoolteachers, and 5 attending the Institutions or Colleges.

The Qu'Appelle Institution.

"We had hardly expected to find everything so clean and systematic among a lot of Indians fresh from their teepees. But such was the case. The buildings and grounds were well adapted for the purposes intended, and the instruction of the pupils consist of a fair

grounding in the rudiments of an English education, together with a very thorough training in the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith. The scholars number about one hundred, the boys and girls being about equally divided. They appear to be well trained, all but the youngest being able to read and write English. Although they are allowed to converse in their own language in play hours, all conversation within the school must be in English. During our visit the pupils sang for us in Cree, English and Latin—the latter being hymns of the Church. This was the one thing that struck me as worse than unnecessary in the curriculum. They rattle off the Latin psalms like parrots, and with just about the same knowledge of their meaning."—*Mail Correspondent.*"

NOTE.—This Institution cost the Government \$25,000 to build, and the maintenance bill for last year was \$13,882.

What a Carlisle Pupil says about the Indian Languages.

(From "*The Indian Helper.*")

THE PRIZE PAPER, BY DENNISON WHEELOCK,
ONEIDA TRIBE.

I THINK I will try and form my opinions about the question in the 8th number of the *Helper*, "Is it right for the Government to stop the teaching of the Indian languages in Reservation Schools?"

I think the Indian language is one that few persons who wish to live as human beings can use.

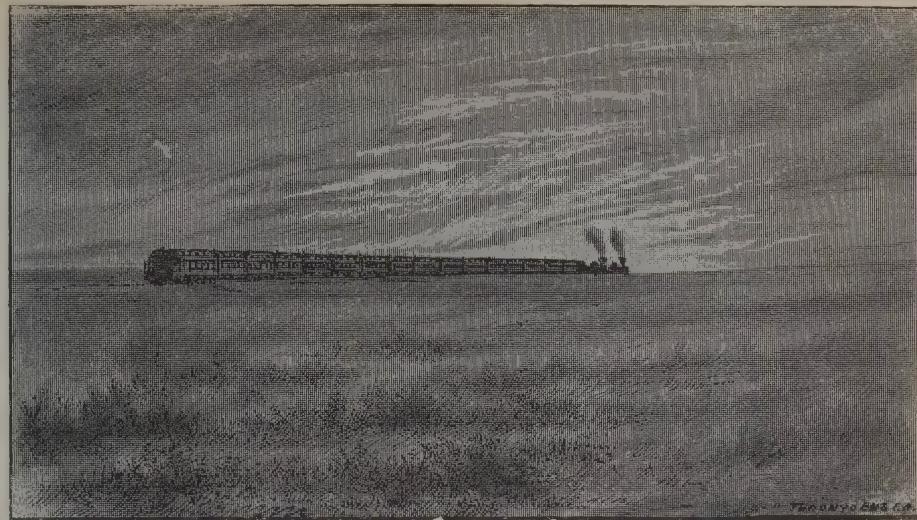
It is a language that is of no use in the world, and should not be kept any longer. You can't express a wise idea with the Indian language in a way that would be wise, and you can't make a law with it, and you can never make a speech as well and as good as you would with the English language. Why? because the Indians never made laws, never saw so many things to talk about as the white men see, and do not do much thinking for the future, and talk mostly by signs, and thus they have only a few words in their language.

It has only the words of every day use, and does not have any I call "hard words."

The Indian language is not only a disgrace to the Government for being in it, but it is also the cord that pulls down the race, who have been bound by the same cord to ignorance and barbarism for centuries.

The Government has been slow to see this. It has now seen, and will it leave them as they are and not lend a hand to their doleful cries?

The people of the country choose the men who are in Congress, to rule and make laws for the country, and they have made a law which has long been a matter of necessity.



WESTWARD HO!—TRAIN AT SUNSET, C.P.R.

Now, which will the Government undertake to do, and which would be the quickest way to civilize the Indians, "to teach the 60,000,000 of white people the Indian language, or teach the little hand-full of Indians the English language?

A true missionary and a true friend of the Indians, would have seen long ago that it is wasting time, in teaching the Indians in their own language the civilized ways of living, etc., of the white men.

In trying to teach the Indians in their own language, I would only repeat the words used by P. O. Matthews, an Indian, in describing his lecturing tour through the country, that it was like a goose trying to stand on its wing.

Indian Dread of Education.

WHEN we visited the Blackfeet Reserve last Spring, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, we were warned not to say anything to the Indians about having their children educated. If you do, said the Missionary, I know just what will happen,—the Chief will send round some of his young men to all the teepees, and they will shout into every teepee—"Don't go near that man, he is coming to steal your children!" and that is the last you will see of the Indians, for they will fold up their tents and be gone.

A POOR MOTHER'S AGONY.

The man heard where there were four children, two girls and two boys, and was urged to get the girls to

school. The man went to the poor home, if home it could be called, and asked the man to send his daughter to school. He kept quiet for a while and then said, "I have not spoken because I am not going to send my children." He tried to reason with him. He said, "it is no use to argue with me, I cannot let my children go." The grandmother then appeared at the door of her tipi and began to howl. She declared they must not go, saying the Government has taken away our tobacco, has cut down our rations, and now wants to take away our children. He told them, "he would carry the children to the Agency to be examined by the Physician. If well he wanted them to go to school; if not, he would not take them. This was enough for the mother, who had been sitting still. She thought the time had come for her to part with her children, and she could stand it no longer. She looked at him it seemed for a moment or more. (That look he cannot forget;) and screaming rushed to the door of her miserable house, broke it open, took down a long knife, and gashed herself until the blood flowed. The knife not being sufficiently sharp, she got a stone and whetted it, weeping all the time. This meant that she had yielded the point and was terribly grieved at the idea of giving up her children, "she knew not for what." The worst was over, and if the children could have been placed in a school near home, it might have done well, but it would not do to take them under such circumstances any great distance. These poor creatures know not what they are doing in refusing to take the help offered to them.

Work among the Stonies.

THE name of the Rev. George Macdougall is well known as that of one of the veteran missionary pioneers to the Indians in the North-West. His son, the Rev. John Macdougall, is still carrying on the good work which his father began, and it was a great pleasure to us to visit his mission station at Morleyville, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, one Sunday last May. It seemed such a contrast to the slow unsatisfactory work going on among the Blackfeet, Peigans, and Bloods. Those Indians are so bitterly opposed to Christianity and so much under the influence of their chiefs, that it seems almost vain to try and teach them; but these people of the Stoney tribe, some 650 in number, have all of them accepted Christianity, and about 200 of the adults are in full membership with the Methodist Church. A grant of 1100 acres of land has been made by the Government for an Indian Orphanage and Training School, and a roughly constructed building with some 19 Indian pupils, is now in operation. It has been up-hill work, and even with this limited number of pupils the Institution is considerably in debt. The income just now is \$700 from Government, \$700 from the Woman's Missionary Society, and some few private subscriptions. In writing of his work Mr. Macdougall says: "We are convinced that this is the true manner of christianizing and civilizing the Red people; we see this evidenced by the children in the Home; we also witness the strong influence exerted on those in the Camps from whence our children come. We are satisfied that if the Government and Christian Church will thoroughly take hold of this matter, the problem of the Indians' future will be satisfactorily solved, and Indians will thus be energised into useful citizens of the Commonwealth."

The Micmac Indians.

HANTSPOST, NOVA SCOTIA, Aug. 11th, 1887.

To Rev. E. F. Wilson:

DEAR SIR,—I received your prospectus and sincerely hope you may succeed. I have been laboring among the Micmac Indians of these Provinces for the last forty years, and am pleased to state that our efforts have been successful beyond our utmost hopes or expectations when we began. At that time all these Indians belonged to the Roman Catholic communion. To civilize the Indians formed no part of their programme. So far as civilization was concerned, the tribe, with few exceptions, were just where they were two hundred years before. Their dress and domestic habits had undergone no material alteration: A company of Indians could be distinguished as far as they could be seen. Very few of them could either read or

write; they did not know there was such a book as the bible, nor had they the slightest idea that Protestants knew anything about the Christian religion. The Indian term for a Protestant was *Mov Alasoodumak*, "he doesn't pray;" for a Catholic, *Alasoodumat*, "he prays." Now all this is changed. The whole of the New Testament and parts of the Old have been translated into Micmac. Scores of them have learned to read. The old Indian garb has been very generally doffed. A goodly number have received the truth in the love of it, and many have been blessed.

Of two things I have become well satisfied: 1st, that the Indians are remarkable for intellectual capacity; and 2nd, that there are no people on earth more easily satisfied if they are only treated *justly* and *kindly*. 'Twere easy to give numerous proofs and illustrations on these points, and if you succeed in your enterprise, and my life and health are preserved, I will be most happy to contribute them for your pages, and to aid your efforts every way in my power.

Yours, very truly,

SILAS T. RAND,

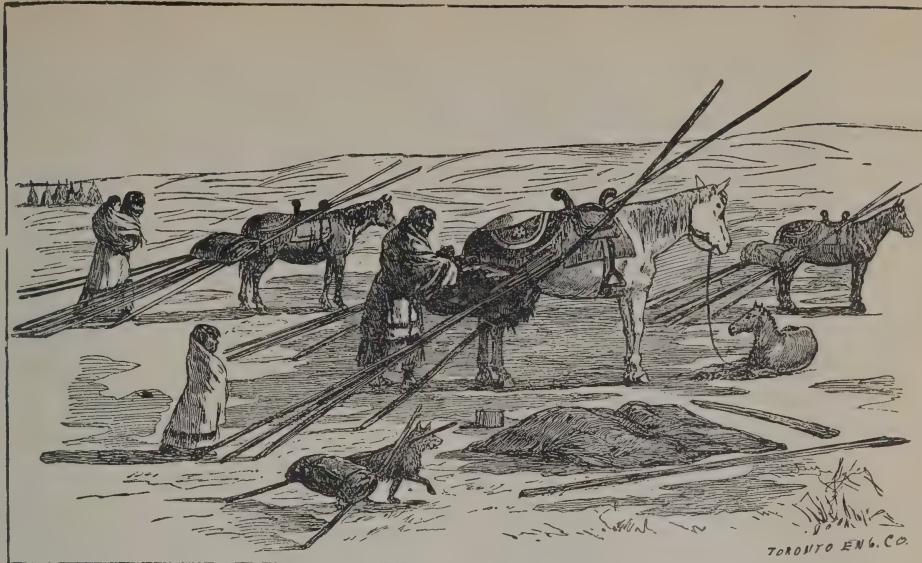
Micmac Missionary.

Indian Pupils at Kingston.

AT the conclusion of the tableaux, Rev. Mr. Wilson introduced David Minominee, an Ojibway, from Parry Sound, who had been four years in the Shingwauk Home, and has been a christian six years. He is captain of the Home. He began by saying that he supposed his hearers knew what Indians were. He hoped that none would say they were not good for anything. The Indians that had appeared had showed that they could do something. They could sing, work, and do many things. It was not easy for them to learn the English language. White boys could pick it up quicker because it was their own. The white people were necessary to help the Indians by building schools and institutions in which they could be educated. The Indians wanted something in return for their property, and should be given knowledge and christianity. They knew that the forefathers of the white people had learned the forefathers of the Indians to use liquor. He did not think it was a good thing for the civilized people to have given to Indians liquor, which injured their bodies and souls.

The boys appeared again, and were engaged in cutting wood.

Mr. Wilson then introduced two of the oldest boys he had in charge. He recommended them as being perfectly reliable. They held important positions in the Home. One was a captain and the other a steward



BLACKFEET INDIANS MOVING CAMP.

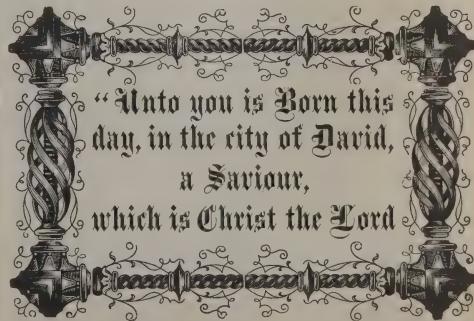
who gave out the provisions and kept a strict account of them.—*Kingston Whig.*

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Proposed Home at Banff.

MMR. WILSON proposes to establish a new institution at Banff, in the Rocky Mountains. He has had favorable correspondence on the subject with Mr. Stewart, the Manager of the National Park, and Lieut-Gov. Dewdney, and has recently had an interview with the Hon. the Minister of the Interior, who has promised to give the matter his serious attention. Mr. Wilson's idea is that if such an institution as he proposes were established at Banff, he would be able^{to} to gather into it as pupils, representatives of the Blackfeet, Blood, and Piegan tribes from the South; Sarcees, Crees, Stonies and Sioux from the East; Crees, Beavers and Chippewyans from the North; and British Columbia Indians from the West. The many visitors who resort to this locality every summer would thus have an opportunity of seeing for themselves what Indian children can do when civilized and educated; and attached to the institution would be a museum of Indian curiosities and relics gathered from all parts, and a library with all that can be procured in the way of Indian grammars, dictionaries and other literature. It is now generally admitted both in the United States and in Canada that the institutions for Indian children are best quite away from the Indian reserves, so that the

pupils may be entirely separated from and uninfluenced by their parents. That the Indian parents will permit their children to go long distances and attend at institutions has been proved by the fact that Mr. Wilson has now in his Shingwauk home, Blackfeet and Sioux boys, who have travelled from 900 to 1600 miles to come to him, and he has had the offer of a child even from the Peace River. Banff would not be a suitable locality for agriculture; but Mr. Wilson thinks of introducing watchmaking, telegraphy and engineering, as industries which Indian children would be apt to learn.

Those who look favorably on the project cannot do better than to put down their names for a contribution, which will be called for if it is found feasible to carry out the scheme.—*Toronto Mail.*



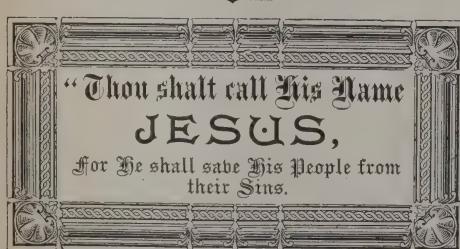
Hiawatha and the Iroquois Wampum.

In one of his missions into the country of the Mohawks, Hiawatha once came upon the borders of a lake. While deliberating in what manner he would cross it, the whole sky became filled with wild ducks, all of which finally alighted upon the surface of the water. After quenching their thirst and soaking their plumage, they ascended again into the air in one great mass, and lo! the lake had become dry, while its bed was filled with shells.

From these the wise chief and counsellor proceeded to make the wampum, which afterward so firmly cemented the union of the six tribes, thereby forming the great Iroquois Confederacy.

Politeness among Indians.

WHEN persons attend feasts, they extend their hands and return thanks to the giver. Also when they receive presents. A person is never addressed by names if it can be avoided, and they seldom call a person by name when speaking of him. Mothers teach their children not to pass in front of people if they can avoid it. It is not considered proper for young girls to speak to a man except he be a brother, father, mother's brother or grandfather. Politeness is shown by men to women. Men will help women to alight from horses or will carry them across a stream on their backs. A brother has been seen to pull some grass and put it under his sister's knees when she knelt at a spring to drink. All who are present at a meal time receive shares of the food. Even if some who are not on friendly terms with the family happen to enter suddenly, they partake. Should one arrive after all the food has been divided among the guests, the host will give part of his share to the new comer.

**Indian Silversmiths.**

SOME of the Navajo Indians in the Southern States are silversmiths. They make buttons, bracelets, brooches, bridle ornaments, tobacco cases, &c. Their appliances are rude and simple. A large iron bolt stuck in a log serves for an anvil, and a bellows is made

of a bag of goat skin. The crucibles are made of clay with three cornered edges and rounded bottoms; they can only be used three or four times, and then fall to pieces. They cut their moulds in soft sandstone and grease the inside with suet before pouring in the metal. Their scissors, files, hammers, &c., they usually purchase from the whites.

Kind Letters.

"What I send goes with many good wishes for and heartiest sympathy with your work, and with a desire that I could do more."

M.S.

"I am so pleased with the O.F.C., I hope it may have a large circulation and that you may succeed beyond your expectation; in time, right must conquer."

MISS C.

CARLISLE, PA., NOV. 11.

My dear Mr. Wilson,—I read your FOREST CHILDREN, and every item I see about your heroic work, with the greatest interest. I am glad you think of going to England to do something towards contradicting the great Indian lie our United States has sent there (alluding to Buffalo Bill's exhibition). I wish I could help you big and strong, like you need and deserve, but I can do little more than pray for your success in every way. Send me your paper for the New Year, including the Christmas number, and add the balance to your funds.

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

R. H. PRATT.

"I enclose you \$1 for 12 copies, and shall give the numbers away monthly to parties who may feel an interest in your enterprise."

COL. S.

"Most of the people here are opposed to giving anything for work outside the town, and I am afraid the subscription of our Sunday School towards the support of boy will be discontinued. Personally I would greatly regret to see the subscription given up, as it would be sure to have a bad effect on the spiritual life of the Sunday School. You can do without it better than we can,"

J.W.C.

THE following is from the *Indian Helper*, published at the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania: "Boys and girls! Wouldn't you like to have a little paper called OUR FOREST CHILDREN, printed at an Indian School, away up in Canada, by Rev. E. F. Wilson, Principal of the Shingwauk Home? It is only ten cents a year, and Dr. Given is getting up a club. Give him your name and ten cents and let us keep up a brotherly feeling between the two schools."

Extracts from Pupils Examination Papers.

THIRD CLASS—SCRIPTURE.

1. Describe the Feast of the Passover.

Mary Peters—The feast of the passover is the Jewish feast, and its called passover because the angle of the Lord passover the Israelites door.

Marion Beesaw—The pastover feast is the feast when the children of Isriel was going away, they was all ready, they stood when they had the feast, they ate the lamb's meat and bitter herbs and unleaven bread.

Joe Sampson—Israelites was eating the lamb with roasted and bitter herbs, so in night the angel pass over the houses if he see the blood on the door posts.

Willie Adams—The Israelites have to stand while they were having the feast, their shoes on their feet and their stick in their side, and they wont be slow about it, they had to eat in hast, and in the middle of the night the angel killed the first born in every house but in the children of Israel houses he did not kill the first born.

2. What was the blood on the door posts a type of?

Marion—The type of our lord when he was crusified.

Bella—It was a type of our Lord Jesus Christ when he was crucified and died on the cross to save us from our sins.

Dora—That God would send his only Son to come and die on Mount Calvary for the people, that his blood was shed for sinners to wash all there sins away.

Oshkahbos—the lamb of blood.

Willie—It was about Jesus on the cross. In the higher part of the door it was the crown of thorns, and on each side it was his hands, and where the lamb was killed it was his feet.

3. Why did God not lead the Israelites by the straight road to the land of Canaan?

Dora—To try there faith to see if they would always obey him or disobay him.

Willie—Because the Children of Israel might be afraid when they saw war and they might go back into the land of Egypt.

Sampson—Because he want to try their faith.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

Subject : What do you like to learn, do, eat, look at best? What do you dislike most? When do you like to live best? What will you do when you grow up?

Mary Peters says—I like to learn about the Holy Bible best of all because it tells me to do right. I like to work and do right and serve God to keep out from bad things, I don't know what I like to eat best but I will say fish, but we not live by eating only but by every mouth of God. I like to look at the Holy Bible best and the pictures of our Lord Jesus Christ when He was in this world. I don't like to live in this world at all but I would like to live in Heaven were our Lord and Saviour gone to prepared for those who are doing good and right and love Him, but I will try to do all I can and do good to others while I am in this world so I may be reach in that beautiful Home where I wish to live all the time. Well when I grow up I will try to go out and work among the English people because it is not good to stay at home all the time.

Dora says—I like to learn the Alphabet so as when I go home and when some of my friends is sick and come to ask me to read to them out of the bible I can so. I will try to work hard and learn as fast as I can, I know my dear father will be glad to see me learn so well I like to work in the house so when I go home

I will be able to keep the house clean and tidy and respectable, fit to be seen and keep my little sister and brother clean. I like to eat a Christmas dinner when it comes best and apples candies. I like to look at museum to see all kinds of birds and animals. I will go out at servic at any place; where they want anybody I will go.

W. Riley says—I like to learn a trade. When I'm a big man I will try to be a carpenter and build the house wherever I go. What do you like doing best? I like to do my lessons for school because I'm slow learning. I would like to be taught good English and to read and write a nice letter. What do you like to eat best? I like to eat honey with biscuits. I like to look out to the river and see the boats passing. That I don't like is when the devil tempts me; I don't like I begin to say bad word. I would rather lived in a frame house than the tent. I don't know what I will do when I grow up, perhaps I may be a carpenter.

Johnny Magrath says—in all my studies, some subjects are easier than others, I am interested in reading about battles, kings, &c., in History; but there is no book or lesson I like so well as the word of God or the Bible, for in it is where my hope lies for my future life. As a pupil, I prefer working at my lessons than anything else; had I not liked learning I would not have gone to school; the more I know, the more I want to learn. If I could live by sweet fruits or anything that is sweet, such as cake, sugar, taffy, &c., I never would eat any bread, meat, fish and vegetables. There is nothing else that I would enjoy more in looking at than well-trained soldiers at drill, for everything is done in order, in right time, and every command is obeyed; it reminds me how Christians ought to live, "as good soldiers of the cross." If a person was to say to me, what do you dislike most? I would surely say, sin. For if there was no sin in the world we who are living on it would be holy and happy as Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden. If I was asked to take my choice where I would like to live best, I would choose an English town situated on a river or shore, in a country where the winter is not severe and the inhabitants are all protestants. When I am through with all my studies I propose to go among the heathen Indians, so to bear light to them and teach them the book I like best.

Sophy Baker says—I like to learn how to read the holy Bible, and I like to learn about Jesus and to talk English; I like to work in the house and to dust everything, make everything look nice; I like to sweep and to scrub and to wash the clothes and starch them nice and make them to shine like silver. I like to eat some candies because they are sweet, and some sugar and some apples and some nuts and cake because it is full of rassens, and I like to eat eggs and a plum pudding; I like to eat some oranges because they are very nice, and I like to eat peaches because they are nice and sweet, I like them the best; I like to eat a pie because it has lots of jam and the jam is sweet; I like to eat some pears because they are very sweet; I like to look at pictures and a magic lantern because we see some nice pictures, and I like to look at the picture of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I like to look at a Christmas tree, I like to live in Chicago best because it is a very nice country; I like to be a big servant when I grow up if I can.

BOYS' ANSWERS TO EXAMINATION QUESTIONS—SELECTED.

Give gender and number of Duke, daughter, trees, sky, mice, &c. *Amos*—I have nothing to say to you about these things.

Willie—Duke is a noun and it can swim in the water, daughter is a person, trees is a thing that grows outside of the places, sky is a thing up above, mice is a thing that runs under the logs, boys is some person that can larn if they want to. *Sampson*—trees is not live, sky is not live, mice is live, boys is live.

In answer to the question, What do you like eating best? *Sampson*—pie, fresh meat and bread; *Matthew*—any kind of food:

Riley—honey and biscuits; *Wagimah*—bread; *Oshkahbos*—bread and meat; *Johnny*—sweet fruits and cake; *Sahguj*—apples and water melons; *Joseph*—apples and fruit.

In answer to, What do you like looking at best? *Wagimah* says—steamboats passing on the river; *Willie* says—Montreal; *Wasi* says—if I don't look, I can't see anything; *Sampson* says—pictures; *Oshkahbos*—pictures and cities; *Johnny*—soldiers at drill; *Sahguj*—trains, steamboats, rapids and mountains; *Joseph*—the splashing of the steamboats and pictures.

In answer to, What do you dislike most? *Sahjug* says—a wet day; *Joseph*—to be down in the class; *Riley* says—when the devil tempts me; *Wasi*—if I do anything bad; *Wagimah*—to see men drunk; *Willie*—to see anyone fighting and boys killing little birds; *Matthew*—everything; *Sampson* says—winter, because too cold; *Oshkahbos*—rattlesnakes.

In answer to, What will you do when you grow up? *Wagimah* says—I would like to live in the North-west and be a shoemaker; *Willie*—be a tinsmith; *Sampson* says—work in the field and make house for me; *Naudae* says—work in the garden and plant it something to eat; *Oshkahbos* says—I like to do working and worship God; *Sahguj* says—I shall try and be teacher; *Joseph* says—When I am grown up to be a man I'll be a school teacher if I am well civilized; *David* says—my mind is to bring my own people to the True Light if I be spared.

Letters from Indian Pupils in Alberta.

REV. MR. WILSON:

Dear Sir,—Mr. Youmans tell me that you would like a letter from me, but I cannot say many words. This summer I learn how to drive spikes and how to use the axe when I learn how to make the A fence. We made a mile of A fence. I learn hold the plow this summer, so I can plow the garden next summer. We have school in the Orphanage every afternoon and every evening, for it is too far us to go up to school house, but in every Sunday we go up to the Church and Sunday School in the large wagon. We have two horses, Dandy and Lucy; Dandy hold his head up fine, but Lucy hold she head down, but when we go to put the bridle on she hold his head up. We have 75 head of cattle shares. We an have $\frac{1}{2}$ of the calves.

I am,

JONAS BENJAMIN.

REV. MR. WILSON :

We are far away from you, for we are close to the Rocky Mountains. We see them out of our West window and from our South door. In June we are moving in a log house on the farm. We have eleven little chickens and one old hen. I learn to work and to rake with horse. We have school in Orphanage every afternoon and every evening. We have 1 young cat and 2 young calves, and 4 horses is mine, Lucy and Dandy and David and Kootney, and George's horse, about 4 feet high, not back horse; and we have about 75 cattle, and 4 oxen is strong.

I am the Cree boy from White Fish Lake.

My name is ROBERT NOOLE.

REV. MR. WILSON :

Dear Sir,—I am get along nicely; but when I get none work to do I knit, and when I got work to do, I do that, and I never stops to play; but when my sister knits she put down the knitting and play with the kitten. First time I never know how to milk the cows, and every time I go with big girl, and after while I

know how to milk the cows. Sometimes I dig potatoes and my hands get dirty. Don't laugh at my letter, I never know how to write the letter till I get in Orphanage. My mother put me in Orphanage. Letter from

ADALINE SALTER.

Behold, I bring you
Good Tidings of
Great Joy, which
shall be to all people.

A Good Character.

DAVID WAUBEGEEZIS, an Ojibway boy from Walpole Island, and a late pupil of the Shingwauk Home, now about 19 years of age, has been more than a year and a half studying at Trinity College School, Port Hope. It has been through the kindness of St. Paul's Sunday School, London, Ont., that we have been enabled to keep him there, they having kindly contributed \$120 per annum, which has gone a long way towards meeting his expenses. We intend next spring to try and get him into some minor government office, if possible, and to judge from a letter just received from Dr. Bethune, the headmaster at Port Hope, he ought to be by that time very fairly fitted for taking such a post. In sending us his school report for the current term, Dr. Bethune says: "You will observe that he stands at the head of his form in Latin, Algebra and Arithmetic, and is high up in most of the subjects. In my opinion he is quite competent to do the work of an ordinary Junior Clerk in the Civil Service at Ottawa. He is painstaking and careful in his work, writes a good hand, is always cheerful and obliging, thoroughly obedient, and at all times well behaved. He gets on admirably with every one here, both masters and boys. It would certainly be most fitting that he should receive an appointment in the Indian Department at Ottawa. It would not only be an excellent thing for him, for I am sure he would get on well,—but it would also be an encouragement to other Indian boys to study and improve, and make the best use of the opportunities you are able to place in their way."

The Osages are the wealthiest Indian tribe in the States. There are about 400 families—a total of about 1600 people. They have a tract of land in Indian Territory, 50 miles square, and an annuity of \$250,000.



SAULTEAUX INDIANS' CAMP.

Mt. Elgin Industrial Institute.

REV. E. F. WILSON, SAULT STE. MARIE, ONT.:

*Dear Sir,—*At your desire I enclose a few facts respecting the Institution, and will probably send more another time. *Many thanks for the courtesy.* I enclose \$1.00 to assist the enterprise. also best wishes.

Respectfully yours,

W.W. SHEPHERD.

MOUNT ELGIN INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

Is situated in the County of Middlesex, twelve miles West of the City of St. Thomas at the Delaware Station, on the St. Clair Branch of the Canada Southern R.R.

It is managed by the Methodist Church, and was established for the purpose of advancing Christian civilization among the Indian youth of both sexes in Ontario, and imparting a good education, combined with all kinds of useful and industrial training.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Pupils must be able to read in second book and work the simple rules of Arithmetic. Four years is the lowest term for which a pupil will be admitted, and preference is given to those who are *under twelve years of age.* The School is divided into three divisions, represented by the second, third and fourth books. Two of these divisions are in school each day. The hours of school are the same as the public schools, with the addition of one hour in the evening and Saturday afternoon.

The Summer Vacation commences on the third Wednesday of July and closes the last Friday of September.

CLEAN houses, clean men, clean women and clean children, are scarce in an Indian village. In most of the houses we went to there was only one room. In that room were generally a stove, two or three beds, one or two broken chairs, a table perhaps, and a trunk or a box or two. Harness and ends of rope were in one corner, dirty dishes, pots and pans piled up in another corner, tobacco pouches and pipes, and other trinkets hung around on nails, while meat bones and soup kettles served for central ornaments. Flies and fleas were abundant, and there was not a total absence of a worse kind of vermin. The Indians need cleansing through and through, body and soul, but in the slow way in which the work is now carried on it will take centuries to do it. If only the right means were used: If only ALL those bright but wild and dirty children were taken up and placed in Institutions as far from their home as possible, and when able to speak English a little and care for themselves, could find homes in good families where they would be cared for and trained in honest Christian ways. If only this could be done, these disgraceful patches of land called Indian Reserves with all their dirtiness and neglect, would soon pass out of existence, and Indians would become Canadians, our co-citizens and co-helpers in building up this great country.

Bible Questions.

EVERY Sunday evening, four bible questions, two hard ones and two easy ones, are posted on the blackboard in the Shingwauk school-room, and the boys have their bibles and spend an hour hunting up the answers. We propose to give four such questions with each issue of **OUR FOREST CHILDREN**, and to give as a prize to the *first received* correct set of answers, a large photograph of Mr. Wilson and the 30 children he took to Ottawa and Montreal, price 50 cents; and to the *last received* correct set of answers, a smaller photograph, price 30 cents; which can be either the Shingwauk, Wawanosh, Chapel, 2 Blackfeet boys, or Willie and Elijah, as desired. Competitors must be either white children belonging to Sunday Schools assisting the Indian Homes or Indian children attending an Institution either in Canada or the States. Those who send in answers must give their address in full, their age, their nationality, and say to what Sunday School or Institution they belong; also mention if they found them quite by themselves. Here are four questions to begin with:—

1. What king had his eyes put out?
2. When did a whole army become blind?
3. Find a verse about lamps.
4. Find a verse about a sword.

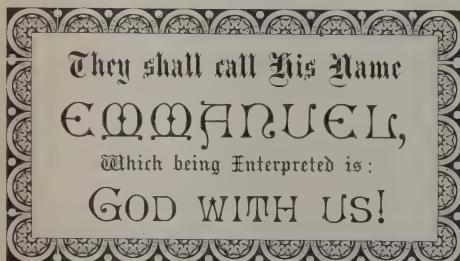
The name of the successful competitors will be given in a subsequent issue of **OUR FOREST CHILDREN**. The object in giving a prize to the *last received*, is to enable children at Institutions far away in the States or in the North-west, to take part in the competition. No answers, however, can be accepted later than the 18th day of each month.

receiving a dry shampoo from the hands of a cautious looking individual dressed up in the guise of a barber. The following inscriptions were painted on a canvas sheet fixed behind the boys: "Indians Advancing." "Our Heads are not Wood." "We have hands to work and brains to reason." "We claim the right to be Canadians." "We want an institution for 300 pupils at the Sault."

The Indian girls then appeared at various household vocations. The washing tub, wringer, clothes basket, sewing machine, broom (both ends), the iron, and the needle, were each handled with a surprising dexterity of motion. While nine of the girls were thus engaged, one little thing ran about with a tray on which there were several cups, containing—nothing, but the housewives were so deeply absorbed in their duties that they did not take any notice of her. After the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the meeting was brought to a finish by the whole assemblage singing the Doxology.

A Night on the Cars.

VERY sleepy were some of the poor children waiting for the train which was to convey us homeward to Algoma Mills. It was due at 1.10 a.m., but was an hour late. Just at 10⁴⁵ minutes past 2 it steamed into the station, and very glad were we to find that a special sleeping car had been set apart for us. As quickly as possible berths were allotted—boys at one end, girls at the other—but even at this late hour, admonition had to be repeated more than once before tongues would cease chattering and silence reign for sleep. It was amusing on awakening in the morning, to note the sleepers rouse one after another. In these colonist cars the upper berth is simply a strong wooden tray hinged on one side and held in horizontal position by two strong chains; the under berth is formed by drawing out the two seats, one towards the other, when the backs fall and they meet. From our position in an upper berth we saw stocking feet stretching, and eyes rubbed with knuckles,—then a little fellow sitting up and looking round trying to collect his senses and take in the situation; then a cautious look over the edge of the tray, and perhaps the next performance would be a mischievous twist of the hair of his still sleeping companion, accompanied by a knowing grin. In the berth opposite we hear a little girl talking to her mate of a doll, and introducing a little quiet humor into the conversation, "My dollie just like Albert Sahgij." Albert Sahgij is in the berth below us, and although we cannot see him we imagine he has shown signs of waking, and that the remarks are intended for him to hear.

**Shingwauk Pupils in Montreal.**

THE hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' Name," was sung by the audience to the tune "Coronation," after which ten Indian boys appeared on the platform working at their different trades. One was mixing medicine, some were hammering away at the anvil, others baking, joining, or shoemaking, and one was

Among the children is an addition to our party, a little 7-year-old Mohawk from the Bay of Quinte, whom we have just picked up. He is an amusing little fellow, and a lineal descendant of the great chief, Joseph Brant, in whose honor a statue was recently erected in the market-place at Brantford. As soon as all are astir, the order is given for breakfast to be got ready. Of course there is no tea, but we make our repast off canned meats, bread, butter and cheese. Before breakfast we have prayers, a hymn joined in heartily by all, a few words of Scripture, the general confession, Lord's prayer and the morning's collects. The day on the train is a long one, but no one seems wearied out. The boys have permission to array themselves in the scarlet tunics given us in Kingston, and they enjoy themselves hugely. One, a funny fellow named Cromarty, pretends to be conductor announces imaginary stations, and goes round to collect tickets. At one station a youth comes on board with one flat pie cut in four pieces for sale; we buy it, and lots are drawn for each of the four slices. At Sudbury Junction, instead of having to change cars, our sleeper is shunted and hitched on to the Algoma Mills train. At length, just at midnight, Algoma Mills is reached. We make enquires and find that, owing to stormy weather, the *Northern Belle* is not yet in, and not expected till morning, so we let the boys and girls sleep on undisturbed, and the railway authorities allowed us to remain in possession of our car till the boat came in, at 11.30. Then we all went on board. We had a rather stormy passage, and, through God's mercy reached the Sault all safe and sound at 8.30 a.m., Friday, Oct. 14th. We wish to tender our best thanks to the C.P.R. authorities for allowing us to travel at a very low rate, and for providing us with a sleeping car. We received most courteous treatment from all the railway and steamboat officials throughout the entire route.

“The Earth shall be full
of the Knowledge
of the Lord as the waters
cover the Sea.”

Two quiet, unassuming young ladies of great wealth, in the States, have recently given \$100,000 towards the extension of Roman Catholic Indian Missions. Would we had some quiet, unassuming young Protestant ladies of wealth who would treat our missions as handsomely.

The Happy Little Indians.

THE boys of the town had a glorious time of it last week, consorting with the children of the forest. Indeed all the families who threw open their houses to receive them were delighted subsequently at having done so. At first they consented to the proposal with reluctance, some, in fact, with horror; and they began to think whether a bed in the woodshed would not be more satisfying to the spirit of the roving rascals. But when the electric wires of human nature were strung, and the whites and reds looked into each other's eyes, the fog of misconception dissipated, and there came a feeling of warmth and fraternity. The “spare” bed and the Benjamin's portion were freely bestowed. The children were exceedingly clean and neat. They ate with refinement of manner, very slowly, very noiselessly, and with rather elaborate conclusion. Their courtesy and delicate responses to kind words and kind deeds made them favorites; and they made bows and arrows for the children in whose houses they stayed, arrows that were models of mechanical symmetry, and that could shoot as straight as a line. One of the boys who stopped at Mr. Godden's asked one of the town group: “Shall I bring down that bird in the tree?” Eagerly they fired off a volley of “yesses.” The little Indian sharpshooter picked up a stone, and in a flash the bird was tumbling to the ground. The two Blackfeet youths stayed with Mrs. McKay. One of them had never been clothed except with a blanket until three months ago. There was some boxing gloves in the house, and Capt. McKay and one of his men gave a little exhibition, at which their faces lighted up instantly, and they looked on to the end with eager interest. Everywhere in the house the children succeeded in imprinting indelible impressions; and when they walked out on the streets with polished boots and well-brushed uniform, these impressions circulated into a wider area and were discussed with enthusiasm.—*Central Canadian, Carleton Place.*

Indians Preserving Their Traditions.

JUDGE J. D. WALKER, of Florence, Arizona, says that the Pima Indians select several promising youths of their tribe from time to time for repositories of their traditions, and they are carefully instructed in the historical legends pertaining to their tribe, being required to commit them faithfully to memory. They in turn instruct their successors, and thus preserve the traditions in the exact language recited by their ancestors of many years ago. They have knowledge of the tribe that built the old Casa Grande and other vast buildings, whose ruins now excite such curiosity. —[Mount Morris N. Y. *Union*, Sept. 1.

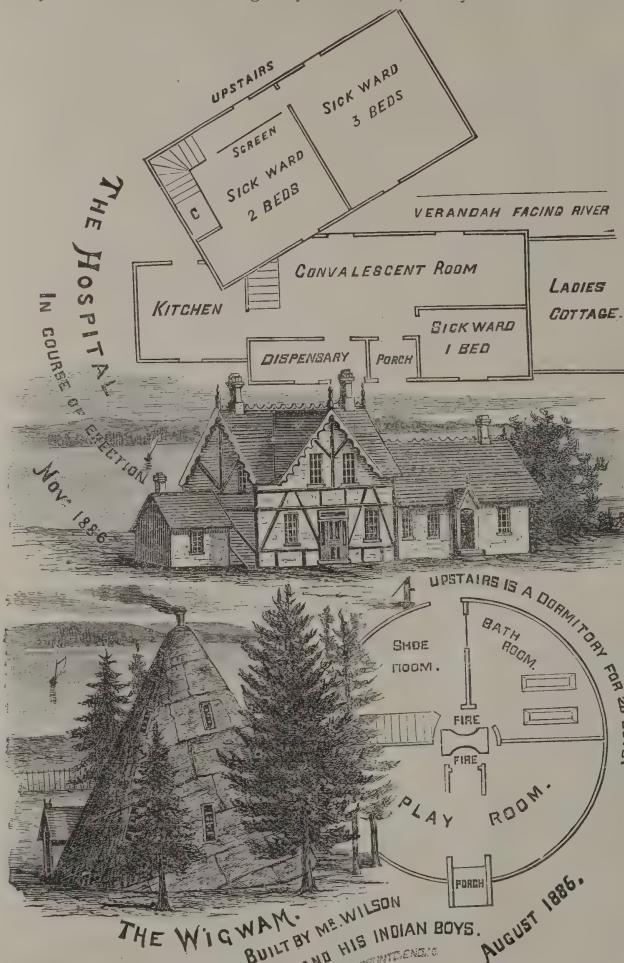
Blackfeet Indians at Home.

THE principal and almost only food of these people was formerly buffalo meat. A man would eat on an average about 8 lbs. a day. White people who have lived on it say that there is something very appetizing about buffalo meat, and that it is no hardship to eat it alone without bread or vegetables. It is a very different thing they say to eating beef. The Blackfeet Indians have never grown any corn, and never knew what bread was until the white men came among them. When in camp it was usually their practice to boil the meat,—but when on a hunting expedition without any cooking utensils, they would put the flesh on spits before a large fire and roast it. It used to be a common practice to make youths who had not yet been on the warpath, hold the meat while roasting, so as to harden them to endure suffering. The Indians never used salt before the white men came, but are now very fond of it. They generally approve of strong tasting, highly-seasoned food. Sometimes they make a mixture of black tea, tobacco and pain killer, which they drink with relish. The Blackfeet, seldom, if ever, eat fish. I am told that they regard it as unclean. They preserve berries by drying them in the sun. Principal among these are the Saskatoon berry and the choke-cherry.

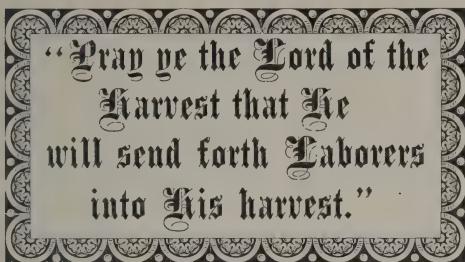
The latter they pound up when newly picked and spread it on sheets of parchment to dry;—then they powder it up and put it in skin bags. It is called by white people "Choke Cherry Pemmican," and is said to be palatable. These people, in common with other Indians, usually eat two meals in the day,—breakfast

and supper; the latter, however, is often prolonged to an indefinite period after a successful day's hunt. When they get up in the morning the first thing they do is to wash. The Blackfeet Indians are very particular about this,—even in the depth of winter. For soap they use ashes from the fire, and they usually rinse out their mouths thoroughly with water. It is a common practice to take a deep draught of cold water on first awakening in the morning. Directly after breakfast the usual thing is either to move camp or to start on a hunting expedition. A little fetish or charm has been placed on end the night before, and in which ever direction it may have

fallen, that is the way to go for the buffalo. The hunt occupies the day; and in the evening when work is over they will eat a heavy and long continued supper. Now that the buffalo is all gone, these people would be forced to starve were it not for the Government rations which they receive. Each individual receives one pound of good beef and half a pound of flour per diem. The buffalo disappeared in 1879-80.



Before that time they might be counted by thousands. Their sudden disappearance has never been satisfactorily accounted for. None now remain in Canada, and only very few are to be found in the United States.



Shingwauk Extension.

At present the Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie consist of the Shingwauk Home for 60 boys, which cost.....	\$7000
Additional wing to ditto	2000
The Wawanosh Home for 26 girls.....	5000
Laundry and Cottage	800
The Chapel	4000
The Hospital	1000
Cottages and workshops	2000
We are proposing to raise by Government grant and by general contributions \$45,000, to be expended as follows:—	
Refitting the Shingwauk as a Girl's Home (100 girls).	\$1000
A large building with store rooms in basement, dining hall and kitchens 1st floor, large assembly room 2nd floor	9000
Bakery	200
School building, divided into 8 large class rooms	7000
Lady Teachers' apartments	2000
Male Teachers' apartments and offices	1500
Boys' Home, 3-storey, for 150 senior boys.....	9000
Boys' Home, 2-storey, for 50 junior boys	3000
Workshops, including fitting and plant	7000
Laundry	1500
Band Stand	100
Farm Buildings and Cottage	1300
Stables, refitted and altered	500
Rustic bridge to island and bathing houses	300
Dairy	300
Gates, fencing, &c.	300
Additional land	1000
\$45000	

Plans of the above and a bird's eye view of the property, showing the proposed new buildings, have been submitted to the authorities at Ottawa.

If the new plans are carried out, the present Wawanosh property consisting of 15 acres of land, Wawanosh Home and Laundry, $\frac{2}{3}$ miles distant from the Shingwauk, will be sold, and the money applied towards the erection of new buildings.

The League of Peace.

HENRY the Fourth of France, whatever may have been his failings, is distinguished in history as the most humane of all the great sovereigns of Europe since Alfred, and the least inclined to waste the lives of his subjects in needless wars. As is well known, he cherished the noble idea of combining all the nations of Europe in a great confederation, in which all differences should be settled by peaceful discussion. This project has been generally

regarded as the dream of a kindly enthusiast. Yet its author, as his biography shows, was really one of the most practical and clear-headed of men; and there is a memorable example which may induce us to believe that if his life had not been cut short by the assassin's dagger, he might have accomplished, in part at least, his benevolent purpose.

When the earliest colonists—French, Dutch and English—had advanced inland as far as the country south of Lake Ontario, they found in that region five Indian tribes, or “nations,” as they were styled, united in a confederacy, which was destined to act a part of signal importance in later American history. They learned that the confederacy had a “great council” of fifty chiefs, appointed in certain defined ratios by the several nations—Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas—who composed the League. On further inquiry, they ascertained that, according to the clear traditions of all these tribes, their union had lasted unbroken for nearly two hundred years. It had been formed about the year 1450 by a convocation of leading chiefs, who desired to put an end to the frequent wars by which their people were harassed and made miserable. At the head of these Indian statesmen was one whose name has been made famous by poetical genius, though his true personality and history have been somewhat disguised in Longfellow's charming picture. Hiawatha was not an Ojibway sachem, but an Iroquois chieftain, by birth an Onondaga, but adopted among the Mohawks. His name is pure Iroquois, and signifies the “Wampum-maker,” he having been, as his people believe, the first to devise and employ the string or belt of white shell-beads as a symbol of unity.

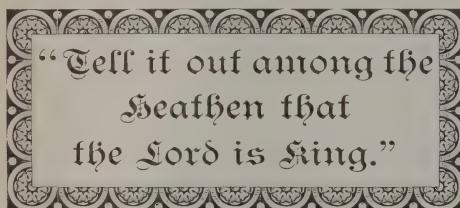
It is constantly affirmed by them that he proposed, and his associates adopted, this international league with the view of putting an end to wars, not only among the Iroquois tribes, but among all the nations known to them. As soon as their confederacy was formed, they sent out ambassadors to treat for peace with all the surrounding communities, and to endeavor, if possible, to bring them into the league. With the widespread Ojibway people they formed an alliance which was only once interrupted in the course of nearly three centuries. When the white colonists appeared—first the Dutch and then the English—the confederates made a similar treaty with them, which remained unbroken until the league itself was shattered in the tempest of the American revolution.

To this notable league the united tribes gave an equally noteworthy name. In the Iroquois language *Koyanere* signifies “peace,” and *Kowa* “great.” In the speeches and traditional chants which may still

be heard at their public meetings on their Canadian Reserve, where the remnants of the tribes keep up the forms of the original confederacy, this league is constantly styled the *Koyanere-kowa*, the "Great Peace." It is to them the object of a devotion as intense as that which Englishmen and Americans feel for the political constitutions which preserve their liberties.

In view of this remarkable effort of these untutored barbarians, and the large measure of success which attended it, we may reasonably hold that the scheme of the great-hearted French king was by no means the fanciful project which some have deemed it. If not in our time, at least in the near future, we may trust that a beginning will be made in that "federation of the world," predicted by the poet, which is to usher in the reign of peace for all mankind, proclaimed at the first Christmas.

H. HALE.



Peter Oshkaboo; or, How Boys can Help.

(A boys' branch missionary meeting has been held in Montreal in connection with the Women's Auxiliary, and its results justify the belief that a similar one might be carried on successfully in other places).

Peter Oshkaboo is the name of an Indian boy, for whose support and education at Shingwauk Home we boys have promised to pay. This is the way we are trying to do so. We meet on the first Friday of every month from 7 to 8 o'clock, meet in the same way as any other society would do. A lady (Miss Evans), kindly assists us, and commences with Scripture reading, singing and prayer. We elect our own officers, have our minute and treasurer's books, and collect our money monthly. Each member promises to pay not less than 25 cents yearly, and is provided with a little book in which to put down what he can give regularly. We get letters from Peter, and sometimes write to him and send clothing. We gather mission news for our scrap books, and like to hear of God's work amongst the heathen, as well as to feel we are ourselves trying to help. It makes us happy to know that Peter is *our* boy, and we pray God to bless him and teach him to help other Indians. We are learning also to work with our hands, and in June last

filled a large table with boys' work: Wooden toy furniture, fret and saw work, painted cards and drawings, knitted balls, paper flowers—were all sold. We are glad to say that the proceeds of this sale encourages us to undertake supporting the same boy for another year. We invite other boys to try what they can do, perhaps in a different way to ourselves. We believe that in helping Peter, we have learned that boys, as well as girls, can be made happy and useful in the blessed work of missions.

MONTREAL, November, 1887.

(The thought of this originated during the last Provincial Synod. A lady, deeply impressed with Mr. Wilson's earnest devotion to his work, promised him to try what she could do among the boy companions of her own sons, having often felt that boys are apt to be left out in this work.)

Thanksgiving Turkey.

The day of feast^Ting draweth nigh,
And scores of Turkeys soon must die.
Get one that's you^Ung and sweet and fat,
And stuff it ful^L of this and that.
With fruits and be^Rries sauces make,
And add prese^Rves and pies and cake.
Ask friends and kin^Dred all to come
And spend Than^Ksgiving at your home.
Let not the care^S of life distress,
But fill each gu^Est with happiness.
Revive the joy^Ys of youthful days,
And for th^Ye blessings offer praise.

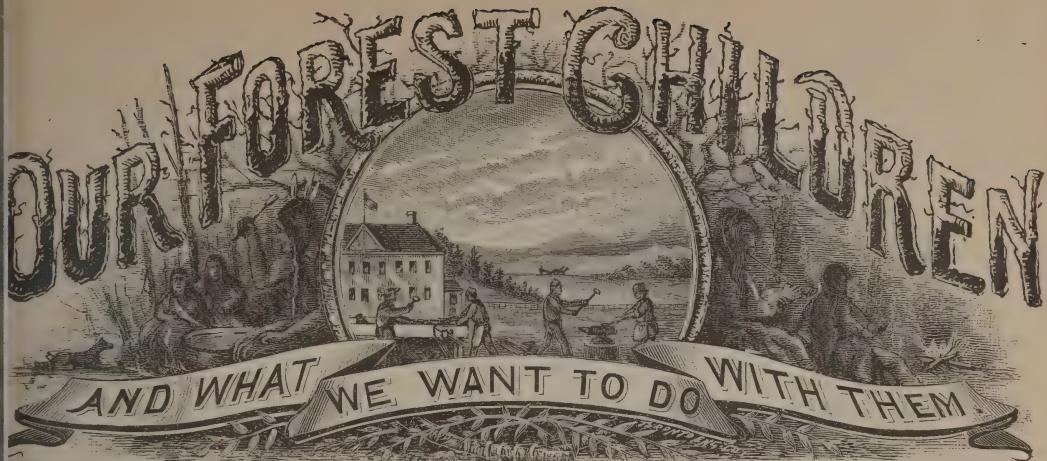
[Selected.]

THE conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our boundaries shall be fairly and honestly treated as wards of the Government, and their education and civilization promoted with a view to their ultimate citizenship. And on the end I would rather have my administration marked by a sound and honorable Indian policy than by anything else.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

MEASURES should be vigorously pushed to break up the tribal relation and teach the Indian to rely on himself and to cultivate his own resources. Put him on his one hundred and sixty acres of land, give him a school-house and agricultural implements, and teach him to see the necessity of going to work like every other honest man.

That is the large and the humane way to treat him. It will save the country from these chronic disturbances, and will be the best possible thing for the Indian himself. He is, after all, a human being, and should be treated like one.—N. Y. Herald.



VOL. I.

SHINGWAUK HOME, JANUARY, 1888.

NO. II.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF

INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

Have you seen the Christmas Number of *OUR FOREST CHILDREN*? If not, send for a copy before they are all sold. It is very prettily got up, illustrated, and is full of stories about Indians and interesting accounts of the good work going on among them, both in Canada and the United States.

The Indian Tribes.

We have been engaged for about two years past collecting statistics from every possible source, as to the number and locality of every Indian tribe at present existing in the whole of North America; and have lately made a rough map on which are marked out the dividing lines between the States and Territories of the United States, and between the Provinces and Territories of Canada. Then in each State and each Province are inscribed the names of the Indian tribes there residing, and the number of persons contained in each tribe, so far as we have been able to gather it. To give two or three examples—In the State of Arizona, there are 20,500 Indians, of whom 5000 are Apaches, 1500 are Mohaves, 7000 Papagoes, 800 Yumacs, 750 Hualapai, 4500 Pimas, 550 Mari-

copas, and 210 Suppai. In the State of Dakota are 26,500 Sioux, 1250 Ojibways, 520 Arickarees, 520 Gros Ventres, 280 Mandans, 270 Cheyennes,—total (including a few not classified) 29,700. In the Province of Ontario are 17,200 Indians, divided as follows: Ojibways 9,300; Six Nation Indians (including Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas and Tuscaroras) 4,900; Mississagas, 750; Algonquins, 780; Iroquois, 110; Ottawas, 300; Pottawatamis, 200; Delawares, 270; Muncies, 270; Wyandottes, 100. In Manitoba are 10,800 Indians, divided into three tribes, namely: 4850 Ojibways, 4500 Crees, and 1450 Saulteaux. We do not vouch for the perfect accuracy of any of these numbers, but they are approximately correct. Our map is drawn out in the rough, and we want now gradually to collect information, and keep improving upon it and correcting mistakes.

The total number of Indians now in North America, exclusive of Alaska and Mexico, and including the Esquimaux, appears to be 376,400. Of this number 247,700 are in the United States, and 128,700 in Canada.

Statistics Wanted.

With the Christmas Number of O.F.C. we are sending out a limited number of fly sheets, on which are printed a series of questions addressed to Missionaries, Travellers, Indian Agents and others who may be able to give interesting information as to the number, language, habits and locality of any existing Indian tribe, whether in the States or in Canada; and the Editor offers from \$1 to \$5 for a good paper, cover-

ing not less than five pages of foolscap. Any person desiring these questions can have a copy of them on application.

Our idea is to collect all the information we can about each existing Indian tribe, and give a little, simple account of each, with some little allusion of the grammar and vocabulary of their language in the pages of O.F.C.

In undertaking this work we have been most kindly promised assistance from time to time by several leading philologists, both in Canada and the United States, and have been granted leave to make use of the Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, published at Washington, than which perhaps no more important work on the subject exists.

We do not ourselves pretend to any competency in undertaking such a work as this; but we take the deepest interest in everything that concerns the Indians; and our aim is to try and interest the general public in these matters by putting into popular language in our little paper, and in as truthful a manner as possible, whatever we can gather as to the early history, present condition, &c., of each existing tribe.

We might perhaps add that should any of our friends have a book about Indians, lying away on the book-shelf or not wanted, we should be very glad to receive it either as a gift or as a loan.

◆◆◆◆◆ Our Branch Homes.

THREE are great discouragements in this life, but it is best not to go under; it is best just to paddle with the hands and keep one's head above water, and trust in God. The Bishop of Saskatchewan has written to the *Evangelical Churchman* condemning our project for the erection of a Branch Home at Banff, implying, if not actually saying, that the Indians in the west can get along very well without Mr. Wilson and his Branch Homes; that there are plenty of missionaries already in the field; and that the Government will build Institutions where and when needed. This is not a very kind way of putting it. Our idea in starting an Institution at Banff was not to interfere in any way with any existing work. All the missionaries in the Northwest with whom we have had the pleasure of meeting, are our firm friends, and have done all they could to assist us in taking pupils from their missions to our Shingwauk Home, and we are constantly in correspondence with them. Our wish is not to create dissension, but union. If the Bishop of Saskatchewan is prepared to build an Institution out there at the Rockies, none will be more glad than

ourselves. We want to see *Protestant* Institutions spring up everywhere; but not *Roman Catholic* ones.

Our Branch Home at Elkhorn, is also somewhat at a stand-still. It has been built at a cost of \$1350, is now nearly completed, and will be ready to open early in the Spring; the accommodation provided is for a Superintendent and wife and sixteen pupils. We have money sufficient, or nearly sufficient, on hand to supply the furniture. What we want now is a Superintendent and the means for annual support. Our idea is to begin in a small way. Small beginnings are the best, with earnest prayer for God's blessing. We would like to find a lady suitable for the post, who would act as Superintendent and teacher; and would suggest sending two big girls from the Wawanosh, and taking six girls and four little boys under 12, from the neighborhood, by way of making a beginning. Perhaps one of the branches of the Women's Auxiliary will take it up. \$500 per annum secured would, we think, be sufficient for general expenses, salary, &c., to begin with; and for support of individual children we would look to the Sunday Schools. The Indian Department has been applied to for a grant in aid, and has the matter at present under consideration.

It should be understood that these Branch Homes, if established, as we hope they may be, at various distant points, are intended to act as Receiving Homes or feeders for the large Central Institution at Sault Ste. Marie. We want to gather into our Shingwauk Home not merely the few semi-civilized Ojibways that inhabit Algoma, but representatives of nearly all the different tribes. We believe it is good for the different tribes to be brought together and see each other face to face, and learn to be good friends; and without doubt they learn English much faster where their languages are mixed than where they all speak the same tongue. Our plan, too, is based on those enterprises which have already proved so successful in the United States. In the States there are a certain number of local Institutions near to where the Indians live; but the great Institutions of Carlisle, Hampton and Philadelphia, are a thousand miles away from any Indian Reserve; and it is these last mentioned Institutions that have proved the most successful. We want our Shingwauk Home at Sault Ste. Marie to be a second "Carlisle" in Canada.

THE "Evangeline" is now enjoying a well earned rest from her almost incessant summer labors. She is laid up safely at Little Current, for her winter quarters. The fund for her maintenance sorely needs replenishing.

Shingwauk Notes.

THE first train reached the Shingwauk on Monday morning, Nov. the 28th. The boys received a holiday in honor of the occasion, and we all threaded our way back through the bush about half a mile to the railway track, and spent a couple of hours watching the men unloading and spiking down the rails. Two days later, connection was made with the International Bridge, across the river, and guns fired in honor of the occasion. Ten years ago, the nearest railway station was 130 miles distant, in the State of Michigan; now we have the train at our doors.

Three hundred new subscribers to OUR FOREST CHILDREN since October,

Little Brant, the Mohawk, is a smart little fellow and getting along well.

Wagimah's time is now nearly completed. He has learned boot making, and we want to set up a little shop for him at his home at Garden River.

The present Schoolmaster at the Shingwauk Home is Mr. J. D. McCallum, of Carleton Place; he holds a second-class teachers' certificate.

Miss Pigot is in charge of the Shingwauk Hospital. She gives her services gratis, and is devoted to her sick charges.

Since the Wigwam was burned, the boys have no play-house, which is a great draw-back. We are living in hopes of government help, which will enable us to enlarge our present buildings.

Cromarty has began to learn the tinsmith trade; Sharpe, blacksmithing; and Matthew, waggon making. Etukitsin, the Blackfoot boy, is doing wonderfully as a boot maker; the foreman in the shop says that he can sew almost as neatly and rapidly as himself.

Winter has set in very early, stormy winds and deep snow. Two or three boys have been in hospital with cold on the chest, and threatenings of pneumonia; getting hot while skating and then lying down or sitting on the snow generally causes the mischief.

An Indian Boy's Letter.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I like to stop at Shingwauk Home. First time I came I was sorry, but I am quite happy now. If I stay at home, I don't know one letter read in book; but here in Shingwauk I learn to read good. Two of us—Sharpe and me—are well. I wish, my father, you would let my brother Joseph come in here. I guess in his home he cannot read one letter. I

want to stop three years here in Shingwauk. Always I play in the swing. We are making a sliding place for us to slide when the snow comes. I don't want to go home next spring. I am very glad to write this letter to you. I was very sorry when I saw you sitting in the road.

Your loving son,

his
THOS. X CROMARTY.
mark.

Jottings.

"A QUEBEC Churchwoman" sends the Bishop \$6, as the result of a suggestion made by him at a missionary meeting, that "if ladies would lay aside only five cents a day, it would amount to something." Will not some other churchwomen in Quebec and elsewhere, try the experiment?

THE Bishop would also acknowledge, with many thanks, from Miss McKnight, \$5, for Neepigon; Rev. W. Craig, \$5, for Parry Sound; Rev. G. B. Bull, \$5, (applied to Indian Homes). Also contributions of clothing, books, &c., from Strathroy, Sarnia, St. Peters, Sherbrooke, St. Michael's, Quebec, and Miss Stewart, Orillia—all acknowledged by letter. The Bishop would also offer his most hearty thanks to the host of friends, known and unknown, who have aided the unhappy sufferers by the Gravenhurst fire, with such liberal evidences of their sympathy.

MR. CHAS. A. EATON, the Lay Reader at Gore Bay, has been transferred by the Bishop to the large and interesting field lying along the line of the C.P.R., between Chapleau and Neepigon, and extending for a distance of 300 miles. Sunday services will be held in rotation at all the principal points, such as Chapleau, White River, Schreiber, &c., in conjunction with a regular visitation of the people in their homes, the majority of them being the employees of the Railway Company at Chapleau. A very neat church has been built through the exertions of the Rev. G. Gillmor, with the hearty co-operation of the people. At Schreiber, the Bishop, on the occasion of his visit last June, found that the Rev. C. J. Machin, incumbent of Port Arthur, had most effectually paved his way by holding services and securing a liberal subscription list towards the erection of a church and the maintenance of a resident clergyman, whenever the Bishop is fortunate enough to obtain one to occupy this important field. Meanwhile, the ground will be held by Mr. Eaton. The Railway Company have kindly donated, though not yet deeded, lots at both places for church edifices.

Clothing Received for Indian Homes.**SAULT STE. MARIE—NOVEMBER.**

FROM Mrs. V. McWilliams, a box containing boys' and girls' clothing, hats, patchwork, etc., and many articles for Xmas.

FROM Young Womens' Guild, Niagara Falls, per Mrs. Houston, girls' clothing, frocks, jackets, etc., toys dolls and books.

FROM Captain McKay, Carleton Place, 37 disused uniform coats and 24 pr. pants.

FROM Mr. Creggon, Kingston, 28 disused uniform coats and 1 great coat.

FROM Miss MacLeod, Quebec, 2 boxes containing clothing for boys and girls, books, toys for Xmas, and some pieces of flannel.

FROM All Saints S. S., Niagara Falls South, per Miss Ingles, a small parcel for Lady Supt.; clothing for boys and girls, 2 quilts, toys, Xmas cards, papers and books for Wawanosh Home.

FROM Miss G. Milne Home, Scotland, woollen shawls, comforters, shirts, gloves, needlebooks, etc.; also, from Mrs. Brown, Longformacus, Berwickshire, vests and comforters.

FROM St. John's S. S., Strathroy, per Mr. W. G. Wright, a complete outfit for Indian boy.

FROM Mr. J. W. Nettleton, Collingwood, a box containing hats, boots, coats, trousers, shirts, waistcoats, papers, etc.

FROM The Ladies' Missionary Temperance Union, Lennoxville, per Miss Roe, a barrel containing a nice supply of clothing for Nancy Henry; also extra boys' and girls' clothing, books and papers, Xmas things, and a quilt.

1 BARREL of books, papers and pictures,—no name of sender.

FROM Mrs. Marks, clothing for the Boys' Home.

FROM Deer Park, per Rev. T. W. Patterson, an express parcel containing clothing for little girl at the Wawanosh Home.

A LARGE box of clothing and boots for boys and girls, per Miss Roe, from Mrs. Pierce.

2 BARRELS from Quebec, per Rev. M. M. Fothergill, containing clothing of all kinds for the Boys' and Girls' Homes, two quilts, papers and books.

A PARCEL of Xmas Cards, from E., G. & B. Ludlam.

A LARGE box containing clothing for boys and girls, books and papers, and other things—no name of sender.

Receipts—Indian Homes.**SINCE LAST ISSUE.**

Trinity Sunday School, Galt, for Boy	\$75 00
St. James' Sunday School, Orillia	17 09
Holy Trinity Sunday School, Toronto, for boy	25 00
Rev. G. B. Bull	5 00
St. Paul's Sunday School, Rothesay	5 00
St. George's Church Mission Union, Lennoxville, for Girl	25 00
The Misses Patterson	10 00
A. Duncan	5 00
St. Mark's Parish, Niagara, for Girl	25 00
Missionary Meeting, Levis	7 00
Sunday School, Yarmouth, N. S., for Boy	15 00
Holy Trinity Sunday School, Toronto, for Boy	12 50
" " " " for Wawanosh	7 50
Mrs. Houston, for Freight	1 10
St. George's Sunday School, Goderich, for Boy	6 25
Grace Church Sunday School, Brantford, for Boy	37 50
Maurice Britton and Friend	2 00
Trinity Sunday School, St. John, N. B., for Boy and Girl	37 50
St. John Sunday School, Berlin, for Boy	18 75
Per A. H. C., Mrs. Bramhall, £1 2 6	{ 53 62
" Mr. Tarrat, £10 0 0	
St. Paul's Sunday School, London, Ont., for Boy	60 00

Miss Sterns	10 00
St. James' Sunday School, Perth, for Boy	37 50
Miss Crouch	4 00
J. A. Martin	3 00
Jehu Matthews, for two Girls	75 00
Sunday School, Wingham, for Boy	5 00
All Saints' Sunday School, Toronto, for Girl	25 00
Mrs. I. Roper, for Wawanosh	1 00
Christ Church Sunday School, Deer Park, for Girl	6 25
St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, for Girl	18 75
Holy Trinity Sunday School, Lucan	8 00
Memorial Church Sunday School, London, Ont., for Boy	18 75
Mrs. Nivins, for Peter Oshkahboos	10 00
H. C. Harris	3 00
Mrs. Young	40
St. Martin's Sunday School, Montreal, for Girl	12 50
Ch. Redeemer Sunday School, Toronto, for Boy	18 75

SHINGWAUK EXTENSION.

Ashton Fletcher	\$40 00
Friends, Indian School, Carlisle, Penn.	19 00

BRANCH HOMES.

Mrs. Goodeve	\$10 00
Miss Cox	4 00

TOWARDS MONTREAL TRIP.

W. H. Plummer	\$10 00
Net Receipts, Ottawa, per Rev. H. Polland	20 00
Rev. J. K. McMorine, Rebate, Rent of Hall, etc.	4 00

RECEIPTS—"OUR FOREST CHILDREN."

MISS BACON, \$1; PER MISS KATHIE WILSON, \$1; LEA K. WILSON, 20C.; C. T. THOMPSON, 25C.; MISS C. LAWSON, 20C.; MISS PATTERSON, \$1; MISS BEAVEN, 50C.; S. FOX, 25C.; MISS McCALLUM, \$1; MISS COX, 27C.; E. MURTON, \$1.15; MISS GAVILLER, 25C.; G. H. HALE, 25C.; C. H. ANDERSON, \$1; REV. W. W. SHEPHERD, \$1; J. J. MASON, 25C.; CAPT. PRATT, \$5; REV. CANON NORMAN, 50C.; MISS S. MURRAY, 50C.; A. BENNETTS, \$1; A. D. URLIN, 25C.; J. C. PHIPPS, 25C.; REV. K. L. JONES, \$1; MISS CROUCH, 1 15; COL. SUMMER, \$1; MRS. NIVIN, \$2; R. W. CRUIKSHANK, \$1.15; REV. W. E. GRAHAME, 25C.; J. A. MARTIN, \$2; R. V. ROGERS, \$2; REV. W. R. BLACHFORD, 27C.; A. REED, 65C.; H. CLAY, 25C. MRS. J. ROPER, 25C.; INDIAN SCHOOL, CARLISLE, (17 SUBSCR.) \$4; MISS WADE, 50C.; MRS. E. O. TAYLOR, 25C.; MISS S. A. TISDALE, 25C.; MRS. MCWILLIAMS, 50C.; MISS EPPIS, 25C.; C. W. NICHOLS, 50C.; MRS. WILLIAMS, 50C.; REV. T. RICHARDSON, 50C.; HOLY TRINITY SUNDAY SCHOOL, LUCAN, \$2; MRS. FARRELL, \$1; REV. JNO. McDougall, \$1; MRS. S. L. WILSON, \$1.35; MAJOR McLAUGHLIN, 10C.; MISS BOWMAN; MRS. G. E. ROBINSON, \$1.30; R. BLAKE, 25C.; DR. O. G. GIVEN, 50C.; G. F. LAXTON, 25C.; REV. W. A. BURMAN, \$1; H. C. HARRIS, \$1; MISS MILNE HOME, 25C.; MRS. YOUNG, 25C.; MRS. MANSELL, 25C.; MRS. BETHUNE, 25C.; GEO. HEWIT, 25C.; MRS. G. H. GARDEN, 25C.; MISS WRIGHT, 25C.; REV. D. W. PICKETT, 25C.; MISS RICHMOND, 40C.; MISS ANNIE WILSON, 25C.	
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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

EDITED BY THE

REV. E. F. WILSON,

SAULT STE. MARIE,

ONTARIO.

10 CENTS PER ANNUM, OR 12 OF EACH ISSUE FOR \$1 PER ANNUM.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM.

VOL. I.

SHINGWAUK HOME, FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 12.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,
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TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

The Indian Tribes.

Paper No. 2.

THE OJIBWAY INDIANS.

THE Ojibway Indians, or as they are often called, Chippewas or Chippeways, are about 30,500 in number, and occupy a wide circle, of which Lake Superior is the centre. In the United States there are about 16,300, and in Canada 14,200. Those in the States are to be found in Michigan, Minnesota and Dakota, and a few in Kansas. In Canada they border on the Northern and Eastern shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and thence extend Northward towards Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg, where they meet their neighbors the Knisteneaux or Crees. There are a number of other tribes, many of them large, important ones, related to the Ojibways, and speaking different dialects of what was probably at one time their common language. These tribes to which we allude, are described by ethnologists as belonging to the Algonkin stock. The Algonkin stock embraces, so far as we have yet learned, the Ojibways, Crees, Saulteaux, Ottawas, - Pottawatamies, Mississagas, Minominees, Osahgees and Shawanoes. Probably from the same

stock have sprung also the Kickapoos, Cheyennes and the Blackfeet.

The Ojibways, as a people, are very fairly advanced in regard to civilization and education. In Canada there are at least two ministers of the Church of England belonging to that tribe, the Rev. H. P. Chase at Sarnia and the Rev. John Jacobs in Walpole Island; and among the Methodists are the Rev. Allan Salt of Parry Island, and we believe one or two others. In the United States a great work has been done among these people by the well-known Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who has, if we mistake not, eleven of that nation ordained as ministers of the Episcopal Church.

A large number of these people are now making their living by farming. Many of them in the neighborhood of Sarnia and Walpole Island have good farms, farm houses and apple orchards, and use reapers, thrashing machines and other modern improvements. They have agricultural shows among themselves, which are largely patronized by the whites. Ojibways all inhabit bush land; none of them, as far as we know, live on the prairies. Up North of Lake Superior and Westward into Manitoba it is natural to find them retaining more of their primitive habits. In those regions they may still be seen paddling about in their birch bark canoes and making their living by hunting and fishing. Most of them, however, wear European dress. It is the exception to find any of them dressing in skins or wearing their hair long or painting their faces.

Where they are settled in villages they usually build log houses about 25 feet long by 18 or 20 feet wide.

There is but generally one door, and perhaps two windows. The floor is of wood, and in the centre stands the cook stove, the pipe of which goes straight up through the shingled roof. On either side of the one room are bedsteads, and generally there is a table or a chair or two; also one or two trunks in which clothing and other valuables are kept. There is often also a roughly constructed cupboard with a plate rack above it. They use china or earthenware cups, plates, &c. Pots and frying pans are hung against the walls, and guns, game bags, dried corn, &c., are suspended from the roof.

Some of the people who are well off live much better than this, and have good frame houses divided into several rooms.

On the other hand, the wilder ones to the North have no home but the conical shaped wigwam, made of sheets of birchbark stretched over a framework of sticks.

On nearly all the Indian Reserves there is a day school taught by a white person, the lessons being all in English, but the attendance generally is poor. Out of 50 children perhaps 10 or so only will attend, and those irregularly, the parents not taking the trouble to insist on their children going to school. There are quite a number of Ojibway children now attending at training Institutions both in Canada and in the States. In Canada they attend principally the Shingwauk Home at Sault Ste. Marie and the Mount Elgin Institution at Muncey Town. At these Homes they are taught industrial pursuits, besides receiving a sound Christian education.

The Ojibways are a quiet, well disposed people. They have traditions of great battles in the past with the Hurons and Mohawks, but they have never, that we know of, been engaged in any great wars against the white people. They have had no chiefs of very great note. Their children when taken to school and removed entirely from parental influence, shew a very fair aptitude for learning and have good memories.

Their manufactures in their natural state are few and simple, but exhibit a good deal of taste and skill. The men make birch bark canoes, fishing nets, fish spears, toboggans, sleighs, &c., and the women make market baskets from the wood of the black ash cut in strips, snowshoes, and little boxes and canoes of birch bark ornamented with colored porcupine quills and beads. They also manufacture sugar from the sap of the maple tree in the early spring.

The heathen dances are not much kept up among them, and we never heard of their engaging in the cruel sun dance.

By far the largest number of them are nominal Christians, keeping the Sabbath day holy, and attend church. There are probably more Roman Catholics than there are Protestants.

They bury their dead beneath the soil. Old heathen graves, which may still be seen in some parts, have a mound of earth over them, over which cedar bark is stretched and pinned down. Sometimes a log is laid along the ridge, and it is usual to have a hole at each end for the spirit to pass in and out.

The Ojibways have many curious old traditions about the creation, the flood, &c.

Any one desiring further information about this tribe should read the Rev. Peter Jones' history of the Ojibway Indians, published by Houlston & Wright, Paternoster Row, London, England; and for information about the language there is the Rev. E. F. Wilson's Manual, published by the S. P. C. K. The Pentateuch, New Testament and Church of England Prayer Book have been translated into Ojibway.

THE GRAMMAR.

The Ojibway language divides all objects into two great classes, animate and inanimate, and this distinction is observed not only in the noun, but also in the adjective, pronoun and verb.

Three third persons are distinguished, thus: "James sees John's mother." There is a distinct ending in Ojibway to each of these three persons. A distinction is made in the first person plural between *we* including and *we* excluding the party addressed.

The objective case of the personal pronoun is expressed by a change in the verb, thus "you see me," is an inflection of the verb to see, in Ojibway. A doubtful sense is thrown on what is said by using the *dubitation* form of the verb.

The negative of the verb is expressed by *Ka* or *Kawin* preceding, and *si* ending or introduced into the verb.

The language is a language of verbs, of roots and stems, to which particles may be affixed or prefixed so as to modify the meaning.

The vocabulary of the language is small, but the grammar is full, and the possible inflections of the verb almost interminable.

Of adjectives there are scarcely any proper ones. They are either prefixes as *kichi* (big), which cannot be used separately, or the participles of impersonal verbs, as *ishpa*, it is high; *ashpag*, high (lit. that which is high).

Among the tenses of the verb there is one which we call the *historical tense*, which as a rule, speaks only of

that which is past, matter of history, &c.; it is distinguished by use of the syllable *ban*. But *ban* may also be suffixed to a noun, the ogima-*ban* signifies the late chief. The letters *r*, *v*, *l*, *r*, are wanting in the alphabet; there are no guttural sounds, and the pronunciation is easy.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* as in father, *e* as in they, *i* as in pique, *o* as in note, *u* as in fool, *g* as in gig, *j* as in *jamais*, *ch* as in church, *dj* as in judge.

one, pejig.	two, nij.	three, niswi.
four, niwin.	five, nanan.	six, ningodwàswi.
seven, nijwàswi.	eight, nishwàswi.	nine, shàngaswi.
ten, midàswi.	eleven, midaswi ashi pejig.	
twelve, midaswi ashi nij.	thirteen, midaswi ashi niswi.	
nineteen, midaswi ashi shàngaswi.	twenty, nijtana.	
twenty-one nijtana ashi pejig.	thirty, nisimidana.	
forty, nimidana.	hundred, ningodwàk.	
two hundred, nij wak.	one thousand, midàswak.	
man, inini, pl. ininiwag.	woman, ikwe, pl. wag.	
boy, kwiwisens . . ag . .	house, wigiwam . . an.	
boat or canoe, chiman, . . an.	water, nibi.	
fire, ishkutè.	river, sibi.	
tree, mitig. . . ug.	horse, pepejigùngashi. . . g.	
dog, animosh. . . ag.	ox, pijiké. . . wag.	
fish, kigo. . . iag.	town, odena. . . wan.	
knife, mokoman. . . an.	blanket, wabouän. . . an.	
kettle, akit. . . ug.	pipe, opwàgan. . . ag.	
money, shùnìa.	no, kawin.	
yes, a.	Devil, madji manidu.	
God, kije manidu.	American, kichi mokoman.	
White man, Shàgonash.	bread, bakwèjigan.	
tabacco, asèma.	your hand, Ki-nindj. . . in.	
my hand, ni-nindj. . . in.	his leg, o-kad. . . an.	
your leg, kikad. . . an.	sit down, namadabin!	
come here, undàs!	it is good, onishishin.	
give it to me, mishishin.	it is bad, manadad.	
is it good? onishishin ina?	good man, mino inini.	
bad man, madji inini.	your father, kos.	
my father, nos.	sun, kisis.	
his father, osan.	night, tibkad. . . un.	
day, kijigad. . . un.	to-morrow, wabang.	
to-day, nungum.	I am sick, nind' akos.	
I am hungry, ni pakade.	he sees me, niwàbamik.	
I see you, kiwabamin.	I love you, kisàgiin.	
he sees you, kiwàbamik.	I go, nind ija.	
do you love me? ki sagi na?	he goes, ija.	
you go, kid ija.	they go, ijawag.	
we go, kid ijàmin.		

The Pleasures and Hardships of Life at the Shingwauk.

BY DAVID MINOMINE (Ojibway).

JNOW first relate the pleasures among the pupils and the employers of the Indian Home. I don't think any boy would say that there is no pleasure in this Home. I am quite sure that every boy must have fun whenever he likes to play with his school mates, and he can do what he likes during the play hours. There are some who like to hunt rabbits, and some like to play games. The pleasures at the Shingwauk in summer are swimming, marbles, boating and ball games. I must not omit to relate about the skating: it is rather difficult to skate at first; you can't stand on the ice with skates on.

The hardship of our life at the Shingwauk, is on account of sickness. One of our fellow pupils had a fever, and several others had another kind of sickness. Our principal of these two Indian Homes is a man that wished to raise the Indians from their old customs, and to bring them to the white man's customs. It is a very difficult thing to do this. There are not many men that can stand this work, because there are many things to do and to think about. If he works by his own power, the work won't last long, but simply he trusted in God. This I think one of the hardships of life in this place; but he is not working for earthly reward, but heavenly reward, which is open for all.

WILLIE ADAMS (Ojibway).

THE pleasures I like is skating on the river when the river is covered with ice; also I like snowballing, and I like singing, and sliding down the little hill by the graveyard; and I like to go in the bush and hunt rabbits and kill with bow and arrow, and also I can kill them some other way and sell them to Mr. Wilson for seven cents. And I like to go to school and try and learn my lessons as well as I can; and I like to work; and I like to go to church on Sundays. Well I cannot tell anything about hardships; I don't think there is any hardships at all.

MATTHEW SAMPSON (Ottawa).

WHAT I like in the Shingwauk is the Christmas time; I like the Christmas tree; I like skating and singing; also to go to school, that is the thing I like the most. Then those things what I don't like is to take boys my things out of my hole in lavatory, and to take my things out of my school desk.

JOE SAMPSON (Pottawatami).

THE school is the best thing I like than the other things. If I would not come received at the Shing-

want, I wouldn't know any to reading, or to write any word; and so I like this place to remain longest if I can keep the rules to do my duty, and I will try, try, try again; and I think that Rev. E. F. Wilson is take good great careful treatment to us, also teach us to taught the Bible, to learn about Jesus Christ. Sometimes Mr. Wilson gives us holidays just to play, so we have good times.

PETER OSHKAHBOOS (Ojibway).

I like to stay in this Home, is very nice to learned. We had examination every five weeks, and we have a good teacher; some of the boys very fast to learned. And we have nice fun every year our holidays in our Christmas, not only playing, but we remember our Lord Jesus Christ his birthday. Hardships of life at the Shingwauk are, we have some bad boys in this Home were stealing and telling lies, but I don't like the boys who keep on the bad thing, but we want to be good boys in this Home; and one boy from here went into the prison; we so ashamed that one boy sent to the prison.

SYLVESTER KEZHIK (Ojibway).

I like to skate when the ice is good, nice and smooth; and I like to go in the bush with some of the boys and see the rabbits running, and sometimes we see them sitting under a log, and we run after them and catch them, and sell them to Mr. Wilson. And I always work at my trade in the mornings, 9 till 12 o'clock, and get my dinner and play about till 1 o'clock, and go to work again at messenger till 2.30, and then go to school; and I like that very much indeed.

Clothing, Etc., Received for the Indian Homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE—DECEMBER, 1887.

A PARCEL by mail from Mrs. Kent, Newcastle, containing 1 pr. stockings and 2 pair mits.

FOR Christmas tree, from Mr. W. H. Plummer, \$10.

FROM Miss Atkinson, candies.

FROM Mr. Howe, box of candies.

CARDS from Mrs. Nevin.

A LADY, 25 cents.

A PARCEL from William Riley, from his Sunday School.

FROM S. S. Children's Jugs, Catarqui, per Miss H. Northmore, \$10, for Mrs. Wilson's Christmas tree.

January 7, 1888.

A box from the Children's M. Guild, Carleton Place, per Miss Hickson, containing 22 caps, 3 quilts, jacket, hoods, frocks, shirts, besides under-garments, and other clothing.

FROM Kingston, per Rev. W. B. Carey, a box full of warm quilts, also a barrel containing a beautiful supply of clothing, dresses, boots, jacket, coat, knickerbockers, clouds, under-garments, and several other articles.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

DECEMBER—1887.

St. James' Sunday School, Morrisburg, for Boy	.. \$22	50
Miss Billing	.. 1	40
St. Mark's Parish, Niagara, for Girl	.. 25	00
St. Stephen's Sunday School, Toronto, for Girl	.. 12	50
St. Luke's Sunday School, Halifax, for Girl	.. 23	50
M. C. L., Riviere du Loup	.. 1	00
Sale of work, St. Paul's Sunday School, Halifax	.. 50	00
Grace Church Sunday School, Montreal	.. 7	35
" Band of Hope,	.. 5	00
Mrs. Hamwood	..	3 20
Miss Jane Carruthers	..	3 60
St. Matthias' Sunday School, Montreal, for Boy	.. 37	50
St. Thomas' Sunday School, Montreal, for Girl	.. 6	00
St. John's Sunday School, St. Thomas, for Boy	.. 25	00
St. Peter's Sunday School, Toronto, for Boy	.. 16	25
St. Mary's Sunday School, Como, towards organ	.. 10	00
St. Matthew's Sunday School, Quebec, for boy	.. 50	00
Chapter House Sunday School, London, for boy	.. 25	00

BRANCH HOMES.

Sunday School, Gananoque, per Miss Skinner	.. \$5	15
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RECEIPTS—OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

Miss B. Billing, 25c.; Mrs. B. Jones, 25c.; Miss M. Thompson, 25c.; Miss M. H. Beaven, 30c.; Miss Pigot, \$1 30; Rev. Thos. Llywyd, 35c.; Miss L. Coxwell, \$1.20; Mrs. Osler, 25c.; W. A. Smith, 25c.; Mrs. Elizabeth Gesner, 25c.; Mrs. E. H. Wilmet, 60c.; Mrs. Nivin, \$1; E. M. Chadwick, 25c.; G. T. Spencer, 40c.; C. H. Hall, 25c.; Miss Sheraton, 25c.; Mrs. Richardson, 25c.; Esther Atkins, 25c.; N. W. Hoyles, 25c.; Rev. R. C. Tambe, 30; D. C. McTavish, \$1; Rev. G. A. Schneider, \$1; Rev. T. Belcher, 75c.; Geo. A. Field, 25c.; Rev. R. Ashton, \$1; Mrs. A. Williston, 20c.; Mrs. Beek, 25c.; L. Coxwell, 40c.; T. O. L. Patch, 35c.; R. R. Kingsville, 25c.; John Bowker, 25c.; Mrs. Gibb, 25c.; Miss Barlow, \$1; Rev. James Irvine, 25c.; Miss Adams, 75c.; Mrs. James Hamer, 45c.; W. R. Johnson, \$1; A. Manitowassing, 25c.; Miss M. Tucker, 25c.; Miss Wilgris, 35c.; Miss Reynolds, 25c.; Mrs. Ingles, 50c.; Mrs. Duncan, 10c.; G. D. Seely, 30c.; G. H. Hale, \$1.50; Rev. J. C. Robinson, 25c.; R. Coulter, 25c.; Mrs. Medley, \$1; Miss Folson, 10c.; Rev. G. Salter, 25c.; George A. Capen, 10c.; H. Boldrick, \$1; Col. Sumner, \$1.
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THE first received correct answers to the Bible Questions in the CHRISTMAS NUMBER were sent by Miss Jessie A. Forrester, and a large photographic group has been sent to her address.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

EDITED BY THE

REV. E. F. WILSON,

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM.

VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, MARCH, 1888.

No. 1.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF

INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

Off to England.

MR. WILSON expects (D.V.) to start for England, April 3rd, taking with him five Indian boys, namely: (1) *David Minominee*, the Captain of the School, aged 20, an Ojibway; (2) *Etukitsiniua*, aged 17, a Blackfoot, from the Rocky Mountains, still a heathen; (3) *Joseph Soney*, aged 15, a Potawatomi; (4) *Willie Adams*, aged 13, an Ojibway; and (5) *Elijah Crow*, aged 10, a Sioux, from Manitoba. The plan is to take Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. John (New Brunswick), and Halifax (Nova Scotia), *en route*, and to sail from the latter place Saturday, April 21st.

Mr. Wilson had applied to the Colonial and Continental Church Society for assistance towards the expenses of the trip, and had also suggested to the Bishop of Algoma, the idea of joining forces with him, if he went to attend the Pan Anglican Synod, in which case all funds collected at meetings should be applied to the wants of the Algoma Diocese. But both these plans have failed; so the only thing left was to give up the idea of the trip altogether, or to do what we have several times done before, "go forward, trusting in God." We have decided on this latter course. It is eight

years now since we last visited England, and we think it is time that we should see our good friends, who assisted us in inaugurating the work 16 years ago—once more face to face. We will take some of our boys with us, and let our English friends have them answer questions, and make little speeches, and sing as they did last Fall in Montreal, and we believe that with God's blessing good will result. We have no fear about the expense. When we started last Fall for Montreal and Ottawa, we had only some \$15 on hand, contributed towards our expenses. The total cost of the trip was \$400, but when we got home we had a balance over of \$29. This \$29 is all that we have at present towards the English trip—but it is enough—God will make it more and supply our needs. We hope that our friends in Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, and Halifax, will kindly arrange to have meetings for us, and to find accommodation for our little party when we pass through on our journey eastward. We hope also that our friends in and about London, England, will try and make some provision for us, so that our expenses while visiting the Old Country may be reduced to a minimum. We propose to spend our time principally in London and the Isle of Wight. Those who are able to arrange meetings for us will kindly communicate either with Rev. D. F. Wilson, Mitcham, S.; or Mrs. Martin, 27 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.; or Mrs. Halson, Stickworth Hall, Arreton, Isle of Wight; or, for the North of England, Rev. Canon Wilson, Prestbury, near Macclesfield. Our time in England will be limited as we must be back again to the Shingwauk Home by July 1st.

Jottings.

ONE Wawanosh girl has gone into service in a doctor's family in the Sault, and gives every satisfaction.

WE have advice from Ottawa that the Indian Department will give aid to the Elkhorn Institution.

TWO or three of our Wawanosh girls expect to get places in Kingston as household servants in the Spring.

APPLICATION has been made for Willie and Sylvester, as pages in the House of Commons.

WE hope to get half-a-dozen more Blackfeet boys to the Shingwauk Home next summer.

WE expect to be able to take 25 new boys and 10 new girls at our Homes next summer. Application may be made at once.

THE Annual Report of the Indian Homes will shortly be out, and will contain a little account of each Indian pupil. Price, 5 cents.

THE present number of subscribers to O. F. C. is 541, and we send 613 copies free to supporters of our work. The price is only 10 cents a year, or 12 copies for \$1.

WHEN Appikokia and Etukitsiniua, the two Blackfeet boys, go back to their home next summer, we would like each to take a kit of tools with him; the former has learned carpentering, the latter shoemaking. Will anyone assist in this?

OUR Chapel Organ Fund stands now at \$151. Will some of the churches give us an Easter offering towards this? Our lonesome little chapel ought to have an organ suitable to it. One Sunday School, that of St. Mary's Church, Como, has been contributing regularly towards this fund for several years.

THOMAS WAGIMAH, aged 16, has completed his course with us, and learned the bootmaking trade. He is about to set up a little shop at his home at Garden River, and mend and make boots for the Indians. The Indian Department has kindly undertaken to render him some assistance.

TEN copies of O. F. C. are sent gratis every month to every Sunday School supporting a pupil at our Indian Homes. These should be distributed to the teachers. Please don't let them be wasted. Teachers might get a few subscriptions among their scholars, and so give us a helping hand.

DAVID MINOMINEE, on his return from England, would like to get some situation in Toronto, where he could work and make his living, half his time, and attend the public school the other half; he wants to improve himself, and separate himself entirely for a time from intercourse with his own people. We can give him the very highest recommendations.

Indian Youth Wanting Work.

THE notion has gained a decided foothold in both Our Homes that the best thing for our pupils to do, on leaving us, is to get work among the white people instead of going back to the Indian Reserves. We wish to foster this notion; and we ask those good people, who for many years have taken an interest in Our Homes, to help us. We propose to have a thorough cleaning-out this summer of our old pupils; to distribute them, with the consent of their parents, broadcast through the land. The seed has been buried long enough, and we believe it is time for it to sprout up and bear fruit. For many years past, we have been trying to impress upon people that the Indians are good for something; that the Indians are not all lazy; that they have their good points as well as their bad ones; and now we want our friends to TAKE OUR BOYS AND GIRLS AND TRY THEM. We "will warrant them good for one year." We will undertake to receive them back if found wanting. All we want is for them to be given a fair trial. Let those who wish to try our Indian pupils communicate with us, specifying the work to be performed and the terms they offer, and we will then see if the parents are willing to let them go. For children under 14 years of age we would ask the privilege of attending the public school part of each day, at any rate, during the winter months.

Not Willing to Give Him Up.

SOME Sunday Schools that have undertaken to support our Indian pupils become very much attached to their red-skinned proteges. A lady writing from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to one of our boys, says: "All the boys and girls in our Sunday School, said: 'No! No!' when Mr. Wilson wrote to ask if we would give you up and take another boy. They said: 'We want Albert Sahgij, and nobody else;' so you see they all think a great deal of you and are glad to hear that you are doing so well and getting on so nicely with your studies. We all enjoyed your last letter very much indeed."

Miss Brown and Her Blackfeet Girls.

WE have received a very interesting letter from Miss Brown, who went out last Summer to the Rev. Mr Tims' Mission among the Blackfeet Indians. In it she says: "Soon after my arrival I began my work among the little Indian girls. We chose some of the best of those who came to School, and after washing them, combing their hair, and dressing them in English clothing, I used to teach them reading, writing, sewing and singing, besides trying to amuse them till it was time for them to go home at night, when I changed their clothes again, giving them back their own beads and blankets. I found that this occupied my time so completely that it gave me no time to study the language or to attend to anything else, and it was thought best to discontinue it. At present I go to each of the schools twice a week and teach the girls sewing and knitting, which they seem to like very much. Some of them have already begun to make dresses for themselves. Last Sunday I attended the Indian service here in the Indian Room. It was a very interesting sight to see 25 or 30 men, women and children, all in their blankets and paints, seated on long benches round the room; Mr. T. in a chair in one corner holding a large picture of the crucifixion, which he explained to them in such a way as to rivet the attention of some of them. Miss Tims afterwards led them in singing with her violin, which they seemed to enjoy very much. I am sorry that it is so very difficult to overcome their prejudice against the white man's religion. They say that they do not want to go to our heaven, but to the sand hills, where all their people go after death."

Speaking of the two Blackfeet boys now at the Shingwauk Home, whom Miss Brown saw in passing, she says: "Both the mothers were much pleased to hear from their sons. When I gave Etukitsins' mother the shoes, she appeared quite astonished—looked at them for several moments, turning them over and over—uttering her astonishment and delight all the while, till at last, gradually bowing down her head to conceal her emotion, I saw in her trembling lips and eyes, she broke down completely and sobbed aloud. The Bishop, who was present, said afterwards that he would not like to have missed being present to witness that scene, as it was so great a proof to him that the Indians have a strong natural affection for their young."

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INDIAN BOYS WANTING PLACES—in families, or in places of business, to receive board and small remuneration, with the privilege of attending the public school part of each day.

Neepigon.

REV. MR. RENNISON, in a letter written in January, says: "Last Monday, another Roman Catholic from Flat Rock, arrived here and addressed me as follows: 'My father, I feel in my heart that it is not right to belong to the church that tells me to hate all English Christians and English Missionaries. Your Indians here do not hate me, nor do they hate Roman Catholics. They always receive us kindly. Although the priest does not know it, I have a book that tells me I ought to love all men. I wish to join the Mission, if you will allow me, and to build a house, and I shall bring my wife and nine other friends."

Indian Progress in the States.

HON. J. D. C. ATKINS, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, says that a review of the year shows continued progress on the part of the Indians. "The progress shows itself all along the line, in increased knowledge and experience as to the arts of agriculture, in enlarged facilities for stock-growing, in better buildings, and better home appointments, and in the adoption of the dress and customs of the white man. Even higher evidence of progress is given in the largely increased attendance of pupils at school, which has been greater during the past year than during any preceding year; and in the still more gratifying fact, admitted by all intelligent and close observers of Indians, that the parents desire that their children should avail themselves of the generous opportunities for education."

Upon the subject of allotments in severalty the Commissioner says that too great haste in this work should be avoided, and if the work proceeds less rapidly than was expected, the public must not be impatient. The President has wisely ordered, he continues, that allotments be made only on reservations where the Indians are known to be generally favorable to the idea. He says that he is gratified to state that the more the Severalty Act is discussed among the Indians the more they come to understand its operations, and the more they see members of their tribes accepting individual holdings and having houses erected and farms fenced and cultivated, the more they are grounding their opposition to the act and signifying their wish to accept its provisions. The report says that from the reports of agents it is ascertained that the area of land under cultivation has increased 25,000 acres over last year. Three thousand acres of new land have been broken.

Referring to the subject of teaching only English in Indian Schools, the Commissioner says that no unity

or community of feeling can be established among different peoples unless they are brought to speak the same language, and thus become imbued with like ideas of duty. The orders issued in regard to this matter do not, as has been urged, touch the question of the preaching of the Gospel in the churches, nor in anywise hamper the efforts of the missionaries to bring the various tribes to a knowledge of the Christian religion. All he insists upon is that in the schools established for the rising generation of Indians shall be taught the language of the Republic of which they are to become citizens.

Editor's Question Box.

1. WE estimate the Esquimaux roughly at 10,000. Can anyone correct this?

2. The Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegan are nearly related, and speak the same language. They say that they came originally from the South; and, as far as we could gather from conversation with their old men, there are people speaking nearly the same language in Arizona. Is this true? If so, what tribe is it that is alluded to?

3. Will some one tell us where the Slave Indians are to be found, and in what numbers?

4. Can anyone account for there being such a large number of *small tribes* of Indians on the Pacific Coast,—the larger tribes being all in the Interior?

5. We believe the Sioux, or Dakota Indians, to be the largest existing tribe on the continent, about 31,700 in number. Are we right?

Willie Adams' Composition on "Rats."

(Willie is an Ojibway pupil at the Shingwauk Home, aged 13.)

 WILL try and say something about rats. Well, they make their nests under a pile of wood, and they make them out of paper and pieces of rags. Rats eat just anything that they can get hold of; even they try to get at Mrs. Seal's bread, that she gives to the boys. I wish they were not any rats in this Home, because they are teaching the boys to take things that does not belong to them. They live by stealing, and that is the only work they do. I believe they are more rats in Shingwauk than are boys. I think the Shingwauk constables ought to put all the rats in the gaol, because they steal every day.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

Per Miss Wallis, Peterboro', \$14 10; Miss Milne-Home (L2), \$9.73; St. Paul's S. School, Uxbridge, for boy, \$18.75; St. Stephen's S. School, Ashburn, \$5; John N. Poole, \$5; Rev. Professor Jones (2 years' subscription), \$20; St. Peter's S. School, Toronto, for boy, \$16.25; Mrs. McWilliams, for boy, \$30; Sunday School, Yarmouth, N. S., for boy, \$10; St. John's S. School, York Mills, for Wawanosh, \$3; St. John's S. School, Berlin, for boy, \$9.38; St. Paul's S. School, Mount Forest, for boy, \$12.50; per R. V. Rogers, St. James' S. S., Kingston, \$18.71; per R. V. Rogers, St. Paul's S. S., Kingston, \$15; per R. V. Rogers, Catarqui S. S. \$10.86; per R. V. Rogers, Portsmouth S. S., \$15; St. George's S. School, Etobicoke, \$10; St. John's S. S., Strathroy, for boy, \$6.25; Trinity S. School, St. John, N. B., for boy, \$18.75; Trinity S. School, St. John, N. B., for girl, \$18.75.

SHINGWAUK EXTENSION.

Mrs. J. A. Henderson, \$5, | Mrs. Bigelow, \$5.

BRANCH HOMES.

St. Paul's S. School, Kingston, \$15.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "OUR FOREST CHILDREN."

Miss Sterns, \$1; Miss Davidson, 25c.; Mrs. Moody, 15c.; Miss F. Beaumont, 25c.; J. A. Coster, \$1.05; D. J. Naftel, \$1; Captain McKay, \$1; H. Hale, \$1; Mrs. Davidson, \$1.25; Miss Clara Goodeve, 50c.; Master Selby Gillum, 25c.; John Esquimaux, 35c.; C. E. Hooper, 25c.; A. Sahguj, 30c.; Rev. L. K. Kirkby, 25c.; Miss Atkinson, 25c.; Miss Northmore, \$1.20; Miss Pigot, 45c.; Miss M. Thompson, 25c.; Miss G. Walker, 25c.; Miss Carrie, 25c.; Mrs. Ramsay, 15c.; B. F. Drechett, 25c.; Miss Hamilton, 25c.; the Right Rev. the Bishop of Niagara, 65c.; Rev. G. McMorine, 25c.; Col. Robinson, 25c.; Lady Augusta Onslow, 10c.; J. A. Kaulbach, 25c.; H. Carry, 50c.; J. A. Coster, 30c.; Mrs. Munro, 65c.; Miss Boulbee, 15c.; Mrs. Noyes, 60c.; Mrs. Fearon, 20c.; Miss Northmore, 50c.; Miss M. Ironside, \$1.

INDIAN GIRLS WANTING PLACES as general servants in families where they will be well cared for, and the religious training they have received at our Homes continued. Apply to

REV. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM.

VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, APRIL, 1888.

No. 2.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF

INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

When the White Man First Arrived.

WHEN the white man first arrived on the shores of America, what people did they find? How were they living? In what condition were they as regards civilization? Are the descendants of these people now extinct or are they represented by the existing Indian population? Such are the questions with which we propose to deal in the following short article, and we believe that there are few who will not feel some interest in the inquiry.

The prevalent idea would seem to be that when these shores were first discovered, the American Indian was found living in a state of barbarism, clad in coats of skin, occupying huts made of skins stretched over poles or covered with grass or mud, gaining his living by hunting and fishing, his only implements, flint knives, flint spears and arrow-heads, stone axes, &c., and the idea seems to have been that with the advance of the white man these Indians have been gradually driven back towards the west, and their numbers decreased by warfare and cruel treatment; that in the place of the thousands of savages which roamed the woods and prairies four centuries ago, there are now but a few

hundreds, or at the most thousands of them left, and they are dying out year by year and will soon become extinct.

Such we believe has been and still is the prevalent idea in regard to the aborigines of this country. Perhaps it has almost been forgotten that the first Spanish explorers when they made their first expeditions inland on the main continent were immensely surprised to find walled cities and fortresses, some of them protected by canals, and that they astonished Europe by their accounts of stone palaces 500 feet or more in length, and feudal castles and kings with their lords and vassals and slaves attending on them. No doubt these Spanish stories were very much overdrawn as were all stories of discovery in those bygone ages; but still the fact cannot be controverted that there exists to the present day the ruins of great three or four storey buildings, some of them rectangular, some of them circular in shape, and covering extensive areas. And the question at once arises could these great buildings with their sculptured stones and their terraces, and their white plastered walls have been built by the progenitors of the present Indian, or are they the work of an extinct race of men of superior intellect, who were in existence before the Indians came on the scene and who were swept away and destroyed by them?

This surely is a very interesting and important question. If these curious ruins were the work of the immediate progenitors of our present Indians, then have we good reason to believe that our Indians of the present day are not of savage origin as has been sup-

posed, but that they came originally of an intelligent and intellectual stock, and that it is simply the force of circumstances that has reduced them to their present mode of gaining their livelihood.

In the backwoods of America and out on the wild prairies may be met with many an individual in broad-brimmed hat and top-boots, his face rugged, his hair and beard unkempt, his hands all rough and horny, his language that of the wild west; and yet if he would tell you his history, he is the scion of a noble house. Because the Indians are now living in tents and making their livelihood by the chase is no proof that they are or always have been savages; there is that about their figure and their mien, there is that about the shape of their head, the haughtiness yet gentleness of their manner, which impresses us with the feeling that there is at any rate the possibility if not the probability of their being the remnants of a once great people.

And now, what are those ruins of stone cities and palaces to which we have referred, the remains of which are still to be seen, and some of which were found in all the hum of busy life by the first Spanish explorers?

Many persons have heard of the "mounds" of the Ohio valley, and of the various theories which from time to time have been brought forward in regard to the mysterious "mound buildings" of whose history all trace appears to have been lost. The present Indians can tell us nothing about them; for this reason it has been thought that the "mounds" must have been the work of an extinct race, but recent investigations have proved the contrary. There seems to be little doubt now but that they were the work of American Indians. There are about two hundred of these mounds altogether, and they are scattered over a wide area, traces of them being found as far south as the Gulf of Mexico and as far north as the borders of Lake Erie and Lake Superior. The principal ones, however, are those on the Sciota River, in the Ohio Valley. There are there seven of those mound-built towns all within a distance of twelve miles; they consist of mounds of earth thrown up like a railway grade, generally from forty to fifty feet wide at the base, from three to twelve feet in height, and about 450 feet in length, and arranged in squares or rectangular figures or circles. One called the "High Bank Pueblo" is arranged in the form of an octagon, and has a diameter of nine hundred and fifty feet. These mounds or embankments are supposed to have been the foundations of *long joint tenement houses*; the outside walls of the houses, which were probably built of slabs of wood covered with a thick coating of earth (as was the custom of the Mandan Indians in later times) it is thought must have

sloped upward at the same angle as the earth embankment on which they rested. By this contrivance the open space of 20 acres or so enclosed by the mounds would be strongly fortified and protected from the attacks of enemies, the earth foundation and the slab building on the top of it, making together a strong solid wall more than twenty feet in height. No remains of stone or brick have been found in these mounds, so that the buildings, of whatever shape they were, must have been built wholly of wood, which has since decayed. Articles of pottery, many of them highly ornamented, have however been found; also, textile fabrics of cotton or flax, and chisels and axes made of copper.

These mounds of the Ohio Valley represent the very far past. What they were, by whom made, and by whom occupied, can be only very vaguely conjectured; the few relics however, that have been found in them go to prove that the people who inhabited them had advanced beyond the lowest stages of barbarism.

(To be continued).

THE INDIAN TRIBES.

(Paper No. 3).

THE CHIPEWYAN INDIANS.

THE Venerable Archdeacon REEVE, of Fort Chipewyan, Athabasca, N.W.T., has very kindly sent us the following particulars in regard to the Chipewyan Indians of that district. His letter bears date Dec. 16th, 1887.

The Chipewyans, so called, are found about Churchill, (on the western shore of Hudson Bay), Deer Lake, Isle à la Crosse Lake, Cold Lake, Athabasca Lake and Fort Resolution, (Great Slave Lake), but the same family, under different names, extends from the western shore of Hudson Bay on the east, to the Pacific Coast on the west, and from the Arctic Ocean on the north to about the 54th parallel on the south. It is said, indeed, that a branch of the same family is found in New Mexico.

The name Chipewyan was given them by the Crees on account of the pointed dress which they wore; but the general name to include the whole family is Tene, (slightly varied in the spelling by different writers). Each tribe, however, has a distinctive appellation indicating its loyalty, habits or appearance. There are over a dozen tribes, each of which has a different dialect; varying in a greater or less degree; between some there is not much, between others there is a wide difference. They are widely scattered and cover a vast extent of country, but their number is comparatively small. I

should be inclined to put the total number under ten thousand, but cannot speak with certainty.

At this place there are about 250 Chipewyans, and 100 or 120 Crees. The latter are not included in the above remarks, as they are of a different family. There are no Crees farther north than this.

A few of the Chipewyans have houses, but most of them live in the usual Indian lodge, called here nim-bàli. Their dress now is after the European style: capot, trousers, shirt, as regards the men; cloth or print dress, shawl, a handkerchief for the head, as regards the women. They still, however, wear the moccassin, and ornament the cap and leggings with beads.

Most of the Chipewyans can read and write the syllabic characters as taught them by the missionaries—Romish and Protestant.

Their only mode of gaining a living is by hunting, fishing, and trapping furs. A few of them have potato patches, but they cannot be depended on.

I might mention the names of some of the different tribes. Besides the Chipewyans there are the Beaver Indians (found along the Peace River); the Yellow Knives (N.E. of Great Slave Lake); Dog Ribs (between Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes); Slavi (west of Great Slave Lake and along the McKenzie River, below Fort Simpson); Hare (about Bear River and Fort Good Hope); Neliaries (amongst the Rocky Mountains, west of Fort Simpson); Thikenies (about the Liard and Nelson Rivers). Some of the above are still further divided. The Sarces and some of the tribes between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast seem to belong also to the same family.

Yours faithfully,

W. D. REEVE,
Arch. of Chipewyan.

P.S.—If I can be of any further service I shall be very glad to render it.

CHIPEWYAN WORDS.

Man,	dene.	God,	niol tsi.
woman;	tse-ku.	devil,	beslimi.
boy,	tchilekwi.	heaven,	yake.
house.	kue.	blanket,	tsure.
boat,	techin tsi.	money,	tsamba.
water,	tu.	I walk,	oresalh.
fire,	khon.	you walk,	orinkah.
horse,	thlin chon.	he walks,	orekalh.
dog,	thlin.	I see him,	resi in.
fish,	thlue.	he sees me,	tsè in.
town,	kue daderlai.	you see me,	nenesi in.
knife,	bes..	hell,	beslimi kue.
kettle,	tilli.	come here,	yukùs se khal.
yes,	hen.	be quick,	igàn neti.
no,	i-le.		

A Visit from Chief Shingwauk.

AUGUSTIN SHINGWAUK, the Ojibway Chief at Garden River, after whom the Shingwauk Home is named, is now just about 80 years of age, but is still hale and hearty. The other day he walked into my office while I was busy at accounts, and said he was going to stay with me two or three days to talk to me. I was very glad indeed to accept him as my guest, sent his pony and sleigh with the boy round to the stable, got out an old Indian stone pipe with a stem a yard long and gave it to him, poked up the fire, and made him settle in and make himself comfortable. He told me that his object in visiting me was two-fold: (1) He intended to tell me all that was known of the early history of his people so that I might write it down; and (2) he wished me to take his likeness. I was equal to both and very glad of the opportunity. I knew the old man was tired, so I got David to wheel me in an iron bedstead, put a mattress on it and some rugs and buffaloes, folded up an old teepee for a pillow, and soon the old Chief was reclining on it whiffing away at his pipe and feeling as much at home as if he had been in his own log house at Garden River. He had his meals in the next room, the class room, one of my daughters acting hostess, and 2 or 3 of the elder boys being invited in each time to keep him company. The old man, I think, thoroughly enjoyed his little stay with us, and a part of each day he kept me busy writing down the history of his people. I also made an oil painting picture of him arrayed in his feathers which was very fairly successful. He said he wished to stay till Sunday so as to worship with us in our chapel. After morning service was over, his sleigh arrived for him, and he bade us adieu and went back again to his people. I should mention, however, that he was present at the meeting of our "Onward and Upward Club" on Friday, and gave a very nice little address to the boys, which David interpreted.

Jottings.

THE Washakada Home, at Elkhorn, will be painted and finished early in the Spring. A well also is to be dug, and a coal shed built in the rear. Orders have already been given for the furniture. It will (D.V.) be opened for use in August, after Mr. Wilson's return from England.

IN the United States, out of 109 institutions for Indian children, 35 only are Roman Catholic. In the Dominion of Canada there are as yet only 7 large institutions. Of these 3 are Church of England, 1 Methodist, and 3 Roman Catholic.

OUT of 40,000 Sioux Indians there are 35,000 still in heathenism.

It is said that the treaty of William Penn, with the Indians, in 1682, was *the only treaty which was never sworn to and never broken.*

Due to the difficulty of providing accommodation for his Indian boys in England, Mr. Wilson has been reluctantly obliged to give up the trip. It is possible, however, that he may go alone.

WE hope that some of our missionary friends will kindly answer as far as possible the questions contained in our March Number. We are in correspondence with missionaries in all parts of Canada and with several in the United States.

A MISSIONARY'S wife, writing from British Columbia, says of the Indians there: "About one in fifty adopts European clothing; among ten tribes there is only one school; they gain their livelihood by fishing and hunting, but with few exceptions, *all* live through the prostitution of the women in Victoria."

THE Shingwauk barn entirely collapsed the other day, owing to the weight of snow on the roof. Horses and cattle happily escaped uninjured; but the whole place is a wreck and will have to be rebuilt. The barn was built at Garden River, in 1871, and, after the fire, was taken down and moved to its present position.

WE would be glad if some Sunday Schools would at once adopt prospective pupils at our Elkhorn Institution, and, until the Home is opened, allow their contributions to be applied towards the purchase of bedstead, bedding, blankets, clothing, and other necessaries for their prospective protege. Articles of furniture, blankets, clothing, etc., for the new Home will be gladly received by Geo. H. Rowswell, Esq., Elkhorn, Manitoba, who is kindly acting for Mr. Wilson. We expect soon to have a list of pupils for the new Institution.

Indian Boy's Letter.

SHINGWAUK HOME, Jan. 3rd, 1888.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We have 43 pupils at our Institution, educating them by Rev. E. F. Wilson. One boy, Waubegezis, was in school about nearly two years ago, and after, when was his time, he went other school again at in Port Hope now, and now he is the very good scholar. He does best of all in our Institution, and also in Port Hope. Mr. Wilson was told us that Waubegezis to be in House of Parliament, to be a

clerk at the Ottawa, because he is doing well what is right to do. Christmas holidays was given us, 23rd of December to 3rd of January. Christmas tree we was have in school room on the 30th of December. Sometimes we catch rabbits in the bush with wire; we just tide it on the bushes, and when they come the rabbits gets caught; cannot get way from it except if they braked it they may go. I wish a happy Christmas and a happy New Year to all.

I am, yours respectfully,

JOSEPH SAMSON.

P.S.—Excuse me, I did not write well. I am tribe of Pottawatami, from Walpole Island.

Clothing Received for Indian Homes.

JANUARY, 1888.

CHRISTMAS basket for Maggie Causley, from St. Martin's Sunday School, Montreal, per Miss Gibson.

Box from Scholars of St. Matthias' Sunday School, Montreal, containing books, toys, &c., and a present for Sylvester.

FROM Ladies' Auxiliary, Aylmer, Quebec, per Mrs. J. S. Dennis, a barrel containing a large and useful supply of boys' and girls' clothing, books and papers.

MARCH, 1888.

FROM St. Stephen's Sunday School, Montreal, a new and complete outfit for Negaunewenah; also, 2 quilts, cards and pictures. From C. H. Hall, a basket of oranges for hospital.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

Ladies, Emanuel Church, London Township, \$5.00; Mrs. Dennis, for freight \$1.25; St. George's S.S., Owen Sound, for girl, \$15.79; H. Rowswell, Shingwauk, \$10.00; H. Rowswell, Wawanosh, \$10.00; Miss Gore, \$48.40; Holy Trinity S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$12.50; Cathederal S.S., Kingston, for girl, \$12.50; T. R., \$4.00; "In memoriam" I. H. B., for organ, \$25.00; Mrs. Bell, \$1.00; St. Charles S.S., Ostrander, \$1.00; St. Paul's S.S., Rothesay, \$2.50; St. John's S.S., St. John, N.B., for boy, \$75.00; Children of Selby Parish, \$2.09; Mr. Baumgras, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Stubbs, (\$3) \$14.46.

RECEIPTS—"OUR FOREST CHILDREN."

A. S. Smith, 15c.; Miss E. Revell, \$1; Mrs. Ogilvy, 25c.; H. Rowswell, 45c.; Mrs. Baumgras, 10c.; T. H. Chandler, 25c.; Chief J. B. Brant, 30c.; Miss L. Baird, 30c.; Mrs. Tilton, \$1; Rev. Geo. Armstrong, 15c.; Urban Pugsley, \$1; E. Broadbent, 25c.; Rev. J. Kirkland, \$1; Mrs. Almon, \$2; Miss Jelly, 25c.; H. R. Chase, 10c.; Mrs. C. Hubbard, 15c.; Miss G. Milne-Home, 12c.; Mrs. Moody, 60c.; James Bartlett, 15c.; Mrs. Stubbs, 25c.; Miss E. G. Hall, 15c.;

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM

VOL. II.

SHINGWAJK HOME, MAY, 1888.

No. 3.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

Composition.

HONESTY AND POLITENESS.

BY JOHNNY MAGRAH, AN OTTAWA INDIAN.

HONESTY is the Truthfulness in a man. It is a thing we cannot see or feel. If honesty was in every person, the world would be in a different state than it is now. An honest man is loved by all who know him. Everybody speaks well of him. A good name is a person needs. It is better to have a good name than being rich.

An honest person is he who is true to his neighbor and to his God. When he finds anything that does not belong to him, he does not put it in his pocket, but goes and tries to find out whose it is. Hundreds of men and boys have been sent to jails for being dishonest; and hundreds of men and boys have got into high offices for their honesty. When a man looks out for a boy to work for him, he does not choose strong and active boy, but an honest boy.

Politeness is the man's character, for being polite often gives people a good situation. A polite person is kind and willing to assist others. He does not spend his time in pleasing himself, but rather in pleasing others. All Christians should learn to be polite, for

Jesus was the politest man that ever lived; and if we want to be His followers, we must be polite too. Once a man wanted to choose out a boy among a crowd of boys, to work for him. He got them to come into his office one by one. Some came in without shutting the door, and their feet dirty; others came in, slamming the door, and did not seem to care how they spoke. The last boy came: before opening the door, he cleaned his feet, knocked the door, shut it quietly, and took off his hat. The man at once noticed how the boy acted, and for this reason he choosed him. This boy was polite.

When the White Man First Arrived.

(Continued from April Number.)

WE come next to the ruins of Yucatan, Central America, and Mexico. Here we have stone buildings, many of them of immense size, built generally on terraces rising one above the other. The Governor's house at Uxmal, the ruins of which are still in existence, is 322 feet long, 89 feet deep, and 25 feet high, and it stands on the highest of three large terraces or plateaux, which have been formed artificially and rise one above the other. It is built of solid stone, the rear wall being 9 feet thick. The stones used do not appear to have been quarried; indeed no quarry has hitherto been found. They appear to have been but roughly dressed with rude implements, and are not generally more than twelve inches in length by six inches in width. The labor must have been immense to have constructed such huge buildings with such insufficient material. The lintels over the doorways and

windows are wooden, and have, in most instances, decayed and fallen, bringing down a portion of the stonework with them. The manner in which the arched ceilings of some of the chambers have been formed is unique : the builders had no idea of the scientific arch, they had not learned the secret of the key stone; they filled their chambers first with solid masonry, and then constructed a triangular arch over it; and when they reached the apex, instead of allowing the two sides of the triangle to meet, they carried up the centre vertically for two feet or so, leaving a space about a foot wide, and then covered this box-like space with a cap stone. The sloping sides of the ceiling were of course allowed some time to set and harden before the inside core was removed. Some of these vaulted ceilings still remain, and can be seen by travellers. It is thought that three or four thousand, or even ten thousand persons, must have inhabited some of these ancient cities in Central America.

We have now to visit the deserted Pueblo villages of the Rio Chaco, at the North-west corner of New Mexico, in the United States. Here we are brought down more nearly to modern times, and are able to perceive at once a resemblance and analogy between these deserted halls and piled-up buildings of a people who lived three hundred years or so ago, and the clay-built terraced villages of the Pueblo, Moqui, and Zuni Indians, who still inhabit—ten thousand or so in number—the plains and mountain ridges of New Mexico and Arizona. Take one of these ancient ruins (there are eight or nine of them,) for an example, the Pueblo of *Hungo Pavia*, or “the crooked nose.” It is deserted and in ruins now, but three centuries or so ago was in all the busy hum of life. Like the cities of Central America, it is built of stone, small slabs or tables of reddish grey sandstone, laid carefully and cleverly, and cemented with a mortar which bears no trace of lime. The walls of this pueblo are 872 feet in length, and 30 feet high; the houses of which it is composed are honeycombed together in one block, and rise in three terraces, one above the other. There are 73 apartments in the first storey; 53 in the second, and 29 in the third. It would probably have accommodated from 800 to 1000 Indians.

This article was to be a short one, and we must give no further space to the description of these great buildings and structures of a past age. The great question before us is whether these mounds and great stone buildings and pueblos were constructed by a superior and extinct race, or whether they were the work of the immediate ancestors of our present Indians.

The link between these people of the past, who

showed so much skill in their buildings, and who made tools of copper and fabrics of cotton and wool, seems to be found in those tribes of New Mexico and Arizona called the Pueblo Indians, Moquis and Zunis, and the Maya Indians of Central America. It seems evident as the result of recent investigation, that these great stone buildings which the first Spanish explorers thought to be palaces were not palaces, but were great joint tenement houses, in which the Indians lived, and which by their construction permitted of their being divided into their various families and gentes and clans. It is remarkable that all these ancient ruins there are no lateral doorways; the apartments are arranged in sections, having communication with one another from the front to the back of the building, and also from the top storey to the basement—but no communication with the next set of apartments on either side. Now, this same peculiarity of structure is found in the adobe built houses of the Pueblo, Moqui and Zuni Indians of the present day. They still build their houses in a solid cluster, like a honeycomb, rising one above the other in terraces, and the various sections have no lateral communication one with another. That they do not now make much use of stone in building is probably because they find the adobe or clay which abounds in their neighborhood, the most convenient for their use. These Indians of whom we are now speaking still make pottery, basins, cups, jars, pitchers and large bowls capable of holding many gallons. The Navajo Indians, their neighbors, have their forges and native-made anvils, and work in silver and other metals. They also spin the wool from their flocks and weave excellent blankets, on looms of their own construction. We believe there is every reason to believe that the Indians of North America, so far from being a degraded barbaric people, are the remnants of a great, intelligent, intellectual stock; that not only are these Indians of New Mexico and Arizona of a superior type, but that all the Indians from the Isthmus of Panama to Hudson Bay are of one original stock—and that a superior one. An Indian is an Indian wherever he is. He is not easily confounded with the natives of any other country. He has his own characteristics, his own traditions, his own communistic style of living, and his language has grammatical peculiarities running through the various dialects which he speaks which are not, we believe, to be found in any of the languages of the old world. Wherever the North American Indian may have originally come from, we think there is good ground to believe that he represents but one stock, that his own immediate ancestors erected the great buildings of which the ruins now remain; and that he is fully

capable, through the means of christian education and civilization, of being raised once more to a high and honorable position in society.

E. F. W.

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The Blackfeet Indians.

UR friends will, we are sure, be very sorry to hear that one of the two Blackfeet boys whom we brought from their home near the Rocky Mountains last summer, has fallen sick with consumption, and that we are now anxiously awaiting the arrival of the first boat up, with the view of getting him back to his distant home, while yet living and before he gets too weak to be moved.

It will be remembered that these Blackfeet Indians are a powerful tribe, some 7000 in number, that none of them have as yet accepted Christianity; and that they have hitherto, through the influence of their chiefs, been greatly opposed to education; that these two Blackfeet boys whom we brought to the Shingwauk last summer are in fact the first two of the tribe that have been permitted to go to an institution and be educated. It seems, therefore, a cause for much sorrow that one of these two boys should have become so seriously ill,—but our faith looks above. We remember how the death of the pagan boy from Lake Nepigon, six months after he entered our Home, led most unexpectedly to the conversion of his tribe; we believe that Almighty God has brought these two boys to us for some good purpose, and the results we leave with Him. The sick boy, Etukitsiniuani by name, is in our hospital, and receiving every possible care; our good friend Miss Pigot is with him night and day; the doctor attends him regularly; he has cod liver oil, beef tea, jelly, oranges, every thing that can be got to please him, and (if God will) to restore him. Mr. Tims also has been communicated with frequently, both by letter and telegraph. We have taken pains also to learn a little of the language, and by the help of a few Ms. translations of verses of scripture, and scripture narratives, kindly sent by Mr. Tims, have been able to speak to the poor boy about the Saviour, and to pray with him. Miss Pigot always says grace for him before meals, and he folds his hands and says 'Amen.' He also tried the other night to repeat the Lord's prayer. The heathen Blackfeet speak of the 'Sand hills' as where the dead go to; but this sick boy, though not baptised, points to heaven and says 'spot-sim,' (above).

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WE hope to receive a large number of new pupils this summer at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes; and also to open the new Washakada Home at Elkhorn, Manitoba.

i c.
adj.

Letter by Elijah Crow,

A little Sioux boy of 10, only 20 months at School—to the Indian Agent, who had sold some cattle belonging to his deceased father.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad that you sell two oxen and one cow for me, and I hop that you can give me \$4 a year interest. Oready I buy one Bible from Mr. Wilson, and one scribbling book, and I hope can buy candies and skates, and get photograph when it comes \$4. I like to be in the Shingwank Home, and Wasie he is always kind to me. Those boys who go home he will not know nothing a tall, but except he can only know my language. And Mr. Wilson loves me, and I must be always his boy. Now I have nothing more to say. Good-by, and I shake hand with you.

ELIJAH CROW.

◆◆◆
Composition.

By Joseph Soney, a Pottawatami Boy.

ON SMOKING, DRINKING AND PLAYING CARDS.

SMOKING is not a bad thing for man to do; even stove-pipe smoke every day. There are many men fond of smoking, sticking out a pipe on their mouths. I think the Indians are very fond of smoking, especially old mans. And some boys are like to smoke. Only gentlemen don't like even to smell the smoke. The men get smoking tobacco first and pipe, and then smoke while they are working somewhere. And in towns there are many rooms for smoking, and in the trains. There is always a place for smoking everywhere; but not in Shingwauk, the boys are not allowed to smoke.

Drinking is one of the bad things of man can do. It starts by a little, by looking at it first, and it desire in the heart to take it. At last begin to touch it and taste it; And the man who had took it once will take it again—he can't stop it from drinking again, he is bound to take it again. There are many men who have been drunken. It is a very disagreeable and terrible thing for man; when he is drunken he doesn't know what he is doing; and at last he will be down on the road somewhere. Many men have killed by a train on a railroad by drinking. But it is good for a person to take some on account of his sickness if he is sick.

Now, play cards is worser than drinking, because whiskey is good for sicknes, but not this here to play cards. I have seen many men playing cards; they bet one another, they put money on the table and whoever is beaten the money is taken away from him. They play all night and sometimes they get angry when they are beaten.

Jottings.

WE hope if possible to pay another visit to the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania this summer.

A NEW form of application for admission to our Homes has been printed, and copies sent to the Indian Agents and Missionaries on the various Reserves.

OUR supporters will be sorry, we are sure, to hear of the death of Jane Warner, a little girl who came from Walpole Island, and was a pupil of the Wawanosh Home. She died on Good Friday and was buried on Easter Sunday.

THE Rev. Dr. Rand, the well-known missionary to the Micmacs in Nova Scotia, has sent us a long interesting account of the Micmac Indians, with explanation of the grammatical structure of the language and a vocabulary of words. It will appear in the Summer Number.

WE have 799 annual subscribers to O. F. C. This since last October. We hope soon to raise the number to 2,000. Only 10 cents a year—the cheapest little paper in Canada. OUR FOREST CHILDREN is on file in the Parliament Library at Ottawa, and at the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington.

SUMMER NUMBER—The Christmas Number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN was so much appreciated that we purpose in June issuing a Summer Number, got up in the same way, illustrated with some new cuts, engraved for the purpose from sketches, and the price, 15 cents. Another reason for doing this is that we have a great deal of most interesting material on hand, which keeps accumulating, and for which there has been no space in the monthly number of O. F. C. The Summer Number will be issued instead of the June number, and any desirous of obtaining copies will please send at once 15 cents for one copy; \$3.50 for 25 copies; \$6.50 for 50 copies, or \$11 for 100 copies. We would rather receive \$6.50 for 50 copies from some one who will take pains to distribute them than \$6.50 as a gift to our Homes. It will do more good.

Indian Boys' Letters.

January 3rd, 1888.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—We had Christmas Tree here on Friday Evening, and in the morning we begin to put him up in the centra of in the School-room, and in the Evening we had the Christmas tree and He looks like Santa Claus. Deep snow here now, and some places where Deep snow could didnt walk. Railway is finished in Here now; the train is passing in Here, and we put one Cent and one pin; both were Flat; we could didnt see it. We have midnight service, and when we came out from the Chaple begin to

ringing the bell. I give you this text for a happy New Year: "Blessed are pure in heart for they shall see God."

AMOS SCOTCHMAN.

January 3rd, 1888.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I now sit down to write a letter to you. I must tell you how many boys there are at the Shingwauk Home. There are only 43 boys now. We got two Blackfoot boys here, both of them are learning trades, one of them is carpentering, the other is shoemaker; but don't think that they got black feet. The examination was going on ten days ago, but I didn't get full marks. On Christmas holidays we have plenty time to play about. I was to skate all the day long with the boys. Most of the time I went out to hunt rabbits and partridges with my gun. We had a beautiful Christmas Tree last Friday night, with many presents for the boys. Also I got the presents that you give it to me; and I thank you for them things, and I thank you very much for paying for my education. I wished you all a happy New Year. I'll give you a text for New Year: "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." St. John, iii. 27.

WM. RILEY.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

St. James' Mission Union, Carleton Place, for boy, \$18.75; Church of Redeemer Sunday School, Toronto, for boy, 18.75; St. Paul's Sunday School, Toronto, for boy, \$75; Miss J. Kerighan, for W. H., 45 cents; Memorial Church Sunday School, London, for boy, \$18.75; Mrs. Nivin, for boy, \$12.00; St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, for girl, \$18.75; St. Mark's Sunday School, Parkdale, for boy, \$9.40; Holy Trinity Sunday School, Toronto, for W. H., \$2.50; St. Paul's Sunday School, London, for boy, \$60; Miss Smith, for freight, \$2; St. Martin's Sunday School, Montreal, for girl, \$12.50; Church of Ascension Sunday School, Toronto, for boy, \$40; Miss Cruseo, \$5; St. James' Sunday School, Stratford, for boy, \$37.50; Miss Milne Home, per A. H. C., \$0.72; St. James' Sunday School, Perth, for boy, \$37.75; Miss Wallis' Sunday School class, Peterboro', \$3.30; Miss Kirkpatrick, \$2.80; Mrs. Holden, 3.40; Memorial Church, London, W. M. A., for extension, \$25; Allensville Sunday School, Muskoka, \$2; St. James, Carleton Place, for Shingwauk, \$13; for Wawanosh, \$13, for extension, \$7; St. John's Sunday School, Belleville, \$6.45; St. George's Sunday School, Ottawa, \$5.00.

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SHINGWAUK HOME, SUMMER, 1888.

No. 4.

The Indian Tribes—Paper No. 4.

THE DAKOTA INDIANS.

BY REV. E. F. WILSON.

THE great centre of the Dakota Indians, as their name would imply, is the State of Dakota in the United States. There are 26,500 of them in that State,

other kindred dialects belong. In a work recently published by the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, we are told that the following tribes belong to the Siouan stock—viz.: the Winnébagoes, the Otoes, the Osages, the Omahas, the Ponkas, the Iowas, and the Missouries. We are further told that “the publications in the Siouan language cover a wider range than those



FORT QU'APPELLE, (NEAR "STANDING BUFFALO'S" VILLAGE).

1100 in Nebraska, 2000 in Montana, and 2000 in Canada—total 31,600. It is the largest Indian tribe at present in existence; the Ojibways ranging next, and then the Cherokees. The Dakota Indians are more commonly known by the name of *Sioux*; whether this name was given to them by early French travellers, or whether it is the Blackfeet name for the tribe (the Blackfeet call them *Sai-u*), we have not been able to ascertain, but certainly the Dakota Indians themselves disown the name; they call themselves Dakotas, and say that their name means “leagued” or “allied.” Scientific men who are studying the history and languages of the various Indian races have adopted the name “Siouan” as a convenient title for the linguistic stock to which they adjudge the Dakota and certain

of any other linguistic group of North America, including the whole bible, school books, periodicals, &c.; the first printed vocabulary of the language, it would seem, appeared as early as 1778.

The Dakota Indians have the reputation of being a warlike tribe; they were the hereditary enemies of the Ojibways, and have been engaged in many a deadly struggle with the Americans. The dreadful Minnesota massacre of 1862, is still fresh in the minds of many, involving, as it did, a district of 50 by 200 miles in extent; it lasted three days, and a thousand white people were killed by their exasperated foes. After quiet was restored 300 Indians were sentenced to be hung, but only 39 were actually executed. A large number of the insurgents fled to Canada and are now settled as

farmers on British soil. "Standing Buffalo," a chief living near Fort Qu'Appelle, whom the writer has met on more than one occasion, was engaged in the massacre, and still walks lame from a bullet wound which he received in his foot. It is supposed that the Custer massacre in 1876 was also the work of Sioux Indians, but it has never yet been traced to the actual perpetrators.

The Dakota Indians have, in the past, lived almost wholly by the chase, depending on the buffalo to supply them with meat for their food, skins for the covering

of their tents or teepees, dried dung with which to make their fires; their home was the prairie; a pony, a dog, a gun, a blanket, and a skin covered teepee in which to live; these were their chief possessions and indeed their only wants. Now that the white man has come and deprived

them of their former freedom and shut them up on reserved lands they are forced to farm, and many of them within the last few years have made very good progress in agriculture; they have probably more intelligence and are more industrious than many of the neighboring tribes. It speaks well for them, that they of all others (as has already been stated) have the largest supply of literature translated into their language from the English; and in the schools and institutions scattered through the United States we believe that there are a larger proportion of Dakota pupils than of any other tribe. At the time of writing there are about 70 Dakota children at the great Carlisle Institution in Pennsylvania, about 80 at Hampton in Virginia, about 50 at the Lincoln Institute in Philadelphia, and over 100 at the Genoa Institution in Nebraska. We have had six of them, so far, attending our Shingwauk Home. The Institutions in the State of Dakota, of which there are 15, are mostly attended by the children of Dakota Indians.

The tribe has not embraced Christianity to any great

extent; nearly seven-eighths of the people are said to be still heathen. They still keep up their heathen dances, the principle of which is the "sundance," which this tribe is said to have originated. It takes place in the Spring of the year, about June. A circular lodge is prepared, about 30 feet in diameter and 20 feet high in the centre, it is made of poles covered over with the skins or cotton coverings of the teepees. The Indians assemble within and about this lodge, and a number of different ceremonies are gone through during the days that the dance lasts; principal among them and that

which has attracted the most notice among white people has been the self immolation of certain devotees; the general idea is that the tortures are undergone as a sort of initiation by which a young Indian becomes a warrior, but we have been informed that this is not the case, but that



SHINGWAUK HOME.

the torture is endured in the fulfilment of vows, men undergoing it not once only in their lifetime but often several times. A little wooden skewer is thrust through the muscles of the chest, and to this skewer is attached a rope suspended from the central post of the teepee; then to the accompaniment of the wild music and the beating of drums, the wretched victim dances frantically about until the fleshy tissues of his chest to which the skewer is fastened give way and he drops fainting to the ground.

The Dakota Indians make their pipe bowls of a red soapstone or steatite which is found in only one locality, and of which they are the sole proprietors. They say it was given to them by the Great Spirit, and that it is the blood of the buffaloes which the Great Spirit killed; they drill the stone with a hard pointed stick turned with a string, the cavity as it advances being kept supplied with some sharp sand and water. Many of their pipes are very curiously carved, and they have generally long wooden stems from which the pith has been burned out.

They usually bury their dead in the tops of trees or on scaffolds from 7 to 10 feet high. The face, neck and hands of the corpse are painted with vermillion, and it is decked out with trinkets and ornaments and wrapped in a buffalo robe or scarlet blanket. A few buffalo heads are usually placed beneath the scaffold.

Any one desiring further information about the Dakota Indians should read Catlin's interesting volumes, or apply to the Rev. A. L. Rigs, Santee Agency, Nebraska, U.S., for a list of the various books which have been published.

by prefixes and suffixes varying with the conjugation; thus :—wa kaska, ya-kaska, kaska,—I, thou, he, binds; mdustan, dustan, yustan,—I, thou, he, finishes. The future is formed by adding kta, as kaske kta, he will bind. There is also a dual person, as un-kaska, we two bind. As in the Hebrew the sense of a verb may be modified, and by certain changes in its construction it may become reflexive, frequentative, possessive, &c. Both the nominative and the objective case of the pronoun are in Dakota, as in most Indian languages, included in the verb, thus :—thou bindest me, is in



WAWANOSH LAUNDRY.

THE GRAMMAR.

The Siouan languages are very different to those of the Algonkin stock to which the Ojibway and Cree tongues belong. The Dakota, which is the principal of the Siouan dialects, appears to be of a peculiarly primitive character, far more primitive than any other Indian language of which we have any knowledge, and in its grammatical structure would seem to be almost akin to the ancient Hebrew. This is particularly noticeable in the inflexions of the verb. The tenses consist simply of the preterite (which may convey either a present or a past sense) and the future. The 3rd person singular of the preterite is generally the stem or ground form of the verb, the other persons being formed

Dakota but one word *ma-ya-kaska*. The construction of a sentence is peculiar, and may be exemplified by the following: Oxen eat the grass quickly very eat. Nouns are not generally altered for the plural unless they stand alone, if united with an adjective or a verb, the plural ending (*pi*) is attached to the adjective or the verb,—thus : the horse he trots, pl. the horse they trot. The negative is expressed by *shni* following the verb; the interrogative by *he*; in using the latter the voice is lowered at the end of the sentence instead of being raised as in English.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* as in father, *e* as in they, *i* as in pique, *o* as in note, *u* as in fool, *j* as in *jamais*, *ch* as in church,

(g is a peculiar guttural sound, something of a ghr ; n at close of a syllable is scarcely sounded).		
one, wanji.	two, nonpa.	three, yamni.
four, topa.	five, zaptan.	six, shakpe.
seven, shakowin.	eight, shahdogan.	nine, napchinwanka.
ten, wikkhemna.	eleven, ake wanjidan.	
twelve, ake nonpa.	thirteen, ake yamni.	
nineteen, unma napcinwanka.	twenty, wikkhemna nonpa	
twenty-one, wikkhemna-nonpa-sanpa-wanjidan.		
thirty, wikkhemna yamni.	forty, wikkhemna topa.	
hundred, opawinge.	thousand, kekto-pawinge.	
man, wishashta.	woman, winohinchia.	
boy, hokshina.	house, tipi.	
boat, canoe, wata.	water, mini.	
fire, peta.	river, wakpa.	
tree, chan.	dog, shunka.	
horse, shuktanka.	ox, tatanka.	
fish, hogan.	town, otonwe.	
knife, isan.	big, tanka.	
kettle, chega.	pipe, chotanka.	
money, mazaska.	yes, han. no, hiya.	
God, wakantanka.	Devil, wakanshicha.	
white man, sagdashin.	American, Isan-tanka.	
tobacco, chandi.	bread, aguyapi.	
my hand, mi-nape.	your hand, ni-nape.	
your leg, ni-hu.	his leg, wica-hu.	
come here ! kuwawa.	sit down ! iyotanka-wo.	
give it to me ! maku-wo.	it is good ! washte.	
is that good ? he washte he ?	it is not good ! washte shni	
good man, wishashta washte.	bad man, wishashta shicha.	
my father, ate.	your father, niyate.	
his father, atkuku.	sun, anpetu-wi.	
day, anpetu.	night, hanyetu.	
to-day, anpetu kin de.	to-morrow, heyakechinhan.	
I am hungry, wotekete-wa-hda.	I am sick, ma-yazan.	
I see you, wanchiyaka.	he sees me, wanmayaka.	
he sees you, wanniyaka.	I love you, washtechidaka.	
do you love me ? washtemadaka he ?	I go, mda.	
you go, da.	he goes, ya.	
we go, unyanpi.	they go, yapi.	

The Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes.

THE following letter from the Bishop of Algoma to the Committee of the C.C.C.S. appeared in the April number of that Society's Magazine.

The educational work carried on in these "Homes" still proceeds under its original auspices, attended with the same fluctuations, difficulties and encouragements that have characterized its history from the beginning —like the eagle rising on the very wings of the storm that opposes its progress. Mr. Wilson's faith and courage have not merely remained undaunted by the obstacles that confront him, but have actually conceived loftier flights than ever, in the shape of a project for the establishment of Branch Homes, at three or four points east and west of his present centre, by which he may, in the one direction, obviate the difficulty created by the strong attachment of the Indians to their children, and their reluctance to send them so far from home as Sault Ste. Marie; and, in the other, secure to a certain number of his young wards all the advantages arising from their contact with the surrounding civilization; and, on the part of the Christian public, a deeper interest in his work, quickened by the spectacle of the progress made, under their very eyes, in the different branches of the instruction given. From present indications, however, it seems probable that Mr. Wilson will find it necessary to postpone these schemes, and concentrate his energies still longer on the improvement and extension (I hope) of the two sister centres, in which he has already received "many infallible proofs" that his work is "of God." Would that Christian men and women, in England and Canada, gave more substantial evidence of *their* belief in the divinity of its origin! Even under the most favorable conditions, the process of elevating these young "forest children" is difficult enough, owing partly to the capriciousness of the Indian temperament; their inborn antipathy to the wholesome restraints of a settled, civilized, Christian home; the necessity of teaching them English as a vehicle for all subsequent instruction, and the reluctance, sometimes the absolute refusal, of their parents to leave them long enough at school to ensure the acquisition of even the simplest rudiments. All this creates no little difficulty; but when to this is added the cavilling of worldly-minded men and women, whose favorite maxim is that "the only good Indian is the dead one," and the carpings of even professing Christians, who, because they do not approve of some of Mr. Wilson's methods, do not hesitate to speak of his whole work in terms of dispagement; and, finally, the scanty support given to it by those who profess themselves firm believers in its merits—then the burden becomes greater than he could bear, were it not that, like the Apostle

"O let the Earth
BLESS THE LORD,
Praise Him and Magnify
Him for ever."

sinking under the weight of *his* cross, he is upheld by the promise, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee."

As one illustration, out of many, of the success that has attended Mr. Wilson's labors, and that, to my knowledge, has come to him recently as a very bright and welcome bit of sunshine, relieving the gloom of a cloud of anxiety and disappointment that at times hangs heavily over him, I may mention the case of Waubegsezis,, one of his boys, about 19 years of age, whom he sent last year, at his own expense, to Trinity College School at Port Hope, to reap the benefit of an unfinished term belonging to his own son. People laughed at the idea as a silly chimera. What could a wild Indian hope to do against the competition of a lot of sharp, intelligent white boys? Well, the "wild Indian" set to work and before long the superior "white boys" found him a formidable rival. His writing was of the best in the school; of the different subjects taught, the master reports, in the paper before me, "good," "very good," "satisfactory," &c.; and as the upshot of the whole, the Indian Department in Ottawa writes to Mr. Wilson, offering to admit Waubegsezis as a third-class clerk, at a salary of \$400 (£80) a year, with the promise of an annual increase of \$50 (£10) should his work prove satisfactory. This one fact speaks volumes as to the Indian capacity for improvement, and also as to Mr. Wilson's success in giving them the needed foundation. So far as my knowledge goes, this will be the first instance of the appointment of one of our "red men" to a post at the seat of Government. Who can estimate the importance of its possible bearing on their future destiny among us? I regret to say that during the past year, our educational work at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes has been struggling under the superincumbent weight of a debt of about £300. Will not some one, who loves the Indian for the common Saviour's sake, remove it?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—To liquidate our debt we resorted to the simple process of reducing the number of our scholars from 80 to 60 and dispensing with the services of assistant superintendent. By January 1st, it was reduced to £60.

Some Good Things and some Bad Things about Indian Boys.

(*A paper read at the "Onward and Upward Club."*)

DURING the 15 years that I have been connected more or less with Indian Schools I have had some opportunity of judging a little of Indian character. Every nation has its own character. French people are very different to English, and English are very different to the Spanish and Italians. Even so have the Indians of North America a character of their own. Though living some in the cold North and some in the warm South, and speaking a good many different languages, they have still very much the same colored skin and the same black hair, and as far as I can judge are very much of the same character wherever we find them.

It is only within the last 20 or 30 years that men of science have begun to study the Indians. There is an Institution at Washington called the Smithsonian Institution, which has been set on foot for the very purpose of studying the history and the languages of the various Indian Tribes, and collecting together all the information that can be obtained about them. The result of these researches has been to prove that the Indians are a race of people by no means to be despised; that instead of being mere barbarians as was formerly thought, they are probably the remnants of a great and intelligent people. The study of the Indian languages goes to prove this. It is believed that the Indian languages so far as they have been examined are superior in construction and power to the languages spoken in Asia and the East. White people have no right to despise you because you are Indians. Your ancestors perhaps were as great a people as any in the Old World. You have fine faces, fine physique and a fine language. The barbarous condition in which we white people found you when we discovered America is probably your misfortune rather than your fault,—and in these Schools and Institutions which are being built for you both in the United States and in Canada —we are trying to raise you up to that position of civilization and education and independence which your forefathers through untoward circumstances and privations probably lost. Just as Robinson Crusoe, although a well educated man, was reduced to living in a cave and wearing skins, so in all probability have the Indians of North America been reduced by circumstances of the same character to their present nomad life.

My duty then to-night is to say something about the Indian character,—to tell what I consider to be good points and what I consider to be bad points in the character of Indian boys.

"The Pastures are clothed
with flocks; the Valleys also
are covered over with corn."

1. POINTS IN THE CHARACTER OF AN INDIAN BOY THAT WILL HINDER OR HELP HIM IN GETTING ON IN LIFE.
2. BAD AND GOOD POINTS IN AN INDIAN BOY'S DISPOSITION.
3. BAD AND GOOD POINTS IN HIS SOCIAL QUALITIES.

I shall be very brief in what I have to say on each of these heads, my object being simply to make suggestions which you may think over; and if you judge that what I say is true, then your best way will be to try and overcome the bad points in your natural character, and to make all the use possible of the good points with which God has endowed you.

1. Points in the character of an Indian Boy that will hinder or help him in getting on in life.

Let me tell you first where I think you fail. You have not sufficient ambition,—not sufficient desire to be great and useful and good; you want to push ahead more, to read more, to learn more, to ask more questions, to try and learn and know about everything. Another thing is you take life too easily. White men when they get a little money put it by in the bank, and when they have collected a good sum they spend it on something that will bring in more money. When an Indian gets more money than he needs he generally has a big feast and lies about idle till it is all gone. Another thing is, you don't work together well. Each goes his own way independently. Single sticks are easily broken, but a bundle of sticks is not easily broken; even so, if people want to get along well and become great and powerful, they must work together.

Now for the good points:

An Indian thinks before he speaks—which we cannot say that white people always do. An Indian boy does not offer idle guesses for his answers in school as do too many white boys. He is generally an attentive listener and a careful student, trying to learn well what he does learn, and his memory is very good. Indian boys, as is well known, excel their white friends in writing, and many of them draw very nicely. I think also an Indian boy takes more real pleasure in studying the Scriptures than does a white boy, and he is very clever in remembering the place where a text is to be found. Then again, at any kind of work requiring skill and patience, an Indian boy is equal to, if not better, than a white boy. There are a great many clumsy fingers among white people, but not many among Indians.

2. Bad and good points in an Indian Boy's disposition.

I must tell you plainly that among most of the Indian boys I have had to do with, there has been a want

of high principle. I am glad to say I have certainly met with some very favorable exceptions. I have met with some thoroughly high principled Indian boys. But I must say that among the generality of Indian boys there certainly exists a lack of high principle. A high principled boy will always be quite honest, and will always pay his debts, and will act in an open, honest, truthful manner, will never do anything that is low or mean, or that will hurt or injure another. There are of course, numbers of low, cunning, unprincipled boys among white people, but then they are looked down upon and despised, they are not considered gentlemen however well they may have been brought up. We want to see more of the gentlemanly, high-principled spirit among Indian boys and less of the low cunning element, which should be despised by all. Indian boys again are, I think, inclined to be cruel and to inflict needless pain on dumb animals.

Indian boys also are inclined to be wasteful and destructive. They forget that a “stitch in time saves nine,” that a little care and trouble will often make old and broken and torn things almost as good as new again. And they want to learn the lesson—“a place for everything and everything in its place.” They will find that among the white people it is the careful and saving ones that get on the best, and that careless and wasteful people soon come to grief.

And now for the good points in an Indian boy's disposition.

Indian boys, as a rule, are very self-possessed—stolid, able to bear pain without crying out.

Indian boys are generally of a generous disposition. If they have some good thing given to them they will divide it among their friends. Some of the gifts of Indians at Missionary meetings, would put many white people to shame. Indian boys do not, I think, quarrel as much as white boys; and I don't think the spirit of jealousy is as strong in them as it is in white boys.

3. The bad and good points in an Indian Boy's social qualities.

Until an Indian boy is forced by the strict rules of a school to keep himself clean, to comb his hair, and to take off his clothes when he goes to bed, I don't think he will take very much trouble about it. His natural inclination is to be dirty, and it is these dirty habits that make him unfit for society. White people do not like bad smelling clothes and crawlers; and dirty hands and faces, and until the Indian becomes thoroughly clean in his person and careful about his toilet he cannot expect to take his place in white society. Another drawback in an Indian boy's social qualities is his want of manners, he will come into a room without knocking at the door, he will ask for

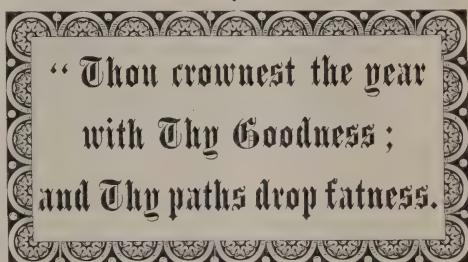
something without saying ‘please,’ and take it without saying ‘thank you,’ and he finds it very hard to prefix ‘Mr.’ and ‘Mrs.’ to people’s names, and to say ‘Sir,’ or ‘Ma’am,’ when speaking to them. Of course we must remember that there are no equivalent for these modern expressions in any of the Indian languages any more than there were in the old Hebrew of the Israelites, and it sounds as strange to the Indian ear to speak of Mr. Brown and Mrs. Smith, as it would have done to an Israelite to speak of Mr. Moses and Mrs. Jochabed. Still, if Indian boys want to move in polite modern society, they must learn the use of polite words and expressions.

Another thing I must mention, is the very different way in which the Indian boys behave to Indian girls, to that which we white people consider to be right and proper. When Indian boys and girls meet, instead of joining in a game and the boys shewing politeness and gallantry toward the girls, they shun one another and smirk slyly at one another, and nothing can persuade them to walk together, or talk together, or join in each others amusements, and yet they try to get secretly together and to write secret letters. All this is bad, and is a thing that requires to be remedied. Indian boys and girls should meet one another as boys and girls, and talk and laugh and play together when allowed to do so; and Indian boys should behave in a polite and gallant manner towards the girls, always giving them the best place, and the best of everything, never sit down and leave the girl standing, never push in front of them, always be ready to help them when they are in difficulty ; this is the way for the boys to treat the girls.

And now, after this scolding, I must say just a few words in favor of an Indian boy’s social qualities. An Indian boy, although failing with his “Mr.” and “Mrs.” and “please” and “thank you,” is still of a very polite disposition in his own way. There is nothing rough and vulgar about an Indian boy. He has a pleasing voice and speaks gently and softly. Many an illgained, harsh spoken white person may learn a lesson from him. When there is a feast going on he does not push in rudely and try to get the best place, but patiently awaits his turn, and if the tables are cleared and nothing is left for him he will make no complaint. I have almost always found an Indian boy ready to help when I have wanted anything done. He may have only just begun his dinner, but he readily comes away and leaves it if I require his services. By day or by night he is ready and willing and comes with a pleasant face to do what is required of him. Even without “Mr.” and “Mrs.” and the “please” and “thank you,” there is a true politeness about this.

And I would just like to say in conclusion, that with all that has been said against Indian habits and the Indian character—that for myself—the more I have had to do with the training of Indian youth, the more I have been led to respect and honor and love these boys who have been placed under my care. In my experience it has been the greatest exception to meet with one who was rough and rude and unpleasant in his manner ; by far the greater number of my boys have proved themselves to be of a kind, gentle, truthful, affectionate disposition. Many of them have shewn a remarkable amount of steady perseverance in their lessons, and have tried their best to overcome any bad habits to which they were prone.

I hope, boys, that you will think over what I have said to you. Try and make the most of those good points in your natural character with which God has endowed you, and to overcome those bad points which you have inherited from your parents and which hinder you in your progress towards civilization and a high social standing.



CAPTAIN PRATT, of the Carlisle School, speaking in Pennsylvania the other day, said: “The problem we are to solve is as to whether the Indian shall continue his old self, or whether he shall become a part of us. Whether there shall continue hereafter, upon our statistics of population, certain people classed as belonging to tribes, who are not in any way unified with the great masses of the country, either in language, society, commerce or politics, or whether the Indian shall lose his tribal organization, and each Indian become an individual of the republic. I believe in the total annihilation of the Indians, as Indians and tribes. I believe in their entire unification with, and incorporation into the other masses of our country; and in accomplishing this in the quickest way possible.”

In the United States last year \$1,095,379 was expended by the Government on the education of Indian children. Of this amount, \$719,833 was used by the Government boarding schools, and \$308,299 was paid over to the contract boarding schools, most of which are under control of religious denominations.



CREE INDIANS MOVING CAMP.

List of Indian Tribes.

THE following is a list of the principal Indian tribes still existing in Canada and the United States, and shews whereabout they are located.

(1) *Large tribes numbering from 10,000 to 30,000:*

SIOUX OR DAKOTAS—in Dakota, Nebraska and Montana, and about 2000 in Assiniboina.

OJIBWAYS OR CHIPPEWAS—in Ontario, Manitoba, Michigan and Minnesota.

CHEROKEES—in Indian Territory (civilized), and a remnant in North Carolina.

CREES—North of the C. P. R. line, extending from Labrador to the Rockies.

NAVAJOS—in New Mexico.

CHOCTAWS—in Indian Territory (civilized).

CREEKS—in Indian Territory (civilized).

ESKIMOS—Extending from Greenland to the Pacific, N. of 55° N. lat.

(2) *Large tribes numbering from 5,000 to 10,000:*

UTES—in Nevada, Utah and Colorado.

PUEBLOES—in New Mexico.

BLACKFEET—in Alberta and Montana.

APACHES—in Arizona and New Mexico.

HAIDAS—in Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.

CHIPEWYANS—in Athabasca and East to Hudson Bay.

CHICKASAWS—in Indian Territory (civilized).

TSHIMSIANS—in North part of British Columbia.

PAPAGOES—in Arizona.

KAWITSHIN—in British Columbia (South).

(3) *Medium tribes, numbering from 1000 to 5000:*

PRIMAS—in Arizona.

MICMACS—in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec.

ALGONQUINS—in Quebec.

KWAKIOOLS—in British Columbia and Vancouver's Island.

SEMINOLES—in Indian Territory (civilized), and a remnant in Florida.

SAULTEAUX—in Manitoba and Assiniboina.

SENECAS—in Ontario, New York State and Indian Territory.

YAKAMAS—in Washington Territory.

CHEYENNES—in Indian Territory, Montana and Dakota.

CROWS—in Montana.

NASKAPEES—in Quebec.

IROQUOIS—in Quebec, New York State and Ontario.

ONEIDAS—in Ontario, Wisconsin, and New York State.

BILHOOLAS—about King's Island, British Columbia.

AHTS—West Coast of Vancouver's Island.

SHOSHONEES OR SNAKES—in Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada.

ARAPAHOES—In Indian Territory and Wyoming.

WINNEBAGOES—in Nebraska and Wisconsin.

ASSINABOINES—in Assiniboina and Alberta.

BEAVERS—in Athabasca and Peace River.

MOHAWKS—in Ontario.

MOQUIS—in New Mexico. (Build only on high Rocks).

NEZ PERCES—in Idaho.

THLINKITS—in Alaska.

SELISH—about the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, British Columbia.

TINNES—Height of land, British Columbia.

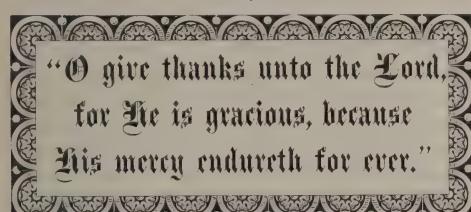
NISKWALLIS—South part of British Columbia.

PEND D'OREILLES—in Montana and Idaho.

COMANCHES—in Indian Territory.
 OSAGES—in Indian Territory.
 STONIES—in Alberta.
 MOHAVES—in Arizona.
 MONTAGNAIS—in Quebec.
 KLAMATHS—in California and Oregon.
 POTTAWATAMIS—in Ontario, Michigan, Kansas, and Indian Territory.
 MINOMINEES—in Wisconsin.
 ZUNIANS—in New Mexico.
 SHAWNEES—in Indian Territory.
 GROS VENTRES or MINATAREES—in Montana and Dakota.
 OMAHAS—in Nebraska.
 KIOWAS—in Indian Territory.
 PAWNEES—in Indian Territory.
 DELAWARES—living with the Cherokees in Indian Territory; a few in Ontario.

OTTAWAS—in Ontario, Michigan and Indian Territory.
 Among tribes of former note, but reduced now to from 500 to 1000, are the ONONDAGAS, TUSCARORAS, PONCAS, CAYUGAS, MIAMIS, ARICKAREES, and MODOCES.

Those reduced to from 100 to 400, are the WYANDOTTES, MUNSEES, MANDANS, WALLA-WALLAS, KANSAS or KAWS, ALABAMAS, and IOWAS.



The Cherokees.

THE Cherokees are generally spoken of as one of the "five civilized tribes," the other four sharing in that appellation being the Choctaws, the Creeks, the Chickasaws, and the Seminoles. They all live in the Indian Territory. Many of them are very wealthy, and some of them farm as much as a thousand acres of land, employing other Indians and negroes as their laborers. They have schools and institutions for their children, supported by themselves, and they publish three newspapers. They have their own constitution, their own laws, civil officers and police. They build good houses with gardens and orchards, and own 22 mills. Their head chief at present is the Hon. D. W. Bushyhead. The Cherokees are of the Iroquoian stock, and so related to our Six Nation Indians on the Grand River.

The Greeks.

THE Greeks are another of the "five civilized tribes." They live a little South of the Cherokees in the Indian Territory, and occupy three million acres of land. They have 5 Institutions for their children, accommodating 500 pupils, and day schools for 700 pupils. They publish a weekly paper called *The Brother in Red*, and a monthly called *The Indian Record*. One wealthy Creek raised on his farm last year 25,000 bushels of corn, and sold 200 head of cattle and 300 hogs. He lives in a costly residence and has large, commodious barns and stables. His laborers live in cabins on the estate and receive \$16 a month wages. These people entirely support their own schools.

The Apaches.

THE Apaches are a wild set of Indians, and give continual trouble to the United States Government. They inhabit a mountainous country in the State of New Mexico and Arizona. They have no missionaries working among them, and care nothing about the education of their children. A number, however, who were seized as prisoners of war by the United States troops, have been sent to the great Indian School at Carlisle in Pennsylvania, and are making very good progress both in civilization and in education. The Apaches are inveterately fond of gambling, and they make their own native whisky, called "tiswin;" the grain is buried in the ground till it sprouts, then dried and ground by the squaws, boiled and fermented. The men lie and fast 2 or 3 days while it is making. Two or three cupfuls produce frantic intoxication.

The Pimas.

THE Pima Indians live in Arizona. They are an eminently agricultural people, having tilled the soil for centuries. Most of them still wear their hair long, but some have been induced to cut it short and to exchange the wicker work dwelling for an adobe house, by the promise of a waggon and harness. A court of Indian offenses has been established among them, and its decisions are respected. The children who attend the schools are bright, intelligent, tractable, and very obedient to rules. They are hospitable to travellers and will offer them water melons and "pinole." The latter is the heart of Indian corn, baked, ground up, and mixed with sugar, and is very palatable.

THE whole number of Indian children of schoolable age in the United States is 39,821. Of this number 14,932, or about 37½ per cent., attend school.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 5.**THE MICMAC INDIANS.**

BY REV. S. T. RAND, D.D., L.L.D., OF HANTSPORT, N.S.

THE Micmac Indians are natives principally of Nova Scotia, but are found also in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, the Eastern part of the Province of Quebec, and a few in Newfoundland; they number about 3,900 in all. None of the Indians know the origin of their name; they pronounce it Miggumack. Their former enemies, the Mohawks, they say, used to call them "Widjibokwidjik," but for what reason they do not know. The Micmacs belong to the Algonkin stock, and their language is cognate with that of all the families of that stock. The Maliseets of New Brunswick speak a dialect nearest of any to the Micmac, many of their words differing merely in the place and nature of the accents. More distant related to them are the Ojibways, Crees, Pottowatamies and other kindred tribes.

As a whole the Micmac Indians are poor, but there are exceptions. Those who are sober, industrious, honest—and such are to be found—do not suffer from poverty. They do not naturally take to farming, but are mechanics instinctively. They are also good hunters. During the season for hunting moose and catching salmon, the experts are sure to find plenty of employment and good wages in guiding gentlemen in their piscatory expeditions. They are expert at basket making. The men are all coopers, and the women make exquisitely beautiful ornamental work with porcupine quills, beads, and fine splits woven and colored in the most artistic manner. In some places the men get constant employment in the saw mills, receive good wages, and give good satisfaction.

The people dress almost entirely in European clothing, and their wigwams of the old days have given place to small log or frame houses; their food also differs little now from that of their white neighbors. When they are sick they apply usually to white doctors for relief; but now and then an individual devotes himself to the healing art and styles himself "Malbalewit," or physician. A knowledge of the medicinal properties of plants, roots, and barks is general among them, with a small remnant of the magical power of *numbers* and manipulations. *Number seven* is said to be very potent in medicine—seven different preparations mingled together, each of a different kind, greatly strengthen each others' power; and if seven of these compounded sevens are mingled, a potion of the very highest efficacy is produced; one thing, however, has invariably to be added, or the charm will be dissolved and the medicine loose its power—and that is the doctor's fee.

The first white people who settled in the country of the Micmacs were from France, and their religion Roman Catholic; it is not therefore to be wondered at that most of the Micmac Indians belong to the Roman Catholic faith, and we must give all credit to the self-denying labors of the first Jesuit missionaries who shewed great zeal and patience and perseverance in their efforts to convert these people to the religion which they taught.

Up to the year 1846, when I began my labors as a Protestant missionary, no attempt had been made and persevered in by any Protestant body to teach these people the gospel of Christ; the priests had designedly withheld from them the knowledge of books and did all they could to prevent their holding intercourse with their white neighbors for the avowed purpose of preventing them from being drawn away from the Church. No printed books had at that time been published in the language, and the Indians knew little or nothing of the English tongue. But as soon as a printed Indian book had been prepared and placed in their hands, they began at once to learn to read. A spelling book in Micmac was published in a phonetic alphabet, so that as soon as they had mastered the sounds of the letters, the main difficulty in learning to read was overcome. The whole New Testament soon followed, and several of the books of the Old Testament, viz: Genesis, Exodus, and the Psalms; several tracts also were published, and a reading book on a larger scale in both languages; the result has been that scores of them have learned to read, a general desire for learning has been awakened, and many attend the free schools now everywhere established. When we began our labors forty years ago, these Indians had not the slightest idea that the Protestants knew anything of the Christian religion; they did not know there was such a book as the bible; and had they known there was such a book, there was no possible means of their knowing what was in it, for they could not read it. When I first went to visit among them I was often met with angry frowns and fierce denunciations, the brandishing of clubs and hoes and axes; the children at their play shouted the alarm when they saw me coming, "Mand'u wite-kui-it," "The devil is coming," while their mother stood in the doorway with an axe holding back the growling dogs and threatening to let them loose upon me if I dare to come nearer. Now, however, all this is changed; the Indians smile when they meet me, pay deep attention to what I have to say, and thank me for my visits; now they have the word of God in their own tongue, and have been taught to read it for themselves, and we have every reason to believe that not a few have received the truth of the gospel in the love of it, having proved by their consistent lives and their peaceful, triumphant



REV. T. W. TIM'S HOUSE AND SCHOOL, BLACKFEET CROSSING.

deaths, that they were true believers in the best and fullest sense of that word.

THE GRAMMAR.

The Micmac language, like that of other Indian tribes, is both *agglutinative* and *polysynthetic*. The former term denotes that there are syllables that have no meaning by themselves but which are significant when united, thus: *alamuch* is a dog; *alamuch-we*, of or belonging to a dog; *alamuch-wigi*, to have the form of a dog; *alamuch-uékadi*, a place abounding in dogs, and so on. The latter term denotes that the language abounds in compounds, in which each term is significant, whether combined or not with other words; an instance of this polysynthetic character of the language may be seen in the compound word *u-kasi-mowi-bidjili-nigan-ikchidjigit-ewinu-adakadimk-eweamu-ogal*, which means "Their very superlatively excellent prophesying." The root of this word is *kidj*, denoting *knowledge*; this is buried in the centre part of the compound 'ikchidjigit,' and the other parts are then built on both 'fore and aft.' As in Ojibway, a distinction is made between animate and inanimate objects, and this distinction affects the verb, the noun and the adjective. There are also two first persons plural, one excluding and the other including the party addressed. Many of the adjectives are verbs, combining the pronoun, the substantive verb and the adjective, and going through all the changes of mood, tense, person and number. The verb 'to be' does not exist, but the idea is expressed by a verbal termination added

to the noun, thus: *chinam*, a man; *chinam-ui*, to be a man; *chinam-ua* is an adjective, meaning of or belonging to a man, and this again can be made verbal by altering the final syllable, thus: *chinam-u-e-i*, to be of or belonging to a man (to be manly). The pronoun, in the objective or accusative case is conjoined to the verb, as *nimik*, I see him. There is also a form of the verb which does not include the pronoun in the accusative, and this is usually a longer word than when the accusative is incorporated, thus *nimidige*, I see. The negative is formed by prefixing a negative particle and by changing the termination of the verb, thus: *Chinamui*, I am a man; *mu* (or *mogwe*) *chinamu-ù*, I am not a man; *sabugwo-nik*, there is water; *mu sabugwoninuk*, there is no water. There is a dubitative form of the verb, confined to the past, and is used for mere hearsay. The interrogative particle *ta* corresponds to the Latin *ne*, and is used occasionally to indicate a question, but in conversation the question is often indicated by the tone of the voice. The letters F, V, R, are wanting language.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* as in father, *e* as in they, *i* as in pique, *pit*, *o* as in note, *u* as in rule, *j* as in *jamais*, *ch* as in church, *dj* as in judge.

one, ne-ukt.	two, tabu.	three, si-ist.
four, ne-u.	five, nan.	six, asukam.
seven, iluiganak.	eight, ugmulchin.	nine, piskunadak.
		ten, mtlun.

eleven, 'mtuln chil ne-ukt twelve, 'mtuln chil tabu.
 thirteen, 'mtuln chil si-ist.
 nineteen, 'mtuln chil piskunadak. twenty, tabu-inskaak.
 twenty-one, tabu-inskaak chil ne-ukt. thirty, nesinskaak.
 forty, neunskaak. hundred, kaskimtalnakan.
 two hundred, tabu-kaskimtalnakan.
 one thousand, bitu-imtalnakan.
 man, chinam, pl. chinamuk. woman, ebit, pl. ebidjig.
 boy, albadu, pl. duk. house, windjegwam, pl. mal.
 boat, wilibot, pl. tal. water, sabukwon.
 fire, bukte-u. river, sibu.
 tree, kamuch. horse, tesibo (des chevaux).
 dog, alamuch, pl. uk. Indian dog, alnue-e-sam.
 ox, wendju-te-am. (lit. a French Moose.)
 fish, name-ech. town, udan.
 knife, wokan. blanket, aso-on.
 kettle, wow. book, wigedigan.
 money, sule-e-wé. yes, ee. no, mogwe-ech, mogwé.
 God, Nikskam.
 white man, aglasi-e-u.
 tobacco, tamawé'.
 my hand, npitan.
 your leg, aktalugun.
 come here, chuguya!
 give it to me, iganamuji.
 is it good? kalulk ta?
 is it big? miskilk ta?
 my father, nuch.
 my son, nkwi.
 day, na-agwek.
 to-day, kiskuk.
 I am hungry, kewisin.
 I see you, nimul.
 He sees you, nimesk.
 Does he love me? kiselit ta? I go, eli-é.
 you go, eli-en. he goes, eli-et.
 we go, (he and I) eladi-ek. we go, (you and I) eladi-ekw.
 they go, (dual) eladidjik, (pl.) elidaadjik.

Extracts from Boys' Examination Papers.

GRAMMAR—IV CLASS.

Ques.: Make this into one sentence:—"John found his knife; John was a boy aged 12; the knife had two blades; John found it in the grass." Answers: *Johnny*—"John, a boy aged 12, found his two blades knife in the grass." *David*—"A boy, John, aged 12, has found his knife with two blades on it in the grass." *Joseph*—"In the grass, a boy John aged 12, found his knife, had two blades." *Sahguy*—In the grass, John, a boy aged 12, found his knife having two blades.

GRAMMAR—III CLASS.

Ques: Give the three degrees of comparison of farless, audacious, worst. Answers: *Smart*—far, farther, farthest; less, lesser, least; audacious, more audacious, most audacious; worst, more worst, most worst. *Amos*—far, farther, farthest; less, lesser, least; audacious, more audacious, most audacious. *Wasi*—far, farther, farthest; less, lesser, lesserest; audacious, audaciouser, audaciousest; bad, worse, worst. *Sampson*—far, farther, farthest; little, less, least: evil, worse, worst.

BIBLE CLASS.

Ques. 3: "What did Jesus mean by not putting new wine into old bottles?" Answers: *Matthew*—"He meant that we shall leave all the old habits of Jews' religion before Jesus came." *Wasi*—"Jesus he meant at that time they used to put in some animal skin for that was no good to be putting in the old bottle." *Smart*—"Old bottles in old religion of the Jews and is pass, new wine is the new religion of Christ." *Sahguy*—"Jesus meant that the old laws of the Jews in the time of travelling through the wilderness were all to be done away, and that there were some new laws made by Jesus; and he say that not to put the old laws with the new laws." *David*—"The Jewish customs are the old bottles and the new bottles is the religion of Christ. Don't mix the old customs and the new customs or else it cannot stand."

Ques. 5: "How did the Centurion shew his faith, and how did he shew his humility?" *Joseph*—"His faith by sending for Jesus to come and heal his servant, and his humility was that he did not want Jesus to come to his house and sending some men to stop him from coming, that he was not worthy." *Matthew*—"The Centurion he send one of the elder of the Jews, he was too sinner to go himself, shews that he was humble. He want Jesus to speak only so his servant might get well, shew his faith.

Ques. 11: "Who was Tabitha and who was Cornelius?" *Sahguy*—"Tabitha was a good woman, she give money to the disciples for the poor, and when she

"*He hath made everything
beautiful in His time.*"

THE Government has just made a grant of \$8,000 to the Elkhorn Institute, and will partly support eighty pupils.

was dead all the Christians were very sorry, they were weeping, and they told Peter to come. And Peter come and he prayed and she became alive. Her other name was Dorcas. Cornelius was a Centurian, a devout man. He sent for Peter that he might hear about Jesus and be baptized." *Leslie*—"He is good woman, and try his good work and give the money away, and Cornelius is good man." *Wasi*—"Tabitha, she was a good woman, try to give something to the poor all time, and once she was dead, but one of the disciples raised up from the dead." *Joseph*—"Tabitha was a Jewish woman and she died one day, and St. Peter raise her up to life again. Cornelius was a Gentile, a Christian, and he called Peter once to come to him because angel told him.

COMPOSITION —

III CLASS.

Write an account of David Etukitsin, the Blackfoot boy, who died lately.

Joe—Etukitsin

he look like a wild Indian; he had a long dress like an Indian girl. First, when he came he was not knowing anything to read. Before he got sick he was getting to read a little bit. I used to work with him in the bootmaking, he could sew just as well as the other bootmaker, he was one of the best of my friends, I was sorry for him being died. Mr. Wilson he baptize him. Those who belong to the confirmation boys was there when he baptize. He was died in same night at 3 o'clock.

Sylvester—"When D. Etukitsin first came he was dress like the Indians, and Mr. Wilson bring him, they came on Sunday after Sunday School and we play with them quietly and swing, and they were very nice boys and very quiet and try to do they best at school and work on they trades; the eldest one is carpenter and the small one he was a bootmaker, and he was very good, he use to mend the shoes very nicely. And this Spring they were baptize, and the biggest one called James Edward, and other was called David; and just that night David died, and James was very sorry only himself now, but Mr. Wilson his going to take him home."

Willie—"When David Etukitsin, who used to be our brother, first arrived he looked like a girl with long hair. And he was taught bootmaking and he got along pretty fair with his bootmaking, and also with his lessons; and at last he was taken ill, the sickness that he had was spitting blood, and just before he died he was baptized by the Rev. E. F. Wilson in the hospital that belongs to the Indian Homes, and on the following Monday at 3 o'clock in the morning he died."

Amos—"Etukitsin was getting on well and was very kind boy, and he use to play with us and in the Summer

time he use to swim with us too. When he got sick first he stay on his bed, and before he died he true up blood, and he died on Sunday evening, and James was sorrow for David Etukitsin. And I was up stairs when I had the mumps and Solomon told us David Etukitsin was died, and I asked the boys



THE CHAPEL AT OUR INDIAN HOMES.

and they say yes; and after a while I saw some boys carried the carfin, and they take him to the grave yard the 25th April."

Riley—"Our brother David Etukitsin, who just died about a week ago, when he first arrive from the Rocky Mountains he was nearly wild Indian and don't know anything about our religion. After a while he seemed to join it Christian religion. He didn't know any letters even A, B and C. About three or four month after he can read the book very little, but I think he get pretty well at his bootmaking. He was in bed about 2 month on account of his sickness. Just before he died he wish to be baptize in Christian religion. I think that was good for him to do. His death was upon 22nd of April, and his funeral was on Wednesday 25th of April."

THE Native Protestant Christian population of India now exceeds half a million. More than one hundred thousand are connected with the Church Missionary Society.

Massacre of Indians by the Whites.

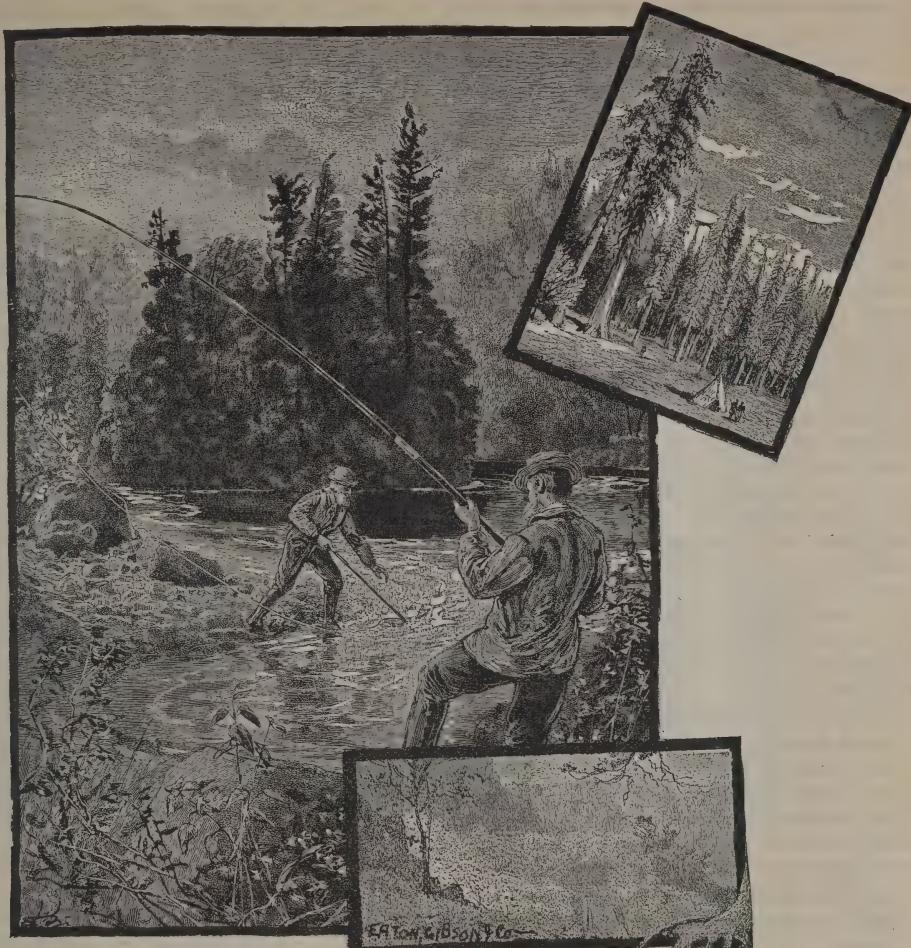
IN the month of April, 1782, there occurred a most brutal massacre of Indians in the State of Ohio. A few years before that date there were settled in little villages on the banks of the Muskingum river a number of Christian Indians under the teaching of the Moravian church. The peace of this little colony was broken by the war of independence in 1776; a number of hostile Indians, it is said, were employed by the English party to harrass them and drive them away from their homes; in the bitter days of November they found themselves homeless and destitute 100 miles away from their peaceful villages. Their missionaries accompanied them and helped them to build huts of logs and bark in the wilderness whither they had fled for safety. But they had neither beds nor blankets and scarcely any provisions. In great want and destitution they managed to eke out an existence until Christmas time, and as their missionaries have recorded "they celebrated the Christmas holidays with cheerfulness and blessing, giving praise to Him who is ever the Saviour of his people; but having neither bread nor wine they could not keep the communion." At length a party was organized to go back secretly to their old home and, if possible, bring back a supply of corn which still stood ungathered in their fields. On getting near the place they were told that the Americans were now friendly to them, so they returned openly to their villages and spent several weeks gathering and husking the weather-beaten corn and burying it in holes in the ground for a future supply. They had just got their packs filled and were ready to return to their friends in the wilderness, when a party of two hundred Americans suddenly made their appearance, they were riding on horseback, and they rode into the corn fields where the Indians were at work and began to converse with them; they pretended to be friendly, told them that the English were their enemies but that they would be their friends, and they offered to conduct them all into Pennsylvania, where they said they would be safe and could settle down in peace and build fresh villages. The Christian Indians, not in the least doubting their sincerity, thanked them for their kindness and agreed to do as they advised, they concluded that God might have chosen this method to put an end to their sufferings, and they cheerfully gave up their guns, hatchets and other weapons to the Americans, and so much confidence did they feel that they showed them all the corn which they had secreted in the woods and bade the Americans help themselves.

No sooner had the Americans got these poor defenceless people into their power than they suddenly attacked them, drove them together, bound them with

ropes, and confined them as prisoners in two houses, the men in one, the women and little children in another. They then took counsel as to how they would dispose of them. Some were for burning them alive, others for tomahawking and scalping them. The latter method was determined on, and a message was sent to the houses that "as they were Christian Indians, they might prepare themselves in a Christian manner, for they must all die to-morrow." The poor creatures on receiving this cruel message knelt down together and offered fervent prayers to God their Saviour and kissed one another. In floods of tears they resigned themselves to the Almighty's will, and sang praises to Him in joyful hope that they would soon be relieved from all pains and join their Redeemer in everlasting bliss. The murderers, impatient to make a beginning, came upon them while they were singing, asked them if they were now ready to die, and receiving an affirmative reply, one of them took up a cooper's mallet, saying "This will just answer my purpose," and striking an old man named Abraham, felled him to the ground; he kept on knocking down one after another until he counted fourteen that he had killed with his own hands. Then he handed the mallet to another man, saying "My arm fails me. Go on in the same way. I think I have done pretty well." In the other house, where the women and little children were confined, a pious, aged widow named Judith was the first victim. The murderers after finishing their work, retired for a short time. When they came back to view the dead, an Indian named Abel, although scalped and mangled, tried to raise himself from the floor; on seeing this they struck him on the head again and killed him. Ninety-six persons thus magnified the name of the Lord by submitting patiently to a cruel death. Sixty-two were grown up persons and thirty-four children. Two only escaped; they were boys about 14 years of age. One of them was scalped but not killed, and managed to get away after the murderers left the bloody scene, the other got down a trap door and hid himself in the cellar. After incredible hardships these two boys managed to get back to the rest of their people, who were encamped in the wilderness, and told the terrible tale.

No wonder, after such deeds of darkness as above recounted, there should be a feeling of hatred towards the white men in some Indians breasts.

"Happy is that people whose God
is the Lord."



SUMMER SCENES.

Kind Letters.

From Picton, Ont.:—“Please find enclosed a P.O. order for \$5, a very small help to some of your many brave efforts to help and educate the poor “children of the forest.”

From Virginia:—“Your Christmas number has been read here with much pleasure. We all remember your visit very pleasantly and are greatly interested in your work.”

From a Member of the British Association:—“Your Christmas number is very attractive and interesting. Kindly send me six numbers, for which I enclose \$1. Your circular to missionaries and others seems to me

a very good idea, and likely to lead to valuable results. When I have more leisure I shall try to prepare something for your paper, which I am sure will do a good work in many ways.”

From a Sunday School Superintendent:—“Has Willie yet received the snow shoes which we sent him at Christmas time? Our school takes great interest in him and gives quite freely towards his support; we hope bye and bye to send him to a more advanced school or college.”

From a lady in Scotland:—“It has occurred to me that if some account of the Indian children, both in the savage state and as they are when trained and

Christianised could be drawn up and issued in *booklet* form to enclose in an envelope, it might be of use."

From a Clerical friend:—"Please find enclosed \$10. I am glad to see that the Homes are prospering, and trust that they may continue to be blessed in training up our forest children to become faithful Christian men and women."

From Superintendent of Indian School, Nebraska:—"Kindly send to my address your little paper entitled OUR FOREST CHILDREN, for which I enclose subscription."

From Bermuda, West Indies:—"Will you please send me specimen number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN. I have four Sunday schools and have some intention of distributing a monthly paper to each pupil."

From the Editor of "Science," New York:—"I am in receipt of your letter, and send you by mail some of my Ethnological publications. It is my aim to awaken a more general interest in Ethnological researches, and in the fate of the Indians. It is only possible to do this by the support of all those interested in the same matter, and I hope you will kindly help me in attaining the end."

From the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington:—"Your letter of the 21st inst. and the back numbers of OUR FOREST CHILDREN have come to hand, and I thank you for your kindness and generosity. Our two files of the little periodical are now complete. I shall take pleasure in bearing you in mind whenever we issue any of our works."

From the Library of Parliament, Ottawa:—"Having perused some numbers of your FOREST CHILDREN, I think they would not be out of place on the shelves of my Canadian section; kindly send me the first year and continue them in the future, with your account."

From the Geological Survey Department, Ottawa:—"Many thanks for the Indian dictionary for which I enclose you \$1.75; also for the copies of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, which contain a large amount of interesting information about our Indians, put in such a way as to be interesting both to young and old. On several occasions I have heard your Homes spoken well of, and believe that you are adopting the true method to introduce a better mode of living among the Indians."

From a Baptist Missionary:—"You are heartily welcome to anything I can do to assist you in your great and glorious work. My earnest prayers have been and are in behalf of these illused people, and when I hear of what is being done now I receive it as in answer to believing prayer."

From a Presbyterian Missionary:—"Thank you very much for your Christmas number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN. I was very much interested in reading it.

As I am a pure Cree Indian, I think I can give you as true an account of them as anybody for your paper, if you would wish me to do so."

From a Member of the Indian Department, Regina, N.W.T.:—"The Governor is taking the large photograph of yourself and Indian children which you sent us to the Blackfeet camp to shew to Crowfoot and the Indians. We hope to take a few copies of your paper for distribution."

From a lady in Nova Scotia:—"I have much pleasure in sending you six new names with 60 cents, postage stamps, as subscribers to OUR FOREST CHILDREN. The February number which I received last week is particularly interesting."

From another lady in Nova Scotia:—"A friend of mine kindly sent me to look at the photo of yourself surrounded by your "interesting family." It has afforded me great pleasure, and I think from the good appearance they present, it reflects great credit on your earnest endeavors to Christianize them. May you prosper in your self-sacrificing and noble work. I have taken a fancy to the little girl at your right hand, her hair fastened with a ribbon. I enclose a dollar bill and a ribbon for her. Please tell her it is from a sick lady."

From Capt. Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian School:—"Don't do less than you started to do. Go farther and do more. Start the secular press at work in your favor, and the church and clergy will fall into line very soon. You and I see that the field is ripe, and if we can't make others see it and help, then the Lord has made a mistake in selecting us. The Devil, through Buffalo Bill, has taken in over a million dollars in London in the past year. The Lord ought to have several hundred thousand from the same quarter somehow. You will succeed."

NOTE.—This last letter has reference to Mr. Wilson's intended trip to England this past spring with a party of Indian boys. The trip had to be given up because provision could not be made for housing the party during their stay of a few weeks in London. Word also was sent that a party of Indian boys in *ordinary dress* would create no interest. All the above letters were received within the last few months.

"While the Earth remaineth,
Seedtime and Harvest shall
not cease."

Indian Character.

THE North American Indian is the noblest type of a heathen man on the earth. He recognizes a Great Spirit; he believes in immortality; he has a quick intellect; he is a clear thinker; he is brave and fearless, and, until betrayed, he is true to his plighted faith; he has a passionate love for his children, and counts it joy to die for his people.—*Bishop Whipple.*

The Indian's Right.

ENGLAND, France, Spain, Portugal—all quarrelling fiercely and fighting with each other for the biggest share of the newly discovered Continent of America—each claiming “sovereignty of the soil” by right of priority of discovery—all recognized the Indians’ “right of occupancy” as a right; a right alienable in but two ways, either by purchase or by conquest. All their discussions as to boundaries from 1603 down to 1776, recognized this right and this principle.

H.H.

On the 3rd of July, 1793, the United States Commissioners said to the assembled chiefs of the Northwestern tribes in a Council held on the Detroit River: “By the express authority of the President of the United States, we acknowledge the property, or right of soil to the great country above described, to be in the Indian nations as long as they desire to occupy it.”

The entire country from Pennsylvania to the Mississippi was thus admitted to be theirs. Unconscious of the ruinous consequences which were to follow, these Indians ceded to the American Government at that time large and valuable portions of country at mere normal prices. Even since the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, the Indian has been driven back and driven back, and subjected to endless privations, injustice and cruelty at the hands of those white people whom he at first welcomed so generously.

A Noble Young Woman.

“THERE is no missionary in any foreign field,” says the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant*, “that is engaged in a nobler work with purer motives or under greater discouragements than Miss Elaine Goodale, the young woman whose name is to many a household word, and who has left General Armstrong’s school, where she has been teaching negroes and Indians for the past three years, to become a teacher at a day school among the Sioux, at the Lower Brule agency, Dakota. Miss Goodale is scarcely out of her teens, beautiful, finely educated, refined, intellectual, full of life and a warm lover of nature. Standing on life’s threshold, with a keen appreciation of the pleasures that art, literature, travel, and society have to offer, she has deliberately chosen to devote her life to aid the solution of the Indian problem. To many she will doubtless seem a sentimental, and quite likely her friends will be censured for allowing her to sacrifice herself in such a way.



WAWANOSH HOME.

But she is something more than a sentimental. She has been studying the Indian question with the true philanthropic spirit. She believes that education (which means civilization and Christianization as well) is the true and only solution. She also believes that the best educational centre, the place where the greatest results can be secured, is the day school on the reservation. She visited the day schools, and saw how little good they accomplish, what difficulties they have to encounter. She was not discouraged. She saw that in many cases the school was a mere adjunct of the agency, used to increase the agent’s income by furnishing salaries to members of his families. She saw that in too many cases the teacher was not imbued with the missionary spirit, cared little or nothing about the moral, intellectual or spiritual welfare of the Indian, and was interested only in making the most possible out of a government position.

When she heard the objection that day schools were

of very little use, she said, as she said at Mohonk last year, they ought to be made the great civilizing agencies. They should be the true means of getting hold of the parent Indians. They should combine technical instruction with the primary English studies, teaching the girls cooking, washing, ironing and housekeeping generally, and the boys gardening, etc.

It is because of her belief in this theory that she has gone among the Sioux at the Lower Brule agency, to demonstrate to the doubters what a brave Yankee girl can do with an idea. She will have the hopes and prayers of all good people who can appreciate her efforts.

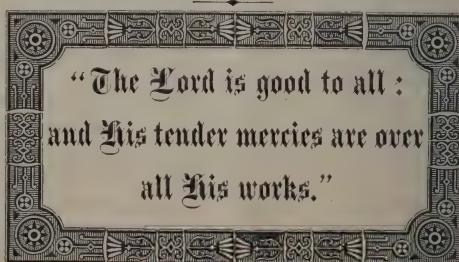
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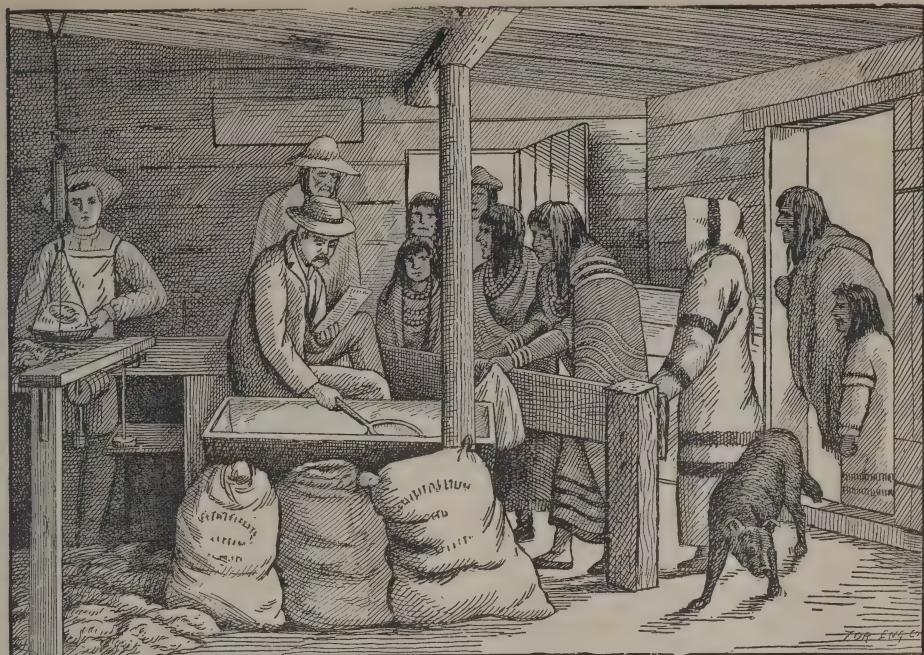
A New Arrival.

(From the Hampton Institute Report.)

THE question often asked by visitors is "How do you *capture* your pupils? To answer this we must go back to the beginning of things and explain that every year, or oftner, some one connected with the school goes West to escort to their homes a party of returning Indians. His first duty is to see that they are provided with employment and in good homes; the next to visit those previously returned, to encourage those who are engaged in good works and help up those who may have fallen. During these few days he is "capturing" his Indians. Of the large number who apply to come East with him he selects those who seem most promising, after a consultation with the agent, physician and missionary. The captor and captives then start toward the rising sun. The arrival at Hampton is an event for all concerned, marked by joy over the meeting of old friends, and disappointment that some longed-for one is not in the band. After the inner man has been sufficiently refreshed, the outer man is consigned to the civilizing influences of soap and hot water and the cruel shears, which represent the first step in the white man's road. Into this and further mysteries, of wardrobe, bed-room, dining-room, office, work and school, he is faithfully initiated by his Indian friends, who are indeed true friends at this time of need. Never in his life has he known anything like discipline, as we understand the word. He has slept when he felt like it, dined when he pleased—though perhaps not *on* what he pleased—and within certain limits followed the dictates of his own sweet will. He knew he was coming to a land of laws, but his imagination could never conceive of such a multiplicity of rules as he now finds thrown about him; bells seem to be ringing all the time, and the best thing he can do is to follow his friendly leader. He is to room with this friend and be under his guidance; with him he goes to meals, to prayers in the chapel, and later to the boys' own evening prayers,

conducted by themselves just before retiring. Prayers are hardly over before a bell rings, and all scatter to their rooms; he is tired, and so throws himself on the bed, but there is no rest there yet: his friend makes him get up, make a change of garments, that seems a great waste of time, and get *into* the bed. There is no doubt in his mind about this last performance. Trying to sleep with the blankets over his feet and lying so loosely along the edge that air can come under, and, worse than all, with his head uncovered, is too much; he will submit to a great deal that he cannot understand, but this is glaringly an imposition. He takes his blanket, wraps it, envelope fashion, about his head and body, and lies down in comfort; and the friend, remembering how he felt himself about such things once upon a time, leaves him in peace. He is hardly fallen asleep, he thinks, when a bell rings, and his friend plunges out of bed in the darkness and tells him that it is half past five and he must get up. Now comes the proof of the utter folly of taking off clothes at night and having all the bother of putting them on again in the morning, as well as having so much clothing on a bed to pull off and put on again. He is hardly ready before the cry of "fall in" resounds through the building, and eighty pairs of heavy shoes go tearing down stairs and out into the chilly air, to bring' their wearers into line before marching over to breakfast hall. If it happens to be one of the "bean mornings" of the week, the Indian dining-room sees few vacant chairs, and the hot corn-bread and beans are duly appreciated. Thus fortified for another day's work, our friend is escorted back to the wigwam and instructed in the art of making beds, sweeping, dusting, blacking shoes, and whatever is necessary to make him pass with credit the inspection of room and person to follow; for this is a military school, and like a good soldier, he must be on time and in order. He is soon assigned to some Company and with it must appear at morning inspection, march to meals, drill once a week, take his part in the weekly Battalion drill, perform in his turn the general guard and police duty of the place, besides subjecting himself to military discipline in general, with its punishments and its rewards.





INDIANS GETTING THEIR RATIONS.

Sitting Bull.

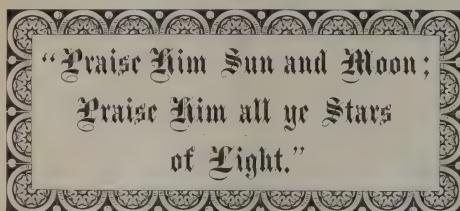
A COMMISSION from the United States Government sat at a Fort Walsh, in the Canadian Northwest, to meet Sitting Bull and his Sioux braves, and induce them if possible to return and live peaceably in United States territory. The character of the Indian is brought out in the proud Chief's reply to General Terry's advances. He said, "For 64 years you have kept me and my people and treated us bad!" What have we done that you should want us to stop? We have done nothing. It is all the people on your side that have started us to do all these depredations. We could not go anywhere else, and so we took refuge in this country. I would like to know why you have come here. I did not give you the country; but you followed me from place to place, so I had to leave and come over to this country. You have got eyes and you see me. Here I am. If you think I am a fool, you are a greater fool than I am. This house is a medicine house. You come here to tell us lies, but we don't want to hear them. I don't wish any such language used to me—that is—to tell me lies in my Great Mother's house. This country is mine, and I intend to stay here and to raise this country full of grown people. See these people here. We were raised with them." (again shaking

hands with the British officers). "That is enough, so no more. * * * The part of the country you gave me you ran me out of. * * * I wish you to go back, and to take it easy going back."

Bishop Hare's Work in Dakota.

THE largest missionary enterprise yet undertaken on the Rosebud Indian Reserve, was the rebuilding in 1885 of St. Mary's Boarding School (burned down at Santee). A beautiful site was chosen on the clear and rapid Antelope creek, twelve miles from the wretched sand hills which surround the agency; 160 acres of good farming land enclosed with the consent of the Government and the Indians, for school purposes only, and on it a truly beautiful, substantial and well planned frame building, with stone basement story, and of sufficient capacity for sixty or more pupils, erected at a cost of nearly \$17,000. What the building of such a structure for that moderate sum, "far out on the prairie," means of varied and patient effort, anxiety, faithful economy and wearisome endeavor to obtain the necessary funds and secure their judicious expenditure, none but Bishop Hare, to whom the credit is wholly due, can fully know. We have heard of no parallel case. It is the wonder of the people, the admiration

of all visitors, and the pride of many, both red and white, besides those who have a direct interest in its purpose. The very presence of such a structure before the face of the red man, looming up as it does, from many a mile in the distance, to meet his far-reaching sight as he journeys to and fro from his home to the agency, by its grand, though silent proclamation of what is in the power of men like himself to accomplish by industry and will to act, is alone worth, in civilizing potency, all it cost.—[REV. W. J. CLEVELAND, in *The Spirit of Missions*.]



A Queer Place to Live.

(From *The Indian Helper*).

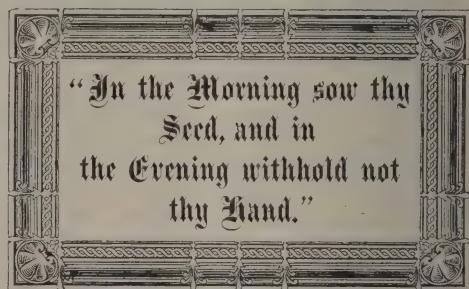
 ONE band of the Pueblo Indians called the Acomas, live in a curious place, in New Mexico, and the following description written by Annie Thomas, an Indian girl who came from there, is very interesting.

THE HIGH ROCKS OF ACOMA.

The rocks of Acoma are about 90 feet high. The scenery is very beautiful. You can view the whole valley and the pretty blue mountains around. It stands right in the middle of the mountains. It is shaped somewhat like a round table. The houses are like dishes and the ladders like knives and forks. You will wonder why ladders are used so much. If there were no ladders the people could not get into their houses. The houses are built two storeys high. No door to the first storey, so they have to climb up the ladder in order to get to the door. So they could hardly get along without the ladder. The Acoma Indians are very skilful in climbing. The people have to climb up a very steep rock. They have no gardens up there of course. All the wood they use they bring from the mountains, about nine or ten miles on donkeys' backs or on men's backs. No waggon can be taken up there, but there are narrow roads for the horses and donkeys. The poor creatures have to climb those hills of sand. The wind has drifted this sand nearly up to the top of these rocks. This is how the animals go up. The houses are built from one end to the other. The old Catholic church that the Spaniards built so long ago stands on the South end of this place. The graveyard is right in front of the church. I think this graveyard

was made by the Indians as it is all solid rock and hardly any earth. They had to build walls and then the men carried all the earth from the valleys. They had no other way to do this so they depended on their backs. The old church requires repairing every year; so every Spring, every man, woman and child is required to help. Girls of my age carry all the water that is used here. The old women roll out the mud as you would bread dough. One or two from each family must help or they are punished in some way.

THE experiment was made by Gen. Grant, in 1869, of putting the Indians under the direct charge of the different churches, certain tribes were appointed to the Episcopalians, others to the Presbyterians, others to the Baptists, and so on. The heads of these churches had full power given to them to appoint the agents and other officials who would have to manage the Indian affairs and to disburse the funds. It was a grand opportunity for the Christian churches, but after 8 years' trial it proved a lamentable failure, the churches did not prove themselves equal to the occasion, they went about it in a half-hearted manner, the work languished, neither religion, or education or civilization made any perceptible advance.



ABOUT \$24,000 was spent last year by the United States Government on the *transportation of pupils*. That means that it is a part of the wisdom of the United States Government to transport a large proportion of its Indian pupils 1000 or 2000 miles away from their old homes and haunts in the West, to the large Institutions built expressly for them near to the Atlantic coast.

THERE are twenty-five academies and seminaries in Indian Territory to which the youths of the different tribes have access, and now they will soon have a college. Subscriptions amounting to \$20,000 have already been raised, and building will be begun next spring. It is to be located at Vinita and named Galloway College, after Bishop Galloway of Mississippi.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM

VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, JULY, 1888.

No. 5.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

The Rev. E. F. Wilson's Trip to the North-west.

N Thursday, May 17th, Mr. Wilson, accompanied by Miss Pigot and four Indian boys, started from the Shingwauk Home for the North-west. But the C.P.R. boat, which was due at 10.30, did not come up. After waiting the whole day, and as night-time drew near, and not having received replies to our telegrams, as to whether the boat had left Owen Sound or not, we decided to put up at the hotel so as to be in readiness should the boat come up at day-break. The Rev. P. J. Rowe kindly took charge of our four boys for the night. Friday came with no better success, and to make matters more enjoyable rain fell in torrents. At 4.30 p.m. we at last received a reply to our telegrams: "The Athabasca will not be up before Monday or Tuesday in next week," so back to the Shingwauk we came, everyone being very pleased to see us back again. Hearing that the Alberta and several other boats were still stuck fast in the ice up the lake, we did not look out for the boat until Tuesday; but the day passed as also did Wednesday, and no C.P.R. We received a telegram to say that the Athabasca left Owen Sound 4 o'clock, Wednesday. So Thursday, the 24th, we made our second start and

were more fortunate; our boat arrived at the Sault shortly after noon. Our trip up the lake was not all we could have wished, as we constantly came in contact with masses of ice. When we reached Thunder Bay on Friday, a dense fog descended, and we made our way to Port Arthur crushing through immense blocks of ice. One train had left, so we had to put up at the hotel and wait patiently for the next one. Wilson expected to reach Elkhorn at 6.15 on Saturday evening, where they remain until Monday, Wilson, Miss Pigot and James (Blackfoot boy) start off again at 6.15 p.m. The three other boys, Wasi, Cromarty and Beesaw, go to Wasi's home, a 25-miles tramp across the prairie; the two boys, Cromarty and Beesaw are to be back at Elkhorn on June 15th, for the opening of the new home named "Washakada." Mr. Wilson writes: "My programme after leaving Elkhorn is, we hope to reach Gleichen at 10 o'clock Tuesday night. I have asked Mr. Tims to meet us with his buckboard. I stay till Wednesday night, then go on to Calgary, 100 miles further, reaching there at a quarter to one a.m. Thursday, the 31st, and shall the same morning go on to the Sarcee Reserve, about six miles out. I expect to stay there a week, giving two days to Gleichen on my way back, reaching Regina, Sunday, June 10th. I expect to get to Indian Head at 2.47 a.m., Tuesday, June 12th, and shall arrange for Wasi to meet me there to act as interpreter for me to the Assiniboia Indians. We shall be amongst these Indians three days, and I hope to get some pupils from among them for the Washakada. Hope to get back to Elkhorn (D.V.) at 8.05 a.m. Friday morning,

June 1st. I have asked Mr. Burman of Griswold, to join me at Elkhorn on that day, to help open the Institution, and to bring 3 or 4 Indian children with him as pupils. I expect to stay at Elkhorn and arrange about land, new buildings, etc., till Wednesday, June 20th, and leave for the East at 8.05 a.m. on that day. Reaching Port Arthur at 1.05 p.m., Thursday, June 21st, going on by the same train to Nepigon, staying there eight days and reaching Port Arthur again at 3.15 p.m., Friday, 29th, where I hope to take the C.P.R. boat for the Sault. In another letter Mr. Wilson writes : "The Indian Department are pleased with my plans for three buildings, and will not hear of our purchasing land, being quite prepared to give us a farm of 640 acres. The Institution is most comfortably furnished, everything good and substantial. There is room for 18 to 20 children in the present Institution."

To return to Gleichen : We had a very rough time of it that Tuesday night, the train was three-quarters of an hour late. We stepped on to the platform at a quarter to eleven p.m. It was raining. Mr. Tims had not got my post card and therefore had not come to meet us. There was no hotel—only a section house, which was neither clean, comfortable or habitable. However, a young Englishman employed by the C.P.R. took compassion on us and brought us to his office. Here we made ourselves as comfortable as best we could. Every now and then either B. or myself went out into the pitch-dark night to try and hear wheels coming across the prairie. We had on our arrival got a man to take a message out to Mr. Tims, to tell of our arrival. The night wore away and we slept as best we could. At 4.30 a.m. it was quite light, and not raining, so we walked off to Mr. Tims, a distance of four miles; on reaching his house found him just getting up. The horses were loose on the prairie and could not be found in the dark. We had a wash and then got breakfast. All were very pleased at our arrival, and most hospitable and kind. Later in the morning we went to visit "old Sun." He made me kiss both him and his wife twice and sit between them; they said it was too cold a business to just shake hands, and that I must kiss them. Of course I was delighted to do so !!

All the Blackfeet have received me again most warmly. Notwithstanding the death of Etukitson, there is no ill-feeling whatever, and all are surprised at James' strong, healthy appearance. Miss Pigot's coming will do good; they thoroughly appreciate her goodness in coming so far to see them, and "Old Sun" has bestowed on her the name "Makàka," "The short woman." The visit to Etukitson's parents was rather trying. The wailing and howling of some 8 or 10 persons in a small

teepee was truly awful. However there was no anger, only sorrow. The poor mother's grief is truly genuine, and I felt truly sorrow for her, but the row the old man kicked up was more for effect—at least, so it seemed to me. When they first heard of Etukitson's death, Mr. Tims says their grief was terrible, and he had the greatest difficulty in keeping the woman from cutting off two of her fingers and gashing her legs with a knife. The woman was afraid also that the angry uncle would shoot Mr. Tims, and made him go out at one door when the man came in at the other. Etukitson's mother said to Mr. Tims, "You are very cruel to me, you will not let me cut off my fingers or gash my legs, now I will fast 10 days for my son." So the poor creature gave up her ration tickets for ten days, determining that she would fast. She ate nothing for five days, then Mr. Tims forced her to take a little milk and some blancmange. The old man was going to hang himself, and I don't know what not. They took all knives, etc., away from him. Then he got a stick and tried to force it down his throat to kill himself. They have both walked barefoot ever since the boy died, and the woman has given away several ponies and her best blanket by way of further expressing her grief. Later in the afternoon we drove up on a high ridge where the Blackfeet bury the dead. The bodies were placed in boxes, just at the edge of the precipice, with nothing to protect them. I looked into several and found the following articles buried with them : several granite-ware plates and cups, tin pots, tin basins, iron and tin dippers, a chair rung, a flute, a pair of trowsers, numbers of good blankets, a china sugar bowl, a pair of braces, a pair of scissors, etc., etc.

At 8.45 p.m., Wednesday, I left the Reserve and drove with Mr. Tims to Gleichen, to take 10 p.m. train to Calgary. Sergeant Jarvis and a private of the mounted police, in charge of two Blackfeet Indians whom they had just arrested for horse stealing accompanied us. We reached Calgary a little before 2 a.m. In the afternoon I engaged a double rig and drove out 12 miles to the Sarcee Reserve. This morning Chief Bullshad came to see me and gave me the Sarcee rendering of my Blackfoot name, Icate auasini. He seemed very friendly, and I gave him some tobacco. I shall find it very difficult to get anything about the language, as the people are jealous about it, and do not seem to wish any one, even the Blackfeet, to use it. This is the great country for cattle and ranches; some men have 12,000 head of cattle. It is just the time now for rounding up and branding them. If you meet a mountain lion he will crouch down and snarl at you; he won't run away, so they say. Coyotes are about

the size of Indian dogs; they are cowardly and run away directly you approach them. The Sarcee Indians dress just like the Blackfeet, in blankets, with long plaited hair and painted faces. The language is rather difficult to pronounce, a good deal of clicking and shushing about it, and entirely different from the Blackfoot. A Cree chief came to see me, and after looking at my sketches he asked me to take his portrait, which I did. I gave him 25 cents to buy tea, and he very generously gave me ten good arrows with metal points, such as they kill the wild animals with. I thought he wanted the picture for the arrows, and I cut it out, but he said no! no! and evidently meant me to have the arrows for nothing. This is what happened here eight years ago: It was ration day. One young Indian was not contented with his portion of meat, threw it on the ground and broke the scales. Chief Bullshead, who was present, instead of stopping the disturbance joined in it, and threw down and smashed a lot more things. He said he would take the part of his young man and show the whites that he wasn't afraid of them. If they wanted to arrest him they could send for the mounted police, but it would take a great many of them to arrest him. The mounted police sent four men to arrest him, but he laughed at them and said: "I told you if you wanted to arrest me you must send plenty of men, it is no use to send four, four men cannot arrest me." He was so defiant that the police were scared and withdrew. In a little time they came again twelve in number. Again the chief came out to them and said: "Why do you send so few men, twelve men are not enough to arrest me." The Sergeant then put his hand on "Bullshead" to arrest him, "Bullshead," the same moment gave the war cry, and in an instant the police were surrounded on all sides by Indians and squaws, all with their bows ready strung and arrows pointed at them. The police then bowed and retired. A large force was sent next day to the camp, but the Indians had all left and were in hiding. After a little, "Bullshead" came forward alone and surrendered himself, and he sent some of his men to bring the young Indian who had begun the disturbance. "Bullshead" was detained three days and had a good time feasting at the police quarters, and the young man was locked up for ten days. A number of Indian children came round the house in their blankets and were playing with a calf. I made sketches of several; one ridiculous little boy with rather a pretty face, about ten years old, was dressed as follows: beginning at the top first, his black hair, most of it flying about and forming a fringe in front, a plait on each side of the head and a minor plait strung with brass beads falling over his right

temple; a necklace of large round blue gilt-and-white beads fitting close to his neck; a girl's tight fitting black silk jacket with flowered facings and long sleeves, rather too tight for him and exposing his chest and stomach down the front, except where held by a couple of hooks, the jacket terminated in a lappet at his hips; his blanket leggings which reached just above his knees, and beaded moccassins. The little fellow was very active. Another boy wore a blanket containing all the colors of little Joseph's favorite coat. Later in the evening I had the children in the Interpreter's house and cut their shadows out in paper, which caused considerable amusement. I could not induce any of the men to undergo the operation. George, the interpreter, had time to attend to me, and I sat in his house from 8 p.m. to 11.30, together with three Sarcee Indians. One big fellow, aged about 30, I measured him from head to foot and gave him 25 cents for the job. His name was "Many Shields." Another one named "Head above Water," told me about 50 Sarcee words, for which I also paid him. George, himself, told me a lot about their history, and taught me a whole quantity of their sign language, which I was particularly glad to get. He says all the Indians in British Columbia, and those down South, use the same signs.

Jottings.

JOHNSON, who had to leave on account of ill health a year ago, has returned to us looking well and strong.

MR. WILSON is away in the North-west and expects to return by the end of the month or first week in July.

MISS PIGOT accompanied the Rev. E. F. Wilson to the North-west, to visit the Indians.

FOUR new boys have arrived at the Shingwauk; also Hannah Grey, a former pupil, to the Wawanosh Home.

ICE is still reported to be very heavy in Lake Superior, and weather remains very cold with the exception of a few hot days.

THREE of our boys are studying for the teachers' examination which is to be held at the Sault next month.

MISS ROBINSON of Sarnia, the lady superintendent of the New Home at Elkhorn, arrived at the Sault last week, spending a few days at the Wawanosh, after which she proceeded to the Washakada Home, taking with her a little girl from the Home.

A GRANT TO THE WASHAKADA HOME.

It is with much pleasure that with this number we are able to announce that the Government has made a very handsome grant for the erection of this Home and the support of eighty boys.

THE Klamath Indians have built up a considerable carrying trade along the Pacific coast. In their large canoes, hewn out of the solid trunks of immense trees they carry dairy and farm products for the settlers and return with groceries and other supplies.

Clothing Received for the Indian Homes.

APRIL, 1888.

FROM Miss M. Smith, New Hamburg, Ont., a barrel containing a good supply of boys' and girls' clothing and books.

MAY.

PARCEL, per Mrs. Sullivan, containing shirts, hoods, shawls, mitts, etc., etc.

FROM Miss White, Toronto, material for frocks and shirts, books, papers, testaments, xmas toys, cotton and tape, etc., slates.

FROM The Guild of St. Mary Magdalene, per Miss Kirgg, a box containing 2 quilts and clothing for boys and girls of the Indian Homes.

JUNE.

FROM The Ladies' Working Party, Niagara, a large box containing 233 articles of new and useful clothing for boys and girls; also outfit for Louisa.

FROM St. Paul's Sunday School, per G. Jewell, Esq., a box of most acceptable xmas toys, books, and a doll; also a few articles of clothing.

FROM Holy Trinity Church, Quebec, per Rev. A Bareham, two barrels of beautiful clothing for boys and girls. Also a parcel from West Hampton, per Mrs. Macpherson, of frocks, pinaflores, socks, shirts, etc.

A BOX per Rev. P. Roe, from the W.M.A., Inverness, P.Q., of very nice frocks and aprons.

FROM Mrs. E. H. Wilmet, Fredericton, N.B., socks, shirts, undervests, books and papers.

FROM Miss Jowitt, shirts and unmade material.

FROM Mrs. Thompson, material and aprons.

FROM Mrs. Beck, dress and boots.

FROM Mrs. Tippet, hood, socks, mitts, etc.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

RECEIPTS SINCE 9TH APRIL, 1888.

St. Charles' S.S., Dereham	\$6 25
Christ Church S.S., Franklin	3 55
Trinity S.S., Havelock	6 45
St. Stephen's S.S., Toronto	12 50
St. Stephen's S.S., Yarmouth	25 00
St. George's Miss. Union, Lennoxville	25 00
Mrs. M. H. Gault	15 00
Mr. Wm. Russell	1 00
Mr. G. H. Tenbury, Muskoka	1 00
St. John's S.S., York Mills	3 00
Aylmer S.S.	18 75
St. Peter's, Toronto	16 25
The Misses Pattersons	10 00
Archibald Duncan	5 00
S.S., Grimsby	10 00
St. John's S.S., Strathroy	6 25
Mrs. Gault	12 50
St. Andrew's Branch, Montreal	5 00
Durham, Rev. G. T. H.	10 00
Trinity S.S., St. Johns	37 50
Girls' class, St. Johns.	1 00
Trinity, Brockville	37 50

St. James, Kingston	\$4 60
Miss M. Coldwell	2 00
St. George S.S., Portage De Fort	4 14
St. Stephen S.S., Montreal	25 00
J. R., per <i>Evangelical Churchman</i>	10 00
Ladies' B.C., Emmanuel Church, London	7 00
Miss Skinnier's S.S., Gananoque	3 00
J. J. Mason, Treas. B.D.M.	3 81
"	170 29
S.S., Canington	2 00
S.S., Strathroy	6 25
Woodstock Br. W.A.M.A.	20 00
Forest Br. W.A.M.A.	1 41
Miss Beaumont	0 50
St. Mary's Summerside	16 01
H. Henderson	5 00
W. H. Hood	1 45
St. Paul's, Mount Forest	6 25
St. George's, Montreal	75 00
St. George's, Kingston	12 50
Church Redeemer, Toronto	18 75
<i>Evangelical Churchman</i>	50 25
St. Matthias	18 75
St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke	18 75
G. H. Jewell	5 00
Visitors	0 20

Receipts—Our Forest Children.

Rev. N. P. Yates, 50c.; Mrs. Roberts, \$2; Thomas Nixon, 15c.; Miss Adams, 15c.; Mrs. Fearon, 10c.; Miss Crouch, 50c.; Mrs. Durnford, \$2.25; Mr. Thomas Patton, 30c.; Chief J. B. Brant, 15c.; H. R. Chase, 20c.; Mrs. E. K. Laurence, 15c.; G. H. Hale, \$1; Mrs. Hartman, 15c.; Captain Pratt, \$1; W. Crawford, C.E., 70c.; Miss Reid, 30c.; Mrs. Baumgrass, 24c.; Rev. A. Salt, 15c.; Miss C. Lawson, 15c.; Master H. A. Kaulbach, 10c.; Mrs. Fortin, 40c.; Lea Kelk Wilson, \$1; Miss Bacon, \$1; Mrs. Hamer, \$1.45; Rev. H. B. Morris, 25c.; Miss Milne Home, 96c.; Miss Day, 30c.

We have had a Summer Number of our little periodical printed, profusely illustrated with original illustrations, gotten up in an attractive style, similar in appearance to the Christmas Number, which found such favor with our subscribers and friends. We will be pleased to receive orders for the Summer Number, and trust our numerous friends will heartily respond to this invitation by sending in their addresses with the subscription price, 15c. Twenty-five cents will pay for the paper for one year, *including the Summer Number*.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

EDITED BY THE
REV. E. F. WILSON,
SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO.

10 CENTS PER ANNUM, OR 12 OF EACH ISSUE FOR \$1 PER ANNUM.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 15 CENTS.

Twenty pages, Illustrated with Original Sketches and well got up.

SEND 25 CENTS for the Christmas Number and O.F.C.
Monthly, during 1888. Stamps accepted.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN is printed and published every month, by
JOHN RUTHERFORD, Printer and Publisher, Owen Sound, Ont.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM

VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, AUGUST, 1888.

No. 6.

HAVE you seen the Summer Number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN? If not, send for a copy before they are all sold. It is very prettily got up, illustrated, 20 pages and cover, 9 by 12 inches in size, full of interesting matter about the Indians, and price only 15 cts.; seven copies for \$1; 50 copies for \$6.50.

BE it understood that there are ten issues of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, this size, in the year, for which the annual subscription is ten cents; and that instead of the December and June numbers we issue a twenty-page illustrated Christmas Number and Summer Number, at an additional cost each of 15 cents. Our Subscribers, therefore, having the option of paying (1) 10 cents for the 10 monthly papers; or (2) 25 cents for the 10 monthlies and the Christmas Number; or (3) 25 cents for the 10 monthlies and the Summer Number; or (4) 40 cents for both the Summer and Christmas Numbers as well as the ten monthly issues. *For \$1.50* per annum we will send 12 copies of the 10 monthlies and two each of the Summer and Christmas Numbers.

Home Again.

ATTER a very pleasant trip, lasting nearly six weeks, during which upwards of 3000 miles of country were traversed, Mr. Wilson arrived back at the Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, on Sunday afternoon, July 1st. The principal things accomplished during his outing were (1) a visit to the Blackfeet Indians, to restore the boy James Edward to his home; (2) a visit to the Sarcee Indians near Calgary, and the preparation of a report on those people for the British Association; (3) the opening of the Washakada Home at Elkhorn, in Manitoba; (4) the selection of a site for another Institution at Medicine Hat.

It is a cause for great thankfulness that the Blackfeet Indians received the tidings of the death of one of their number at the Shingwauk Home in such a kindly spirit. Much was due, no doubt, to the good common sense of their head chief, Crowfoot. On hearing of the death of the boy, Crowfoot made due enquiries. First and foremost was the question: "Did Mr. Wilson use any pressure in getting the boy to go to his school, or did he go with his parents' free consent?" Then he asked was the boy in good health when he went to the Shingwauk Home, or had he been sick before? And finally, he wished to know whether the boy had been well treated and cared for during his illness. These questions having been all satisfactorily answered, the Chief gave his verdict that the white people who had taken the boy away to school were not in any way to blame. When Mr. Wilson was coming away, two more boys were offered him as pupils, and James Edward expressed an earnest wish that he might be taken again the following year. An uncle of the deceased lad brought Mr. Wilson a very handsome present, saying: "I give you this to show that we have no ill feeling towards you on account of the boy's death."

Letter from the Blackfoot Boy.

THE following letter has been received by Mr. Wilson from James Edward, the Blackfoot boy, since his return home, evidently written quite by himself:

MR. WILSON,—this littlet and my mother said can go Shingwauk Home. and too my brother said can

go more I took old good can go. and me still I'm Tims house and sleep and can work me. I will taken God askes becuse me loves Jesus Mr. Wilson and vrey good you home. I know God and Jesus died for us. Some time I make house vrey pretty this summer. Next summer I thank you come, and vrey much you seeme and Mr. Wilson friend. I thank nuts (much?) me some time becuse can make house my brother I make him good house. Mr. Wilson home said my brother yes can go Natusiasamiu (Mr. Wilson's name) home. give me my brother horse vrey good.

JAMES.

Encouraging.

DURING our stay among the Blackfeet, preparations were being made for the great annual "Sun Dance," and it was said that eleven young men were going to undergo the usual torture. Both Mr. Tims and ourselves were anxious about our Shingwauk pupil, James. Would he go to the dance, or would he not? James had one great friend, (a heathen like the rest), by name Mianami; they seemed inseparable, and were about together from morning to night. Would Mianami persuade James to go to the heathen dance, or would James persuade Mianami to keep away from it? Day by day the preparations kept on, day by day the teepees about the Mission grew less in number—all were going away to the locality of Chief Crowfoot's tent, some ten miles off, where the festivities were to take place. But James did not go. And not only did he remain, but he persuaded Mianami and two other young fellows to remain too. They all stayed with Mr. Tims in the Mission House; and on the Sunday after we left, we heard that these four young fellows mounted their ponies and rode off to attend a service of the whitemen's church, some four miles off. May we not hope that the seed of God's word has found a resting place in some good ground, and if that be the case, who can say what may not the fruit be.

Opening of the Washakada Home.

THE Washakada Home at Elkhorn, in Manitoba, was opened for use on Thursday, June 21st.

The large school-room was tastefully decorated with flags, Indian bead-work, weapons, etc., and mottoes, and a good representation of the residents of Elkhorn filled the room. Mr. Wilson held an opening service of hymns, prayer, and scripture readings, appropriate to the occasion. After this he gave an address, stating what had led to the beginning of the work at Garden River, how it had grown, the gradual development of the present work for the Indians in

the North-west, and how the present institution had been brought into existence. Afterward, Mr. Geo. H. Rowswell, who has taken great interest and contributed largely to the undertaking, spoke. Councillor Cushing, Dr. Rolston and Mr. Fortune made short addresses, and promised, that for their parts, as residents of the place, they would do all they could to make the work successful. The Institution was then named the *Washakada Home*, and was declared to be open "In the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost." After this, the assembly roamed through the building inspecting it, and partook of the refreshments provided in the dining room. The present building will accommodate eighteen children. A few were present at the opening, and others, it was expected, would be gathered in from the surrounding Reserves. Within a radius of about a hundred miles there are as many as 800 Indian children of various ages. The Lady Superintendent now in charge of the school is Miss Robinson, a daughter of Judge Robinson, and neice of the late Bishop Fauquierre of Algoma. Steps will at once be taken to utilise the Government grant by the purchase of 12 more village lots contiguous to the present property and the erection of three more buildings. One of these, the central one, will contain dining hall, kitchen and superintendent's apartments on the ground floor, and school-rooms overhead; another one will be the Boys' Home; and the present building, with a new building attached to it in the rear, will be the Girls' Home. Boys and girls will meet in the same building for meals and school. There will be workshops erected for the boys, and a farm of 640 acres will eventually be brought under cultivation. When all is completed it is hoped that, with the aid of the Government grant, eighty pupils will be maintained; but, for this to be accomplished, about \$2000 must be raised among friends to supplement the Government building grant, and about \$2000 per annum must be raised also for maintenance. It is hoped that Sunday Schools will take up the work and assist in the support of pupils at the Washakada Home as they have been doing so kindly at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh. Bales and boxes of nice warm clothing will also be most thankfully received. Money contributions should be sent to Mr. Wilson at Sault Ste. Marie; and clothing to Miss Robinson, Washakada Home, Elkhorn, Manitoba. The Bishop of Rupert's Land has been asked to be President of the Washakada Home in the same way as the Bishop of Algoma is President of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh. Several ladies in Winnipeg, members of the Women's Auxiliary, have kindly offered to assist in supplying clothing, etc.

Protestant Institutions in the North-west.

SINCE we made our first move in the matter of establishing Protestant institutions for Indian children in Manitoba and the North-west, we are thankful to note a great change for the better. A few years ago it seemed as though the Roman Catholics were going to have it all their own way, but now things are changed. Not only have several minor institutions been started at various points through the zeal and liberality of the Protestant churches, but Government has begun to dole out her gifts and to assist Protestant enterprises among the Indians in a way that we had scarcely dared to hope. In addition to the large Government institution, under Church of England auspices, at Battleford, there are now three more large institutions for Indian children, either being built or about to be built, and to be supported either entirely or largely by the Government,—one for the Presbyterians at Regina; a Church of England institution at St. Paul, about four miles north of Winnipeg; and our Church of England institution at Elkhorn. We have also the prospect of another institution, similar to the Elkhorn one, at Medicine Hat; and we hear that the Methodists are to have one at Norway House, North of Lake Winnipeg. Besides these Government (or partly Government) schools, are the following minor institutions, which we visited either last summer or this:

THE MACDOUGALL ORPHANAGE

at Morley, in Alberta, under the charge of the Rev. John Macdougall, of the Methodist Church, has 21 pupils, mostly Crees and Stonies, and is doing a good work, though cramped for funds.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTE

at Round Lake, 20 miles North of Broadview, Assiniboina, was built by the Presbyterian Church, at a cost of \$5000. The Rev. Mr. Mackay came to this spot as a missionary in June, 1884, and pitched his tent. For three months he tried taking Indian children into his own house. In 1885-86 he had 20 pupils. The present building was erected in 1887. The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church gave \$3000. It is free of debt, and Mr. Mackay has \$700 in hand towards enlarging. Last winter he had 43 pupils, but during summer a great many of them are enticed away by their parents. Government has been giving him \$30 a head towards support of pupils, and has now raised the grant to \$60 a head.

MR. MOORE'S SCHOOL.

The Rev. W. S. Moore, of the Presbyterian Church, is a very zealous and devoted young missionary. In the face of many and great difficulties and often with

a less than empty purse he has succeeded in establishing a small boarding school for Indian children on the borders of Muskoweepeetungs' Reserve, North of Regina. The building cost \$1200, most of which was paid out of his own pocket. He began with 10 pupils the 20th of December last, and now has 23 on his roll, mostly Crees and Saulteaux, from the neighborhood. Some of the boys recognized us when we went in to visit them, and said 'Puhgukahbun' (Mr. Wilson's Indian name).

MISS WRIGHT'S SCHOOL.

Some good ladies of Portage la Prairie three years ago began visiting the Indians in their teepees on the outskirts of the town, and after a while opened a school among them. At first it was conducted in one of the teepees. Then, after a time, they purchased a house and took boarders, and Miss Wright was placed in charge. When our train passed Portage la Prairie going East, June 27, several bright-faced, well-dressed little Indian girls came on board, carrying parcels and packages for a lady, and then having deposited them said good-bye to her and jumped off again. We soon found that the lady was Miss Wright, and as she must necessarily pass the Sault on her way down to Toronto, we asked her to stay off a day or two and visit the Shingwauk and Wawanosh, and she did so, and seemed greatly pleased and encouraged by what she saw.

Archdeacon Cowley's Mission.

TIT was with great interest that we paid a visit to this well-known, old-established, mission of St. Peter's. The good old Archdeacon has gone to his rest, but his widow and daughter still live in the old stone house on the banks of the Red River (25 miles from Winnipeg), and assist in the services of the fine old church; and the Rev. B. McKenzie, who is partly Indian, conducts the mission. It was sad to see the extensive burial ground, graves of all sizes, so thickly clustered together. Evidently these untutored Indians have not been educated in the vexed question of high church and low church, as the cemetery, although a C.M.S. one, was literally bristling with crosses. There are said to be about 1200 Indians now in the mission, all nominal Christians, and all members of the Church of England. The mission was first established in the year 1827.

If Sunday School teachers would collect 10 cents from each of their pupils and send an order for so many copies of O.F.C. to be distributed among them, it would greatly increase their interest in our work, and the children would think more of the papers if they paid for them than if they got them for nothing. Ten cents from each individual is very little, but for us to supply them free to all the Sunday School children would cost a fortune.

Another Church of England School.

WE are glad to hear that the Rev. Mr. Owens of Touchwood Hills is making preparations to open a small Institution for some 15 or 20 Indian children, and has hopes of receiving a grant in aid from the Government towards the annual support.

The Church of England Institution north of Winnipeg, is to be placed in charge of the Rev. W. A. Burman, late of the Sioux Mission, near Griswold. He expects to have 80 pupils, and we bespeak for him all the help and sympathy that Christian people can and ought to give. Few know the anxieties and trials attending this Indian work.

Prize Giving at the Shingwauk.

THE annual prize giving at the Shingwauk Home took place on Friday, July 13. In the absence of the Bishop, Mr. Wilson gave away the prizes, and he was supported by the Rev. F. W. Greene, who addressed the pupils in a lively, interesting manner. The Victors (*i.e.* those who gained upwards of 400 marks for each year they had been in the Institution) were John Maggrah, Albert Sahgij, David Minominee, and Joseph Soney, in the fourth class; Dora Jacobs, Matthew Sampson and Samuel Wasi, in the third class; Francis Baker in the second class; and William Soney and Sebastian Brant in the first class. The Aspirants (*i.e.* those who received not less than 300 marks for each year at the Institution) were: 3rd class—Riley, Joe, Oshkahboos, Smart, Abram, Maria, Caroline Wankay; 2nd class—Cromarty, Solomon, Elijah, Sharpe, Louisa, Gracie; 1st class—Edward, James, Lily, Philamine.

School reports showing the marks received at the eight examinations during the year, will shortly be sent to Sunday Schools that support Indian pupils.

Jottings.

THERE are at present 868 subscribers to O.F.C. We want to increase the number to 5000. 670 copies are sent out gratis to Sunday Schools and other helpers. Subscription only TEN CENTS.

HOLIDAYS have begun at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, and a number of the pupils have gone to their Homes. School recommences Thursday, September, 6th.

WE are expecting a visit from the Rev. W. A. Burman, of the Sioux Indian Mission, Manitoba, the end of this month.

THE Rev. J. Irvine, of Lac Seul, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Burman at the Sioux Mission.

THE Rev. H. W. G. Stocken is now missionary to the Sarcee Indians, near Calgary.

THE only Diocese that takes copies of our *Algoma Missionary News* and **OUR FOREST CHILDREN**, in bulk and distributes them, is the Diocese of Toronto.

Clothing Received for the Indian Homes.

JUNE, 1888.

PER Rev. M. N. Fothergill, 1 bale of clothing and quilt, from the Children's Auxiliary, Quebec.

PER Mrs. Nevin, Montreal, a box of clothing for boys and girls, also some very nice Xmas gifts.

JULY.

PER Ladies' Aid Society, Kingston, outfit for Nancy Warner, curtains, and several other gifts. Also from the Children's Miss. Guild, a nice bundle of small garments.

OUR yearly English box, sent by Mrs. Martin, contained parcels of clothing from the following kind friends: Miss Pinder, Bath, clothing, texts, etc., Mrs. Bookes, Miss A. Wilson, Mrs. Corrie, all of Guildford, clothing for boys and girls.

FOR Mrs. Renison, a bale from Miss Peache.

FROM Mrs. Leakey's Working Party, clothing.

FROM the members of the G.F.S., Cornwall, Ont., per Mrs. Gault, a large box, containing a good outfit for their Indian girl; several kind presents for Mr. and Mrs. Wilson; also clothing for distribution.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

RECEIPTS SINCE 10TH JUNE, 1888.

Mrs. Nivin, Montreal, for boy	\$14 50
Miss A. C. Day	6 15
Chapter House S. School, London, for boy	30 00
St. John's S. School, Strathroy, for boy	6 25
Rev. W. G. Thompson, Children's Miss. Society, Levis, P.Q.	50 00
St. James' Sunday School, Dundas	10 00
All Saints' S. School, Toronto, for girl	25 00
Girls' Friendly Society, Cornwall, for girl	6 50
Miss Crouch	3 40
St. Martin's Sunday School, Montreal, for girl	12 50
St. Paul's S. School, Port Dover, for boy	12 50
Mrs. McWilliams, Berthier en Haut, for boy	15 00
St. James, Carleton Place, for boy	18 75
Rev. G. M. Armstrong	5 00
Anonymous, per Dr. Lovejoy	10 00
S. John's, London Tp., per Ven. Archdeacon Marsh	7 00
St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, for girl	18 75
Rev. W. H. Wood, Beckenham Branch C.S.U. (less O.F.C.)	2 65
Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Beaumont (less O.F.C.)	2 00
Women's Auxiliary, St. John's, Peterboro, (less O.F.C.)	5 20
Visitors to Shingwauk	10 00
St. John's S. School, York Mills (less O.F.C.)	2 00

Receipts—Our Forest Children.

Miss Crouch, \$1.10; Mrs. McWilliams, 15c.; John B. Lash, \$1; Miss Brown, 40c.; Miss Rose, 10c.; Miss Wright, 50c.; Rev. Canon Matheson, 10c.; W. R. Blachford, 25c.; Miss Wallis, \$1; Rev. Dr. Beaumont, \$1; Rev. W. H. Wood, \$1; Mrs. Osler, \$1; Miss Bacon, \$1.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM.

VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. 7.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF

INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

HAVE you seen the Summer Number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN? If not, send for a copy before they are all sold. It is very prettily got up, illustrated, 20 pages and cover, 9 by 12 inches in size, full of interesting matter about the Indians, and price only 15 cts.; seven copies for \$1; 50 copies for \$6.50.

Medicine Hat.

MEDICINE HAT is about 700 miles West of Winnipeg on the South Branch of the Saskatchewan, just 100 miles from the Blackfeet Indian Reserve. We propose to make this the site of a Western Institution. The Bishop of Qu'Appelle, in whose diocese the place is situated, writes very warmly of the project. He says, "I should think Medicine Hat would, for many reasons, be a specially good position for your proposed Institution, being near coal and water, and the junction to the Southern regions via Dunmore." Mr. Dewdney, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the North-west, with whom we conversed on the subject when passing Regina, expressed himself in favor of the locality; and favorable correspondence has been had also with the authorities at Ottawa. As to funds, we have at present \$800 on hand; this being the balance of money contributed to

the establishment of "Branch Homes in the Northwest," after paying for the building erected at Elkhorn. We have already taken steps towards securing a site; the spot selected adjoins the Church of England property, a little back of the town, on the slope of the hill. This will be a good prominent position where we can have land enough for workshops and garden, besides Institution buildings, and for a farm we can secure land a few miles back. We believe that the right place for an Indian Institution to be in a *White centre*, where the pupils can learn trades, mingle with white people, attend an English Church, and be as far as possible separated entirely from their old friends and old habits and associations. We have followed this plan in regard to the Shingwauk and Wawanoosh Homes, and also with our newly-opened Institution at Elkhorn. We hope that our friends will now come to our help and enable us to start this work at Medicine Hat. We have \$800 to begin with, and we would like to raise it to \$5,000. Government, like Providence, helps those that help themselves. If we had not gone in boldly and made a start as we did at Elkhorn, we should never have come in for that big Government grant. If the Indians are to be brought under Protestant teaching, if Government money is to be diverted into Protestant channels, then Protestants must exert themselves; otherwise the Roman Catholics will have it all their own way. It will be a disastrous thing for the country if the large majority of our 128,000 Indians are brought under Roman Catholic influence. A little hearty, earnest effort just now is what is wanted. May God stir up the hearts of His people to help us.

We Need more Help.

TN order to accomplish all the work that we have now before us, every dollar that we receive needs to be increased to ten dollars.

Ever since the Shingwauk Home was opened in 1875 we have had one long struggle for existence. Look through our Annual Reports, published from year to year. Where are the large sums and legacies which most Institutions of this kind receive? Just to go back a few years: Apart from English subscriptions and Government grant, we received in 1884, \$2362.52; in 1885, \$2,480.55; in 1886, \$4,370.47; and in 1887, \$4,333.49. These amounts were toward the maintenance of our Sault Ste. Marie Institutions. Then, towards building, we received in 1884, \$250; in 1885, \$120; in 1886, \$1,816; in 1887, \$270; these amounts went toward completing our chapel, building and furnishing our hospital, improvements to the Shingwauk, &c.; and towards establishment of Branch Homes we received in 1886, \$1,382, and in 1887, \$730. With this we have built the Institution at Elkhorn and have \$800 on hand towards Medicine Hat.

Now against this—What is our work? What have we before us? An Institution called the Shingwauk Home, with accommodation for 60 boys, which, if filled, could not be maintained (apart from necessary repairs) at a less cost than \$7,500; and the Wawanosh Home, with accommodation for 28 girls, which, if filled, could not be maintained for less than \$3,000;—that is \$10,500 per annum for the two, which is a far lower rate of expenditure than that allowed at any of the Government Institutions for Indian children in the North-west, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. We want to see our Homes here filled. We want to see our annual deficit swept away. We want funds sufficient to keep up the necessary repairs. We want money to enable us to extend our work here, to erect new buildings and to take more pupils. We want about \$2,000 per annum towards the maintenance of the Elkhorn Institution in addition to the promised Government grant. We want about \$5,000 to make a start at Medicine Hat. We have the will, the desire, to accomplish all this great work, and with God's help we believe it can be done, but we cannot do it single handed. We need more help.

Another Letter from the Blackfeet Boy.

JULY 23rd, 1888.

MR. WILSON,—And said my brother can no go you more Mr. Wilson home, and said my mother very much. Still I'm Tim's house, and Mr. Wilson said my mother

ask him can you go more. Now Mr. Wilson this my brother said no can go you Appikokia, and give me something because you love me. I like to see you, think next summer you come see me, very much good come back. Suyexin sayes, yes, very good; Mr. Wilson me love you. Mr. Wilson think can see me if you come now to see me. My dear Wilson, my things (carpenter tools) very good, and two my horse. Love you Wilson. My friend who loves you.

JAMES APPIKOKIA.

The Washakada Home.

MISS ROBINSON writes cheerfully of her work. "Miss H.," she says, "came last night with one child—a Sioux, aged 14; and two were sent from Oak Lake last week; they are nice children, but quite untamed. Miss H. expects to send a number from Oak Lake when she returns. People have been very kind to us. Last week a woman from the country sent in some vegetables and eggs." Miss Pigot, who has been staying a few weeks with Miss Robinson helping, writes to us at a later date, telling of the running away of some of these little wild pupils and the great chase that was made after them. At last accounts the runaways had not been got back, but we hear from the Indian agent at Birtle that the parents were displeased with their children for absconding, and he thinks they will restore them. This running away of pupils is a thing that has to be taken into account in the management of an Indian Institution, the children readily become homesick, especially those taken straight from the teepees, and the parents are only too ready to listen to their complaints and take their part. Anticipating trouble of this kind we took the precaution of transferring four tame pupils (two boys and two girls) from the Sault Ste. Marie Home to the Washakada, so that there is no fear of the new Home becoming tenantless; and we hope in a little while to gather in all the little wild children we need to fill the building.

Shingwauk Notes.

THE Shingwauk must be getting old, for we are already beginning to receive pupils of the second generation. The first Indian pupil that entered our new Shingwauk Home in 1874 was Adam Kujosk, and now in 1888 we have received Adam Kujosk's son and heir, Arthur Llewelyn Kujosk, aged 9; and the mother of the boy is also an old pupil, Alice Wawanosh.

THE captain of our school is now Thomas Johnson, David Minominee having completed his term and left. Johnson was very ill about 15 months ago and had to

leave, indeed we feared he would not live; the boot-making trade which he was learning did not seem to agree with him, and the doctor said he must give it up. So now Johnson is applying himself to study with the view of becoming a school teacher. He is very clever with both pen and pencil, and under Mr. Wilson's instructions has learned to paint quite fairly in water colors; the little drawings he does of the Shingwauk, the Chapel, the Hospital, &c.; are readily sold to visitors at 30 cents each. Johnson also can do work on the type writer and the cyclostyle, and within the last few weeks he has been taking up photography. His photographs are sold at from 15 to 20 cents each.

WE are building a new barn, the old structure which was erected originally at Garden River and moved to its present position after the fire, having collapsed with the weight of snow on its roof last winter. The new building is a very substantial one, stone walls rising to a height of 6 feet, give accommodation for cattle, root house, &c., in the basement; and above is the barn proper, 50 by 35 ft. in size and 16 ft. high to the eaves. We have had to borrow \$500 in order to put up this building, our funds being so low and no help coming from Government. It was a work of necessity which could not be delayed.

Two new boys from the neighborhood of Pic River, Lake Superior, have just arrived. They were brought down to us by Mr. Algoma Simpson.

WE expect to have 50 boys at the Shingwauk Home and 24 girls at the Wawanosh Home after the holidays. School begins again September 6.

Our Old Pupils.

THOMAS WAGIMAH, who left us last spring, has started a little bootshop among his own people at Garden River. We advanced him a little money to buy stock, which he is repaying in instalments, and he had a few dollars in the Savings Bank. He tells us that the White people are employing him to do their repairs as well as the Indians.

ISAAC ALTMAN is at St. Ignace in Michigan, working at a sash and door factory, and getting \$2 a day. He paid us a short visit lately.

JOSEPH ESQUIMAU is still at Neepigon. The school is closed for the summer, and Joseph has been making his living canoeing for fishing parties. A few months ago he lost his wife, which is a very great grief to him. His little boy Edward, is to enter the Shingwauk Home as soon as he is old enough.

JOHN ESQUIMAU, in charge of the Indian School at Henvey's Inlet on Georgian Bay, has lately married.

MARY PETERS, who got such a nice place as house-maid in the Rev. J. K. McMorris' family at Kingston, last spring, was obliged to leave on account of sickness, and we are sorry to say has died. She was never a strong girl, and had several times had a serious illness.

WILLIAM PRUE, who was a pupil here some 5 or 6 years ago, writes: "I am doing well, working all the time, sailing as fireman on a tug, saving all I can and banking my money. I hope I will always get along as well as I did at the Home."

Miss Pigot's Feast.

MISS PIGOT gave a grand feast to the Blackfeet Indians in their little mud-plastered School, near Mr. Tims' mission house. Over a hundred of them assembled, and they had to sit as thick as bees all over the floor. There were two big boilers full of black tea set down in the middle of the room, and another great boiler full of stewed dried apples and a box full of hard biscuits. Each Indian had brought some kind of a receptacle for his viands, either a tin cup or a small tin kettle or a tin pail or a wooden 'dug-out' bowl of some sort, and these were filled and re-filled, sometimes with tea, sometimes with dried apples, while the biscuits were poured into their laps. There is a rule among these people that a man must never meet or look at his mother-in-law. A poor old woman outside the school became very impatient because her son-in-law was inside eating, and she was afraid all the good things would be gone before she could come in. After the eating there was some speech-making. Mr. Wilson attempted a short speech in Blackfeet, giving as his reason that he had promised last year when he took the two boys away that he would try to learn from them something of the language, so that when he came again he might be able to speak to them. Among the guests present were the Chief 'Old Sun' and his dear old wife Anistapitaki; also the war chief 'White Pup.' All were in blankets, and many had their faces painted, besides being profusely adorned with bright colored necklaces, earrings, bracelets, finger rings, and other ornaments.

THE Rev. G. A. Anderson of Tyendinaga Reserve (west of Kingston), has just celebrated his fortieth anniversary as an Indian Missionary. He was presented with an address signed by Chief Amnosothkah, Chief Brant, and several other leading Indians.

Jottings.

THE *Algoma Missionary News* will not be issued this month owing to lack of material.

WHATEVER benefit the Board of Foreign and Domestic Missions may be to other Christian objects, we certainly find it of no benefit to our Indian Homes, and are always glad when money comes to us direct instead of passing through its intricate mazes. A collection or \$19.05 was devoted to our work at a Missionary Meeting in Parry Sound, August 5th, 1887, but has not reached us.

MR. STANDING, of the Carlisle Indian School, Pennsylvania, last spring visited 83 of his old pupils at their places of work among the White farmers and others. He says: "The influence and experience of the home life is valuable beyond estimation. In no other way could a like experience be given. It teaches how to farm, by farming, how to live a civilized life by living it, how to make a living by making it. We have all been taught that 'practice makes perfect.' Whether this be absolutely true or not it is certain that there can be no perfection without practice, either in farming, English speaking or any other of the qualifications necessary to fill the measure of independent American manhood. The reports on the conduct of the boys on farms were generally good, some excellent; a few anything but good. I found them to be generally in favor with the farmers' wives on the strange ground, for Indians—of being very respectful and polite."

EVERY month at the Carlisle School the Indian pupils give a little exhibition, consisting of speeches—dialogues, singing, &c. It is a pleasure to see the new-comers try so hard in their broken English, to make a speech, and there is much enjoyment in listening to the advanced pupils give their well-studied declamations and dialogues. The exhibition Friday night was the best we have had since the school began in 1879. The opening piece by the choir, a skating glee, charmed us all, and the more remarkable that the words sung by the 26 singers were distinctly heard, adding much to the beauty of the piece. There is not a choir in the country that could have done better than ours did in all its pieces last Friday. The soprano was sweet, the alto excellent, the tenor good, and the bass superb, all singing in beautiful accord, with clear, musical voices.

MR. WILSON's trip to visit the Blackfeet and Sarcee Indians this Spring cost him a little over \$100. He hopes to get most of this refunded by the British As-

sociation, to whom he furnished a report on the Sarcee Indians. He also spent \$43 travelling about and visiting the Indian Reserves within 200 miles or so of Elkhorn, with a view to make his new Institution known to the Indians and to gather in some pupils. Where this \$43 is to come from he does not know. It is going to be an expensive matter going round after pupils and there is no provision for it.

Clothing Received for the Indian Homes.

JULY 1888.

FROM the members of the G. F. S., St. Luke's Church, Waterloo, P.Q., per Mrs. G. E. Robinson, a box of girls' clothing, 2 quilts and gifts for Xmas.

FROM St. Luke's parish, Halifax, N.S., sent last December by Rev. F. R. Murray, and only just received, a box of clothing for boys and girls, also an outfit for Caroline Wankey and gifts for Xmas.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

RECEIPTS SINCE 16TH JULY, 1888.

Holy Trinity Sunday School, Toronto, for boy	... \$12 50
" " for Wawanosh	2 50
Col. Sumner	10 00
Miss Carruthers	5 00
C. P. G. Hill, for boy, £15	73 00
Mrs. Ready	0 65
Trinity Sunday School, St. John, N.B., for boy	18 75
" " for girl	18 75
Mrs. McWilliams, for boy	7 25
St. Mark's S. School, Parkdale, for boy	24 27
Mem. Ch. S. School, London, for boy, at Elkhorn	18 75
Ladies' Bible Class, Emmanuel Church, London Tp.	5 00
Sunday School	3 16
Trinity Sunday School, Aylmer, for girl	6 25
St. Charles Sunday School, Dereham	4 40
Trinity Sunday School, Halifax, N. S.	8 39
St. Paul's S. School, Uxbridge, for boy	18 75

Receipts—Our Forest Children.

G. B. Kirkpatrick, \$1.00; Miss M. Carrie, 15c.; G. H. Hale, \$1.20; Dr. Hodgins, 10c.; Frank Brown, 40c.; Rev. J. Kemp, 30c.; Mrs. Parson, 60c.

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VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 8.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

In Great Need.

UR Indian Homes are in great need of increased help. My own time is now so entirely occupied that I find it really impossible to write as I would do, and keep up the interest in our work; but it does seem hard when sometimes two or three weeks pass with only an average of \$25 or \$30 a week receipts, and all the expense of keeping up three Indian Homes to meet. It seems to me it is all organization now, and no money. The contributions go away on their long, tedious, unsatisfactory journey through the hands of so many appointed officers, instead of coming to us direct as they used to do; and by the time they get to us we are all mystified as to where they come from, and do not know whom to thank. And, in the meantime, there is a great deal of anxiety how to provide the ways and means for carrying on the work. Applications come to us for the admission of pupils, and we don't know whether to accept them or not, because the means of support are so precarious. I don't know whether it is that the recent Government grant we received the promise of for our new Elkhorn school has given people the idea that our coffers are now so overflowing that we need no further help. If this is the

idea, it is indeed a fallacious one. When Government made this grant, it was conditional that I should raise a proportionate sum from outside. "If we give you \$8,000 a year towards support of eighty pupils at Elkhorn, what will you raise among your friends?" they asked me, and I said \$2,000. This is how the matter stands; and yet nothing whatever is at present coming in for Elkhorn; and far, far short of what we require for the support of our old institutions—the Shingwauk and the Wawanosh. I have never asked for money for an object when I did not really need it; my friends know that. Every cent as it comes in is employed; none is put by; we live from day to day like the birds; I publish full reports in detail of all receipts and all expenditures; and when I have money sufficient to complete some object in hand, I at once make it known. I have always done this. Just now we are really in great need. We had to borrow money for draining our land last year; and now we have to borrow again to build a barn. The Washakada Home at Elkhorn is running up a bill which we have no funds to meet. I need an assistant superintendent, but cannot pay his salary. I can only go on my knees and pray God to raise up friends to help us at this critical time. Please send soon, and send *direct*. E. F. W.

Among the Blackfeet Indians.

MUST now tell you about my visit to Crowfoot; his camp is ten or twelve miles from Gleichen, so I drove there with Mr. Tims in his light wagon and two ponies right across the prairie without any trail. All the Indians are moving now to Crowfoot's

camp in preparation for the "Sun dance," which will begin in about two weeks. We kept overtaking and passing parties of them, women and men, astride on their ponies with baggage behind them, on the "travoie," and babies packed in among the baggage, dogs also with "travoies" carrying smaller loads. It was a very picturesque sight, the white, scarlet and various colored blankets of the people, and the gay trappings of the ponies, all following one another in single file—children, dogs and foals trotting alongside. We found Crowfoot at home and very pleasant; I presented him with six plugs of tobacco, and we stayed about an hour talking. I told him I did not want any more children this year, but next year I should want twenty. He spoke very sensibly; he said you cannot expect to do much with us old people, we are like unwilling horses that have to be pulled along by a bridle and whipped to make go; but by and by it will be different—our children who are rising up will listen to you; when we old people are dead and gone you will have no further difficulty in getting the Blackfeet to adopt white man's ways and to send their children to school. Mr. Tims spoke to him for a long time about the Christian religion and Crowfoot listened very attentively, though several other men in the tent spoke impatiently, and some went out. Crowfoot is very graceful in manner, and has finely cut features and delicately formed hands. Mr. Tims offered to pray and Crowfoot ordered all the people to their knees, but only a few obeyed. He himself knelt, and ejaculated his approval once or twice. After the prayer I asked if I might speak a few words to him. I spoke of the love and purity of the Saviour, and narrated the story of the woman who was a sinner washing His feet with her tears. He listened very attentively.

On reaching Gleichen again the angry uncle of Etukitsin, who had threatened Mr. Tims, arrived on the scene. Mr. Tims seemed rather doubtful what he had come about, and asked if I would see him; of course, I said yes, and went into the back kitchen, he put his hand under his blanket and drew out a beautifully beaded bag and presented to me, saying, "I wish to give this to you that you may know that Etukitsin's relations have no ill-feeling towards you; show it to your friends when you get home and tell them so." Then turning to Mr. Tims he said, "I hope you will not think any more of what I said when Etukitsin died; I did not mean you any harm." It is really wonderful and a cause of great thankfulness that God has so turned the hearts of the people to us. Appikokia's mother has also given me a couple of bracelets. Two more boys have asked me to take them back with

me, one, named Thomas, was very anxious to go, but I have said I would not take any this year. One is so exactly like Paul, a boy now in the Shingwauk Home, that I have named him Paul, and every one calls him that now, and I have taught him how to write it. Paul took me to his teepee to see his father and mother and I had a long talk with them. I can make myself understood very fairly without an interpreter, and have also picked up forty-eight signs of the sign language, which are very useful. Mr. Tims is very pleased with James, the other Blackfoot boy, who had been at the Shingwauk a year, and who returned to his parents with Mr. Wilson, and thinks him very much improved. He was so pleased to see he had his own Bible and some of the texts marked. He thinks he has learned to read and spell very well for so short a time, and he is reading a chapter in Genesis with him every day.

The Difference Between a Squirrel and a Fish.

By Elijah Crow, Sioux boy, aged 10, one and a half years at school:—The squirrel is a little animal, but the fish he lives under the water. The squirrel is a smart fellow; he can run faster than fish; but the fish can go fast under the water. Fish is good to eat and squirrel is good to eat too. One time I kill it fish and I was very glad.

By Frank Magrah, Ottawa boy, agsd 12:—Squirrel is good to eat, and she is fine looking, and she eat nuts off the trees, and she live in the bush, and she clame in the trees, and the fish live in the water and she eat the little fishes, and she good to eat; and sometimes she will jump out of the water, and we kill it with spears and we catch with hooks.

By Peter Stone, Ojibway, aged 10:—The fish is good to eat; the fish lives under the water; the fish is fast swimming. If anybody puts a line and hook the fish will come and bite it, and when he bite the hook the boy will pull the line up quick and the fish will catch. The squirrel is very smart; sometimes he will run into the high tree, and then he will make a noise as soon as he get good place to hide, where he think he can't see him anybody.

By Pascoe Hill, Ojibway, aged 11:—The squirrel clam on the trees, and sometimes the boys he don't no what place he gon, and he lost he, and the squirrel get save, and sometimes the boys kill the squirrel with bow and arrow and stone. The fish is good swimming, and the fish is good to eat, and the man put his net in the water in the evening and in the morning he get the fish if he catch him.

A Letter to the Sunday Schools.

Copies of the following letter have been sent to a number of Sunday Schools within the last few weeks, also packets of O.F.C., &c.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Our Indian Homes have for several years past been insufficiently supported. We have been so cramped for funds that last year I had to reduce the number of our pupils at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes from 80 to 65, and also to dispense with the services of an assistant superintendent.

We have everything in good shape now to receive from 80 to 85 pupils if only we had the means to do it.

Some Sunday Schools have been supporting an Indian boy or an Indian girl in our Homes for many years, and they take great interest in their Indian protege. The Indian child writes a letter to the Sunday School once or twice a year, and at the end of each year we send the Indian child's examination report, shewing how many marks have been gained in the various subjects taught. We also send from 5 to 10 copies monthly of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" to those that support our Indian children, and some printed annual reports at the close of each year.

I am sending you by this mail some sample copies of our papers, and shall be exceedingly thankful if you can see your way kindly to take up our work.

We have this Summer opened a new Home at Elkhorn, Manitoba, which when completed will accommodate eighty pupils. We hope, also, if God will, to have another Institute at Medicine Hat, near to the Blackfeet Indians. These Homes when completed will be about 800 miles apart.

The annual cost of a pupil at our Homes is \$75, or \$50 if clothing is sent.

Please let me hear soon what you will do for us.

Yours very faithfully,

EDWARD F. WILSON.

NOTE.—Clothing for the Washakada Home should be sent direct to MISS ROBINSON, Lady Superintendent, Washakada Home, Elkhorn, Man.

New Indian Homes.

THE Rev. W. A. Burman, of the Sioux Indian Mission in Manitoba, paid us a visit a week or two ago. He has been appointed by the Bishop of Rupert's Land, principal of the new Institution which is to be built this Summer a short distance north of Winnipeg. In order to prepare himself for the work, Mr. Burman had been paying a visit to the noted Carlisle and Hampton Institutions in the States, and took in our Shingwauk Home on his return journey. We were very glad to see him, and went thoroughly into

the matter, showing him our book of rules, our various publications, printed forms, slips, &c., and explained all our plans and system of management. Mr. Burman quite agrees with us that in order to make these institutions for Indian children successful, we must all work together and try to aid one another in every possible way; and our brotherly feelings must extend themselves not only to those of our own communion, but to those of other Protestant churches, who are engaged, like ourselves, in seeking little Indian children and gathering them into Christian institutions where they will be cared for and taught and brought up to lead useful lives. Among other things we talked over the idea of having one uniform dress for all the pupils in our schools, so that whether at school or at home, travelling by steamboat or travelling by rail, they would always be known and recognized. It is difficult to find work enough for a tailor with a class of apprentices to do at a small Institution of 60 pupils, but if all the tailoring were done at one Institution, to supply the needs not only of itself but of several others, there would be no lack of employment. By a little systematizing of this kind one kind of work could be efficiently performed at one Institution, another kind of work at another, and there would be a saving of expense in the way of salaries. Mr. Burman expects to gather his pupils chiefly from the old St. Peter's Mission, where the Ven. Archdeacon Cowley labored for so many years.

The Presbyterian church is, we believe, with the aid of Government, erecting a large Indian Institution near Regina. We shall be glad to hear of its progress and to give insertion to anything of interest in regard to it that may be sent us.

Blackfoot School.

CONSIDERABLE progress has been made in the school which is taught by Miss Tims, the Rev. Mr. Tims' sister. On the occasion of our visit last year, scarcely any scholars could be persuaded to enter, and those that did seemed to spend their time in popping about like gophers from one part of the room to the other, and in and out of the door, but this time we more than once counted more than 20 scholars, and many of them seemed to be really trying to learn and quite proud of the little progress they had already made. A number of them wrote readily in a bold, firm hand, the words "God is love," on their slates; and one bright-faced little fellow, on whom we bestowed the name "Paul," (he had a fearfully long unpronounceable Indian name) very quickly learned both to repeat and to write his new name.

Shingwauk Jottings.

SCHOOL recommenced at our Indian Homes on Thursday, September 6th.

MR. WILSON is contemplating a trip into the States towards the end of October.

DAVID OSAHGE is at present at the Shingwauk Home. He has completed his time at Trinity College School, Port Hope, and expects to go up for the Civil Service examination the first week in November; after that, he will, if successful, enter upon his duties as a clerk in the Indian Department at Ottawa.

DAVID MINOMINEE, late of the Shingwauk Home, is now in charge of an Indian school at Henvy's Inlet, Georgian Bay.

MR. MCKENZIE, carpenter and foreman at the Shingwauk Home, has been sworn in as a special constable. It was necessary to do this on account of the bad characters which civilization and the railway have brought into our neighborhood. A few days ago we raided a house of ill-repute, which had been established within a stone-throw of the Institution, and the inmates were taken before the magistrate, convicted and sentenced.

AMONG the new arrivals at our school are *Isaiah Jacobs*, brother of Dora Jacobs; and *Lazarus Greenbird*, son of Nancy Greenbird, who was formerly a pupil of ours (Nancy Naudée), supported by Holy Trinity Sunday School, Toronto. We mentioned in our last issue that we had received a son of our old pupil Adam Kiyoshk. Nearly all our old pupils who are married and have children growing up express their desire to send them to us as pupils as soon as they are old enough.

BISHOP WHIPPLE bears the following testimony to the good effect of making the Indians feel the responsibility of individual distinctive effort for themselves, by vesting them with individual rights of property and compelling them to live by their own labor: Twenty years ago we began with a small number of Indians at White Earth Reservation. They were wild folk, used only to savage life. Now there are 1,800 people living like civilized beings. They have houses built by themselves. They are self-supporting. It is an orderly, law-abiding, peaceful community. In religion they are about equally divided between the Episcopal and Catholic Churches. The laws are administered by an Indian police. This year they raised 40,000 bushels of wheat and 30,000 bushels of oats.

Our Exchanges.

AMONG our exchanges are *"The Red Man,"* published monthly at the Carlisle School, Pennsylvania; the *"Indian Helper,"* a little weekly paper published at the same place; the *"Word Carrier,"* at the Santee Agency, Nebraska; *"Our Brother in Red,"* at Muskogee, Indian Territory; *"The Pipe of Peace,"* published at the Genoa Indian School, Nebraska; the *"Southern Workman,"* at the Hampton School, Virginia; *"Talks and Thoughts,"* at the same school; the *"Truth Teller,"* at the Sisseton Agency, Dakota. We shall be glad to receive any other papers published in the interests of the Indians, either in the United States or in Canada.

Clothing for Indian Homes.

AUGUST 1888.

FROM Miss Jeaffreson's Working Party, Stoke, Newington, Eng., a box containing a beautiful supply of shirts, vests, socks, uniform coats, mitts, scarfs, caps, besides pretty knitted shawls, petticoats and many other useful articles. Also a parcel of knitted articles from Mrs. Harke.

By Post from St. Paul's Sunday School, London, Ont., 2 balls, a book and toy for Xmas.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

RECEIPTS SINCE AUGT 13TH, 1888.

Ashton Fletcher, \$20; Trinity Sunday School, St. Thomas, for boy, \$18.75; St. Stephen's S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$25.00; S.E. M., \$2; St. John's S.S., Berlin, for boy, \$18.75; Miss M. Coldwell, \$2; St. Paul's S.S. London, for boy, \$60; Jehu Matthews, for two girls, \$75; St. Mark's S.S., Niagara, for girl, \$25; Mem. Church S.S., London, for boy, \$18.75; St. George's S.S., Owen Sound, for girl, \$14.76.

Receipts—Our Forest Children.

AUGUST 14TH, 1888.

C. W. Nichols, 15c.; Miss Crouch, 15c.; Miss Osler, 10c.; Miss Pigot, 40c.; Miss G. Walker, 15c.; Miss Atkinson, 30c.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM.

VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, NOVEMBER, 1888.

No. 9.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN
PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS
TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

Christmas Number.

The CHRISTMAS NUMBER of "Our Forest Children" will be a very interesting one. It will contain an account of the BLACKFEET INDIANS, their history, customs, language, &c.

- (2) An interesting description of the ZUNI INDIANS of New Mexico. These people live in an ancient city with flat-roofed houses, built in terraces one above the other; they weave blankets, and make all kinds of curious pottery; they are supposed to be a remnant of the original inhabitants of America. Their history and customs have of late raised a great deal of interest in the United States, and searching enquiries are being made by scientific men in regard to them.
- (3) An article on the BURIAL CUSTOMS of various Indian tribes, including a visit to a "death teepee."
- (4) An article on the SIGN LANGUAGE employed by Indians.

These and many other papers of interest will occupy the pages of the next Christmas Number, to be issued early in December. Among the illustrations will be A Scaffold Grave; Portrait of Chief Crowfoot and Old Brass—both Blackfeet Indians; Portrait of the Sarcee Chief, Bull's Head; A New Sketch of the Shingwauk Home, Hospital, and Chapel—taken from the water; Sketch of Mr. McKay's Indian Institution, near Broadview; Sketch of Indian Pony, &c., &c.

Orders for the Christmas Number should be sent at once. The price is only 15 cents for a single copy; 25 for \$3.50; 50 for \$6.50; 100 for \$11.

Why do Indians Advance so Slowly.

(From "The Word Carrier," Nebraska).

WHY do Indians advance so slowly? First, because their old ways have grasped them so firmly that it seems impossible to shake them off. The Indians are proud of their ways and proud that they are Indians. They would keep their old ways as long as there is any old blood in them. You cannot make them believe that the white man's medicine is of any account. They try every way of using their own roots before they will use the white man's medicine. Nor can you make them believe that the white man's way of cure is better than their way, because by trying to live like white men, they have so many diseases and deaths their lives are not so long as they used to be.

There are hardly any old people living now. So that going in the white people's way is to them like marching to death's door. Nor can you convince them that farming is to be their means of supporting themselves, for some have tried to farm and have failed. And many of them have hemorrhages because they have worked so hard.

It is not that every Indian has this kind of experience, but these few have influence over the others and hinder their advancement.

A second hindrance is the jealousy among them. This is a lasting hindrance to their advancement. If an Indian is learning a trade and makes a little money for his living, the others that have nothing to do will all have something to say against him until he gets disgusted and leaves the job.

And if a person is doing well in the way of getting his living, they will all try to get a little mouthful from him, and it is not long before that person has to run into debt by feeding so many, or if he don't feed them his name will be everlasting talked about, and after a while everybody will look at him as a stingy person. When it comes time for the Government issue, he is not allowed to have even a smell of it. He is coining money and owning this and that; so somebody else ought to have his share.

A third hindrance, and perhaps this is *the* reason for their advancement so slowly, is laziness. Perhaps it is not exactly laziness, but if a thing must be done in a certain time and is not done then, it is laziness or something similar to it, that prevents its being done at that time. These people do things, but not at the right time or in the right place. And a good many of the old folks like to sit down and smoke too well. At the time of threshing, harvesting, or breaking, you will find many who take their tobacco pouch along and every little while they will sit down and smoke and have a little talk; and they will sit longer than they meant to, and the work won't be done in the calculated time.

A fourth hindrance is that the Indians are too fond of eating. They will do almost anything if they are to get something to eat. And they will eat just as much when they do no work as when they work, and the funnything about it is that as long as there is any food they won't go to work to get more. Of course all don't do that now, but that is the way they used to do, and some of the older people keep up that style yet. They don't look ahead and try to keep a supply on hand. That is the old way of doing.

Another hindrance is not knowing how to use money. This sentiment will fit in here: "Any fool can earn money, but it takes a wise man to spend it." They may earn ever so much, but they spend it as fast as they make it, and a little faster too. Of course this is a thing that most of us do not know how to do, and so we must not expect the uneducated Indian should know how to do it. He likes to spend money as well as any white man, and he likes to have new things occasionally and good things to eat as well as they.

But the greatest hindrance is by our kind white brothers, who know but little more than we do, and who try to beat us out of every thing that is in our possession. They try every possible way to take away our lands; they run us out of our work; and, if they can, they will hinder us from going to heaven. That has been tried by this Christian Government in the year of our Lord, 1887. This we will have to tell to Christ when we meet him in heaven, where no white man, nor any other man, will try to degrade us or run us down.

The last hindrance that I will speak of is, that there is no law that will protect the Indian. The law of the United States will pick up an Indian and put him in prison, send him to the penitentiary and even hang him; but it will not protect him any more than an animal. Even the animals are protected in the State of Massachusetts, but the laws in the West can't even help the Indians in the way that Massachusetts laws help dumb animals.

Who is heartless enough or cruel enough to talk about the Indians not being advanced faster when all these things work against their advancement? White men are good and wise, and have helped the Indians to where they are now; but that kind of white men are as one out of a hundred, and the other ninety-and-nine are hindering them.

JAMES GARVIE.

Off to the States.

ABOUT the time that this November Number will be in the printer's hands, Mr. Wilson expects to be starting off on an eight weeks trip in the United States, his object being to visit some of the principal Indian centres and schools. He will go first to Ottawa and Kingston, then cross to Cape Vincent, and through Utica to Philadelphia, then to the renowned Indian school at Carlisle; thence to Washington, where he will present letters from Ottawa, and obtain, he hopes, letters from the American Indian Department to the various Indian agencies on his proposed route. Then he will strike west to Chillicothe, in Ohio, to visit the ancient Indian mounds; then to St. Louis; then southwest into Indian Territory, to visit the Cherokees and Creeks, who are said to have arrived at such a high stage of civilization, having their own Judges, Councilors, Police Officers, School Inspectors, Mill Owners, Manufacturers, and relying for support entirely on their own resources. Then west through Indian Territory, to visit the wilder and more warlike tribes, such as the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. West again into New

Mexico and Arizona, to see the curious Pueblo, Moki and Zuni Indians, remnants of the ancient people who were in possession of this continent and inhabited fortified cities when the Spaniards first arrived; also the Navajo Indians, who keep immense flocks of sheep and goats, and weave beautiful blankets on their own native looms. Then north to Denver and home again by way of Nebraska and Minnesota.

Extracts from Pupils' Examination Papers.

THIRD CLASS—GEOGRAPHY.

1. Where and what are Queen Charlotte, Charlottetown, Fraser, Assiniboine?

2. Name each Province of the Dominion, with its capital or chief city?

3. Through what Provinces and what principal cities does the C.P.R. pass, and what are its termini?

Abram Isaac—(1) Queen Charlotte is an Island on the Pacific Ocean on the North West of British Columbia. Charlottetown is the capital of Pr. Ed. Island, on the East of New Brunswick. Fraser is a river in British Columbia. Assiniboine is a river in Manitoba.

(2) Provinces—Ontario, capital Toronto; Quebec, capital Quebec; New Brunswick, capital St. John; Nova Scotia, capital Halifax; Pr. Ed. Island, capital Charlottetown; Manitoba, capital Winnipeg; Assiniboia, capital Regina, Alberta and Athabasca.

(3) Through Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Assiniboia, Athabasca and British Columbia; the C.P.R. runs through principal cities, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina. Terminii—Montreal and Victoria.

Thomas Johnson—(1) Queen Charlotte are Islands about 200 miles north of Vancouver Island, and it is also a sound called Queen Charlotte Sound, between north of Vancouver Island and from the mainland of British Columbia. Charlottetown is the capital in Prince Edward Island, on the south coast. Fraser is a river in British Columbia, rises from the Rocky Mountains and flows into the Gulf of Georgia. Assiniboine is a river in the Province of Manitoba, it rises from the west and flowing westward and falls into the lake Winnipeg.

(2) Province of Ontario (capital Toronto, Quebec (capital Quebec), Nova Scotia (capital Halifax), New Brunswick (capital St. John), Manitoba (capital Winnipeg), and British Columbia (capital Victoria).

(3) C.P.R. starts from Montreal and pass through Ottawa and through the Province of Ontario, and pass through Winnipeg in the Province of Manitoba, and pass through two Territories Assiniboia and Alberta,

and through Rocky Mountains (in kicking horse pass), through British Columbia and runs as far as New Westminster.

THIRD CLASS—SCRIPTURE.

1. What was the parable of the "Good Samaritan" to teach us?

2. What is told us about Martha and Mary?

Abram—(1) The parable of the Good Samaritan teaches us that not only our neighbors that we know of, to do go to them and help them, but also our neighbors that we know nothing about, and when we see them in trouble we must help them and try to do all we can for them.

(2) When Jesus went to Martha and Mary's house, Martha would be busy at her work making ready for meal for Jesus; she do not care about hearing Jesus, but Mary would sit at the feet of Jesus and listen to his words.

COMPOSITION.

Thomas Johnson—A paper is one of the most useful thing that manufactured, its made of old rags, first they put the old rags in water, and then when the rags are all rotten, they boil it again and put something else besides the rags, and after when its boiled it looks like a liquid soap, and then they press it and it goes through many presses its formed into paper. The paper is very good to write and to print on, and made into new papers, books, and some pails are made of paper too, made into school books, as Copy books, Reading Books, Grammars and Bibles, &c.

Something about Indian Languages.

*T*HE Cree Indians call a horse, mistatim; a big dog, mista, big, and atim, a dog. The Blackfeet Indians call a horse ponokamita, a big elk; poncka, an elk, mita big. The Sioux Indians call a horse sunka wakan, the holy or mystic dog; sunka, a dog, wakan, holy. The Ojibway Indians call a horse papazhegoonguhzhe, the club-footed animal. The Micmac Indians call a horse tesibo. This is said to be a corruption of the French "des chevaux." A school house in Ojibway is kekenouhmahde wigummig, the teaching house; in Sioux, oyawa tipi, the reading house; in Blackfoot, iskisinomàtsokioyis, the teaching tent; in Cree, kiskino washkaigan, the teaching house.

A clergyman in Ojibway is makuhda wekonuhya, the black coat; in Sioux, shina sapa, the black blanket; in Blackfoot, natoi-apiakon, the holy white man.

In Sioux the colours are very short words—to, blue; sha, red; ska, white; si, yellow; sapa, black. In Ojib-

way the words are long—ahzhahwushkwhah, blue; misk-wah, red; wahbishkah, white; osuhwah, yellow; mu-kudawah, black.

A distinction is made in Ojibway between animate and inanimate objects, so that a yellow box and a yellow bird are expressed by a different form of the adjective, thus: wasuhwauq muhkuh, wasuhwezid penashe. In Sioux, si answers for both, thus: canwohnaka si, yellow box, zitkadar si, yellow bird. A Sioux boy who attended the Shingwauk Home was named Wasi, yellow pine. The adjective precedes the noun in Ojibway, but follows the noun in Sioux.

What General Armstrong Says.

INDIANS are quick to learn any kind of handicraft, but are slow in execution, having little idea of the value of time. Their remarkable deftness is akin to that of the Orientals, with whose art and religion they have also much in common. There is also some physical resemblance between them, the Alaskans and Japanese being in appearance closely allied. It is fair to say that all but the sickly and lazy make good workmen, doing well in all our trade shops, though the confinement is sometimes too much for them.

Some of those who have broken down here have, however, on returning home, regained health and exerted a wholesome influence among their people. The lazy are always hopeless, and while there is no unusual proportion of them, a very common fault is fickleness, or a desire to change from one occupation to another.

Their intellectual development is good. The "agony" of the Indian student is the English language. In three years he can usually acquire a fair vocabulary, but is slow to use it, though, like others, the more he knows the more he wants to know. There is a steadily increasing studiousness in our pupils as they advance, and a more settled determination to do their best in every way. There is no question as to their ability to learn all that is necessary to make them good citizens, if they are given a chance.

The moral fibre of the Indians is, I believe, finer than that of most dark or barbaric races. They have, at least, an embryonic idea of honor, truth, and honesty, and have some well-defined religious convictions. They deal with each other (within the tribal relation) according to a strict religious code. With those not of their own tribe they are governed by different laws, but are not cruel, except in retaliation.

It is not difficult to lead them from the "Great Spirit" up to the true God, and working among them, I find traces of nearly all the Ten Commandments in

the teaching which they have received from their own people.

The Indian is spiritual, as the negro is religious, and there is no better field for Christian work than among the red men of our country.

Notice.

MR. WILSON requests that during his absence, Post Office Orders may be made payable to J. K. WILSON, instead of to himself.

Clothing for Indian Homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE, SEPTEMBER, 1888.

From Miss Greaves, Dover, England, a box of girls' clothing and books.

OCTOBER.

From St. Matthew's S.S., Quebec, a barrel containing graphics, books, stockings, aprons and a nice supply of underwear for the boys and girls of the Homes.

From Mrs. Basil Woodd and Miss Burt, England, clothing and presents for the Homes.

From Mr. Dextrir, a coat and pants.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

A. A. Davis, Sunday School, York, for boy, \$75.00; Miss Thornton, for girl, \$75.00; Church Redeemer S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Miss Crusoe, Kahpenah's Travelling expenses, \$1.00; Rev. C. H. Marsh & wife, for Elkhorn, \$10.00; L.R.T., \$10.00; St. Stephen's S.S., Montreal, for boy, 25c.; St. Luke's S.S., Halifax, for girl, \$33.24; Miss Murray, \$2.00; Mrs. F. A. Ball, \$5.00; Lewis R. Marsh, \$5.00; Mr. Wallis, \$5.00; Anonymous, N.B., \$2.00; C. Handyside, \$5.00; Mrs. Robert Browne's Sale, £16, \$77.44; E.L.I., \$5.00; Mrs. Hamer, \$2.00; Rev. W. Armstrong, \$10.00; St. Thomas, Montreal, for girl, \$10.00; Geo. H. Linbury, \$1.00; Mrs. John Greer, per Rev. W. Wright, \$10.00; William Plummer, \$5.00; St. Paul's S.S., Brockville, \$10.00; Dr. Millman, for S.H. and W.H., \$15.00; A. Robinson, \$1.00; W. Kingsley, \$5.00; Miss Sterns, \$10.00; St. Peter's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$32.50; Henry Rowsell, \$25.00; Per J. J. Mason, B.F.D.M., \$61.45; S.S., Yarmouth, N.S., for boy, \$25.00; Miss B. Billing, \$3.00; S.S., Mount Forest, for boy, \$6.25; Mrs. Nivin's boys' class, for boy, \$12.00; Mrs. Nivin and Miss Crusoe, travelling expenses, \$5.00.

Receipts—Our Forest Children.

Miss J. Barnett, 15c.; Rev. W. G. Lyon, \$2.00; Rev. J. Hugonard, 25c.; Mrs. Fry, 20c.; Dr. Millman, 40c.; H. T. Mudge, 65c.; Miss Sterns, 54c.; Miss Champion, 50c.

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VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, CHRISTMAS, 1888.

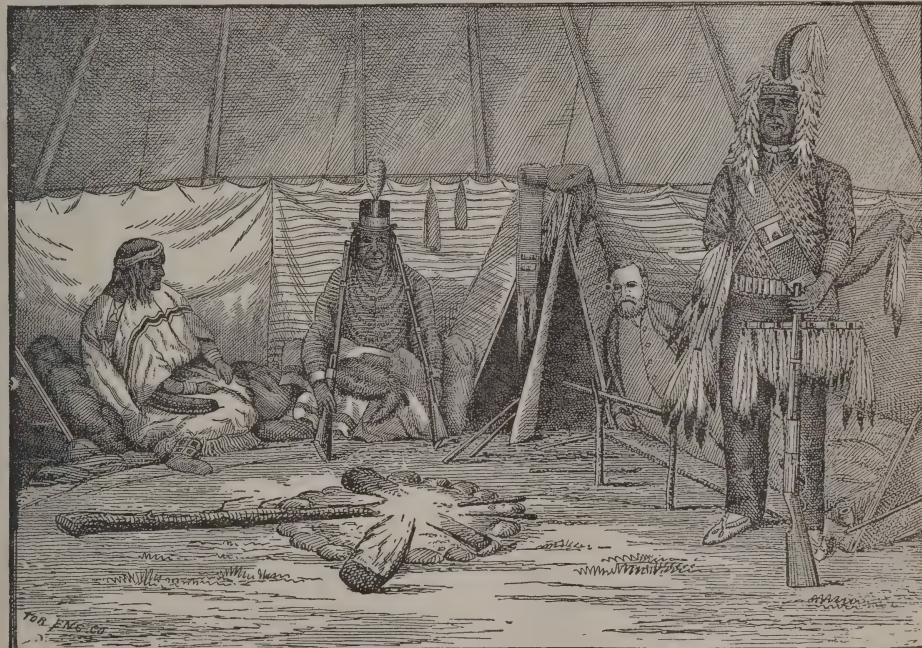
NO. 10.

The Indian Tribes - Paper No. 6.

THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.

THE Blackfoot confederacy is composed of three tribes, all speaking the Blackfoot language; namely, the Blackfeet proper, the Bloods, and the Peigans. Fifty years ago they are said to have

been given to this tribe on account of the black soil which darkens their feet; they do not, however, adopt the name themselves, but call themselves "Sokitapi," the prairie people. They are evidently a branch of the great Algonkin stock, to which belong also the Ojibways, Crees, Ottawas, Potowattamies, Micmacs, and several other important tribes. No dictionary or grammar of the language at present exists, and very few



OLD SUN'S TEEPEE.

("Old Sun" is one of the Minor Chiefs of the Blackfeet Indians. Those sitting down are the Chief, his wife, and the Rev. Mr. Tims).

numbered 30,000 souls, and their numbers, union, and warlike spirit made them the terror of all the western Indians on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. In the year 1836, small-pox swept off two-thirds of the people, and five years later they were said to count not more than 10,000 souls. Since that time they have become still further reduced, and according to Indian Department returns there are at present 2050 in the State of Montana in the United States, and 5400 in Alberta, Canada—7450 in all. The name Blackfeet

white people are acquainted with it; but the difficulties in acquiring it will shortly be lessened, as both dictionary and grammar are at present in course of preparation by the Rev. J. W. Tims, and will very soon be published.

The Blackfeet are a very fine intelligent looking race, and they have generally been rated as standing above their surrounding tribes in point of intelligence and honesty. They are, however, very conservative in their ideas, while wishing to be friendly with the white people,

they at the same time evince little or no desire to adopt their customs. The white people, by the invasion of their hunting grounds, have deprived them of their former means of subsistence; they have swept away the buffalo, and have begun staking out the land and ploughing up the prairies, and now they come offering them religion and education on the one hand, and demoralization and vice on the other. The Blackfoot Indian is indisposed to accept these changes; he sees no good to be derived from them; he clings to his old home, his old habits, and his old religion; thus, the efforts that have hitherto been made to convert him to Christianity, and to educate his children, have been of little avail. A Roman Catholic Institution, built a few years ago only a few miles from the Reserve, has been left, so far as the Blackfeet Indians are concerned, tenantless, and neither the Church of England or the Methodist missions have succeeded in making any permanent religious impression on the people.



CHIEF CROWFOOT.

(*The head Chief of the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Peigans.*)

The head Chief, Crowfoot, is an exceedingly intelligent man, with a fine head, well-cut features, and noble bearing. He has great influence with his tribe, and so long as he lives it is scarcely likely that any great change can be made among his people. They live in their cotton-covered tepees, wear their hair in long plaits, paint their faces, cover the body with a blanket or a blanket coat over the naked skin, wear leggings ornamented with beads and long dangling strips on their legs, moccassins on their feet; adorn their fingers, wrists, necks and ears with ornaments of brass, beads, bones, shell and claws, and wear feathers on their heads. Such is their condition at the present time; by day they stalk about their camp, by night they drum and dance; twice

a week they receive the Government rations—a lb. of beef and a lb. of flour per day to every individual. A few of them make a little attempt at farming; but it is very little. A few of their children go very irregularly to the mission schools. A few people gather occasionally in the school house for Sunday worship, or come together under Christian auspices for a pow-wow or a tea-meeting. Just the thin edge only of Christianity has been introduced thus far; but we may hope that the time is not far distant when the truth will prevail and these people will accept generally the invitation of the Gospel.

The Blackfeet Indians have their own tradition about the creation. Their imaginary deity is "Napi," the ancient, who, it would seem, is the same being as the Nanaboozho of the Ojibways. Napi, they say, made the sun, and told it to travel from east to west. Napi said, we will be two people, and he took a rib from his right side and made it a woman. Napi went one way, and the woman went another way. Napi made a number of men and the woman made a number of women, but they kept separate from one another and never met. One day Napi was hunting buffalo, and he came unexpectedly upon the camp of the women. He told them that he came from the camp of the men, and the chief woman told him to bring all his men and stand them upon a high ridge, and they would each choose a husband. The chief woman then dressed herself in rags and rubbed all the paint off her face, and took off all her ornaments. When the men were all come the chief woman went up to Napi to take him for her husband, but he drew back because he did not like her appearance, so the chief woman took another man, and all the women took men, and Napi was left standing alone. And the chief woman cried to him "Be a pine tree;" so Napi turned into a pine tree, and the pine tree, it is said, can still be seen standing in the same spot. Napi's flesh, the Indians say, is in the pine tree, but his spirit still wanders through the earth.

The Blackfeet say that when they die their souls go to the sand hills. They say they are sure of this, because they have seen the spirits in the distance hunting buffalo, and have heard them dancing and beating their drums; they have also, when crossing the sand hills in the summer time, seen the traces of their camp fires. The spirits of their ponies and dogs go to the sand hills too they say; and also the spirits of the dead buffaloes.

The Blackfeet never bury their dead below the surface of the soil; they think it a horrible practice to expose the body to the worms and vermin that live in the ground. They either deposit the bodies on a hill-top or place them in a tree. Perhaps, being sun worshippers, their idea is that the sun will shine upon them after they are dead. When the body is placed in a tree

it is wrapped in blankets and put up on a rudely constructed platform. When deposited on a hill-top or cliff, a rough kind of box is made, three times the size of a coffin, and into it are put, besides the body, all that belonged to the dead person—blankets, saddle, gun, kettles and everything; it is then nailed down, dragged by a pony on a *travois* to the appointed spot, and there deposited. Sometimes a few logs are piled round it to keep off the dogs and wild animals, but often nothing is to be seen but the rudely made box, and some kind of a flag flying above it. When a chief dies, his favorite

very different to the other languages of that stock, and certain sounds, as *ks* (with something of an *r* sound in it), and *tc* (something between *ch* and *ts*), are peculiar to Blackfoot; but, on the other hand, the grammatical construction is precisely the same as that of the Ojibway, Cree, and other kindred tongues. As in those languages, a distinction is made between animate and inanimate objects; the plural of animate objects are *ax, ix, ox*; of inanimate objects, *ests, ists*. And this distinction affects also the verb—an animate noun must be followed by an animate verb, and *vice versa*. A dis-



BRINGING IN THE MEAT.

(Government supplies are thus distributed to the Blackfeet Indians twice a week).

pony is brought and killed at the door of his tent. There is a dreadful wailing and howling when any one dies, and the relations show their grief by depriving themselves of their blankets, moccassins, etc., even in the depth of winter, and throwing them into the coffin as offerings to the dead.

These Indians observe the Sun-dance, in common with most tribes of the North-west; they also cut off their fingers at the first joint and offer them to the sun.

THE GRAMMAR.

The Blackfeet language, as we have said, belongs to the great *Algonkin stock*; the vocabulary, indeed, is

tion is also made in the first person plural of the pronoun and verb between *we, inclusive* of the party addressed, and *we, exclusive*. The *objective case* of the pronoun, as in nearly all Indian languages, is embodied in the verb, thus: I love thee, *kitakomimo*; thou lovest me, *kitakomimok*; he loves us, *nitakomimokinan*. The simplest form, and often the root, of the verb is the singular *imperative*, thus: Sleep thou, *Okat*; give it to him, *kukit*. The *negative* is double, *mat*, before the verb and *at* or *ats* following. The *interrogative particle* is *kat* before the verb, *pa* after, as—Are you happy? *ki-kat-e-agositaki-pa?*

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce <i>a</i> as in father, <i>ä</i> as in bat, <i>e</i> as in they, <i>i</i> as in pique, <i>í</i> as in pick, <i>o</i> as in note, <i>u</i> as in rule, <i>ai</i> as in aisle, <i>au</i> as ow in cow, <i>iu</i> as ew in few, <i>j</i> as <i>z</i> in azure, <i>g</i> as the German ch, <i>kç</i> something between kr and ks, <i>tc</i> something between ch and ts.	
one, nitukskäm.	town, a kapiyos.
two, natokäm.	knife, isto'an.
three, niokskäm.	big, omäkimi.
four, nisoyim.	kettle, iska.
five, nisitci.	pipe, akwiniiman.
six, nawyi.	yes, a.
seven, ikitiskäm.	no, sa.
eight, naniso.	God (creator), apistotokina.
nine, pikso.	Devil (stoker), autätsokina.
ten, kepo.	White man, n'appi-akon
eleven, kepo nitcikoputo.	American, omäxistoan.
twelve, kepo natcikoputo.	tobacco, pistakän.
thirteen, kepo nekoputo.	bread, naheyiketan.
nineteen, kepo piksikoputo.	my hand, notcis.
twenty, natsippo.	your hand, koticis.
thirty, ni-ippo.	your leg, kokatci.
forty, nisippi.	his leg, okatci.
hundred, kepippoo.	come here, pu'ksiput.
thousand, omäksi-kepippoo.	sit down, apüt.
man, nin'nau.	give it to me, kukit.
woman, akèw.	it is good, agsiu.
boy, sag'komapi.	it is bad, makapiu.
house, nap'loyis.	the man is good, ninnau ags-apitapiw.
boat, akiosatsis.	my father, nin'nä.
water, ogke.	your father, kin'nä.
river, niye'tagtai.	sun, natus.
fire, istci.	day, kç'istikui.
tree, mistcis.	night, kokuyi.
dog, imita.	to-day, anok kçistikui.
horse, ponokamita.	to-morrow, apinakwis.
ox, apotskina.	I am hungry, nit' onots.
fish, mämmi.	Are you hungry? ki kätai-onots?
He is very hungry, ikoi onotsiw.	
I am sick, nits ayogtokos.	
Are you sick? ki kätæ ayogtokos.	
I see him, nit enowaw.	
I love you, kitäkomimmo.	
He loves me, nitäkomimmok.	
Love one another, äkommiyuk.	
I sleep, nitai-oka.	they sleep, aiokawaxau.
thou sleepest, kitai-oka.	I slept, nisitaioka.
he sleeps, ai-okaw.	I shall sleep, nitaikaksoka.
we sleep, nitaiokapinan.	sleep thou, okat.
you sleep, kitaiokapuaw.	if I sleep, oka-eniki.

AMONG many tribes paint indicates bravery and courage, and any who abstain from using it are not only regarded as cowardly but also as disloyal to their race.

British Columbia.

UNDER the vote of last session four industrial schools are to be established in British Columbia for the instruction of the Indian population in the peaceful arts. One will be located on Vancouver Island, and the other three on the mainland, at Kamloops, Metlakahtla and Kootenay, respectively. The appropriation for the first three is \$5,750 each, \$2,500 to be spent on buildings, and the balance for the maintenance of a school of twenty-five pupils at an estimated annual cost of \$130 per head. For the Kootenay school a larger sum, \$8,500, was appropriated, owing to the isolation of its location on St. Mary's reserve, \$4,500 buildings and \$4,000 for the maintenance and tuition of 30 pupils. Kuper Island, off Chemainus, has been chosen as the site for the Island school. The location is on Telegraph harbor, facing Chemainus, with a considerable area of agricultural land adjacent, plenty of timber, well sheltered and with a bountiful water supply. On the northern end of the Island is a village containing about 300 Penel-

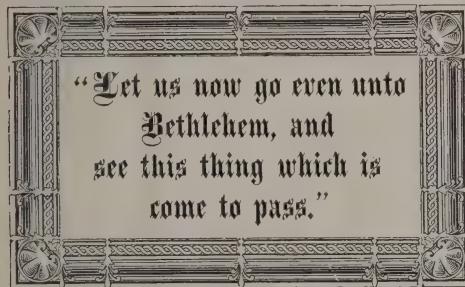
(A Blackfoot Indian in Rev. J. W. Timms' Mission.)

Chemainus Indians are at the mouth of the river. It is a short distance from the Cowichan and Oyster Bay Indians and within easy reach of Nanaimo. Nineteen hundred Indians are within a radius of fifty miles from the school. At Metlakahtla, the old school house is being refitted for the purpose of an industrial school, and Agent Todd at the present time has a number of men at work. The site at Metlakahtla has become famous, and there can be no question that its central location is very favorable for the success of the school. The Indians of the Naas, Skeena, and those in its immediate vicinity are within easy reach of Metlakahtla. The



OLD BRASS.

site for the school for the Kamloops Indians is situated on the reserve, opposite the town, two miles from the mouth of the North Thompson river. This location is also central, being convenient for the North and South Thompson Indians in the Okanagon district, etc. The site for the Kootenay school possesses similar advantages in point of convenience and location, on St. Mary's reserve, which abounds in good agricultural land, and plenty of water for irrigation purposes.



The Zuni Indians.

PERHAPS the most interesting of all the tribes now to be found on the Continent of North America, is that of the Zuni Indians. They live in a town of their own, which they have occupied for many ages past, and they still retain most of the primitive customs of their forefathers. Their houses of ancient style, built in terraces one above the other in a sort of honey comb; their mode of grinding corn and preparing it for bread making; their manner of moulding clay into vases and pots of curious shapes, burning and decorating their articles of pottery, spinning the wool of their sheep and weaving it into blankets on looms of their own construction. All these customs and habits of the Zuni Indians bear the stamp of antiquity, and thus the study of these people becomes invested with a peculiar interest.

In order to arrive at the domain of these ancient people one must take the train first of all for a town called Wingate on the Atlantic Pacific Railway in New Mexico. Near to this is Fort Wingate, and from Fort Wingate a trail or road will be found leading to the town of Zuni, about 25 miles distant. Leaving Fort Wingate, the trail leads over a spur of the Sierra Madre Mountains, past some cedar-clad sand hills, and then down a steep descent of black lava. From this point far away across a great yellow sand plain can be seen a huge rocky mountain, a thousand feet high, level at the top and at least 2 miles in length. Near to the foot of this is the town of Zuni. It looks like a great beehive, a succession of terraces one above the other,

and bristling with a forest of ladder tops, by means of which access is gained from one level to another. Formerly the town contained 5,000 inhabitants, but the population now is somewhere under 1,700. As we approach the town a Zuni Indian meets us. He is bare headed, beardless, and has long black hair like the rest of his race; his features resemble the ordinary type of the North American Indian; his skin is of about the same shade as those we see in Canada; and as he grasps our hand with a cordial *Hai! hai!* we feel our friend is as much an Indian as any whom we have known in more Northern latitudes. But we soon note both in his dress and manners novelties to which our eye has been unaccustomed. His front hair is banged even with his eye brows and is secured by a colored cloth passed over the temples and tied at the back of his head; his shoulders are covered with a bright parti-colored blanket of unaccustomed make and pattern; long locks of unplaited hair fall on each side of his face; his neck is adorned with strings of shell beads; round his waist is a leathern band in which are stuck a couple of boomerangs;—and as he takes our hand he lifts it to his lips, reverently breathes on it, and draws in his breath.

As we approach nearer to the town walls we note that the houses appear to be built mostly of mud, or rather, as we find on enquiry, they are 'adobe dwellings.' Adobe is the Spanish name for a large unburnt brick, dried in the sun. These bricks are generally 20 inches long by 10 inches wide and 4 inches thick; and with these bricks and adobe or clay mortar the houses are constructed; generally, however, they are laid on a stone foundation. The town has a fortified appearance, very few doors or outlets appear on the outside, the roofs of the houses are all flat, and the general appearance is almost that of an Eastern city, and this idea is strengthened as we note some women coming down to the water with their water pots resting on their arms or poised on their heads. All around, outside the town, are the people's gardens; some large, some small, and enclosed by adobe fences. In the gardens are melons, pumpkins, pepper plants, onions and other vegetables; and besides the gardens are innumerable corrals or enclosures for their flocks and herds. These cattle pens have a rude, jagged appearance, being surrounded by a rough fence of cedar sticks placed upright, the sticks being of all sizes and all lengths. Within the corrals are sheep and goats and numbers of little gray, white-nosed, black-shouldered donkeys, called 'burrows,' which are natives of the country. Around outside are dogs innumerable, lean looking black hogs and numbers of chickens. And now, how are we to enter the town? Not through a door, but up a ladder. We reach one terrace, then

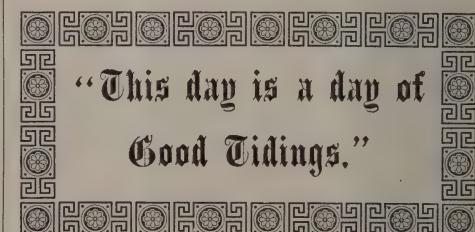
another, without meeting a soul; at length we arrive at the top-most tier of this strange city,—and there we find hundreds of Indians congregated. This seems to be their great resort, and from here we look down upon two large squares, intersected by several streets, in the centre of the town, in which some 40 or 50 men are engaged in one of their great religious dances. The town, it is said, covers about 15 acres; the houses piled up in terraces, one above the other, form the four sides of a hollow square. In the lower houses live the wealthiest people; above them those of less distinction, and the poorest of all in the upper flats.

We are now introduced to the Governor. His name is Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa. He is about fifty years of age, a grave looking man with a kindly expression of face, finely moulded features, and an almost Egyptian profile. He invites us to his house. It is at the southwestern corner of the town on the banks of a shallow, muddy stream, called the Zuni River. A number of the chief men, who have been invited, come in one by one, and having shaken hands, sit down on the floor; most of them scrape some tobacco fine and roll it in a thin piece of corn husk for a cigarette. This is their favorite way of smoking. While we are talking, coffee and sugar are supplied by the Governor by way of refreshment. The room in which we are congregated is about 18 feet long by 12 feet wide, the door is wide and low and the window square. Some of the windows are filled with mica, but this has glass. There is a trap door in the roof and a ladder leading through it to the open air. Dogs as well as children climb up and down these ladders. The floor of the room is clean, plastered smoothly with a reddish brown clay. The ceiling is about 9 feet from the floor, supported by wooden rafters and covered with willow brush. The walls are white. The women dissolve a kind of white clay in boiling water, and with an undressed goat skin glove on their hand, spread the liquid over the walls.

After the council is over, we visit a number of the people's houses. On the flat roofs we find men and women busy painting their articles of pottery—some of them mere little cups or bowls, others large enough to contain several gallons. Some of the people are husking great heaps of many-colored corn, others bringing the grain up the ladders in blankets strapped over their foreheads, or spreading it out on the terraced roofs to dry. The children seem to be everywhere, popping in and out of the holes in the roofs, and chasing one another about among the high clay chimneys and bake ovens. Down below near the corrals, some old women are building round-topped heaps of dried sheep dung, and depositing within them the freshly painted pots and bowls ready for burning. The Zuni Indians are very clever in making their pottery, and show consider-

able originality and taste in their method of forming and decorating the various articles. Here is a small yellow pitcher in the form of a shoe or moccassin. Here is a large black earthenware vessel for heating water. Here is a basket bowl with a horned frog on the outside and tadpoles and dragon fly inside. Here again is a spoon with the figure of a black pig on it. The material used is a dark bluish clayey shale found in layers, generally near the tops of the mesas or mountain ridges. The clay is mixed with water and kneaded like dough to a proper consistency, and is then mixed with a certain proportion of crushed volcanic lava which renders it porous and prevents it cracking when exposed to heat. No potter's wheel, model, or measuring instrument of any kind is used in the manufacture of the pottery. The moulding is all done by hand, guided by the eye, and it is performed only by the women. When the vessels are finished they are put out to dry in the sun. Then they are painted over with a white solution; then decorated with native paints applied with a brush made from the leaves of the yucca plant. After this they are baked carefully in ovens made for the purpose, dried manure being the only fuel used.

Another curious thing to be observed is their method of grinding flour. Their mills are kept inside their houses, and consist of a series of troughs placed side by side, each trough being 20 inches wide and 20 inches deep. In each trough is a flat grinding stone resting against the side like a laundress' washboard; the women stand at these troughs, and each with a slab of volcanic lava in her hands, rubs the grain up and down against the sloping grindstone. The first trough into which the grain is put has a rough-grained grindstone, the next is of finer grain, the next finer still, and so the meal is passed on from one trough to another until it is reduced to the proper consistency. A very delicious kind of wafer bread, called "waiavi," is made from the finest corn meal.



A GENTLEMAN is now successfully domesticating the American buffalo at Stony Mountain, Manitoba. Starting his herd in 1878 with four heifer calves and one bull, it now numbers sixty-one head; the greater number are pure buffalo, the rest half breeds.

The Northern Tribes.

THE most northerly tribe of Indians, as is well known, is that of the Eskimos, or, as they call themselves, *Innuit*, the people; they occupy the Arctic seaboard from Greenland to Behring Strait, and across to the Asiatic shore. It is doubtful if they are properly North American Indians at all; they are supposed to be of Mongolian origin, and to have migrated from Asia. If an Eskimo was cleaned, his complexion would be found to be fair and his skin almost white; he is of medium stature, and has small, well-formed hands and feet, his face is broad and egg-shaped, his nose flat, his eyes small and oblique; he has little or no beard and his hair is black, coarse, and cut close to the crown. The Eskimo people, as is well known, delight in blubber and grease; they are very peculiar in their tastes; they will eat with a relish such things as coagulated blood, putrid whalefat, maggots, etc. Their homes are models of filth and freeness. They are

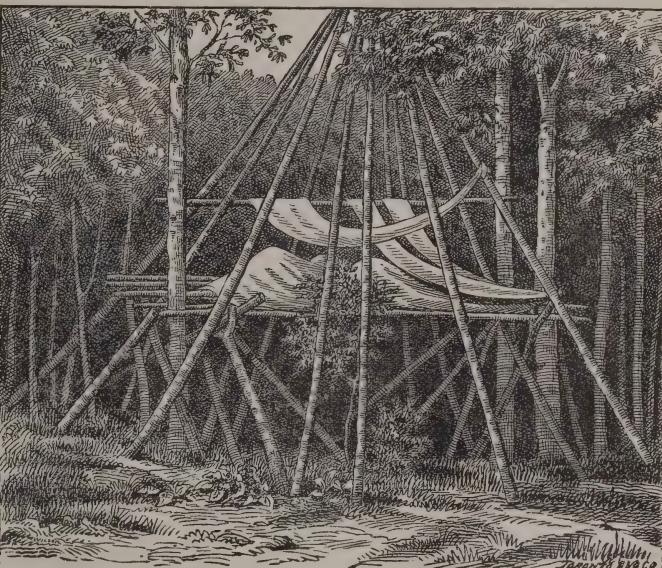
fond of dancing and festivity, and are said to be great mimics. During the days of winter darkness, they doze away the long hours in their snow houses or "igloos" as they call them. They depend on crowding together and wrapping themselves in fur to keep themselves warm, their only fire being a stone lamp supplied with whale oil. Early in spring they fish for salmon, and hunt reindeer and water fowl. August and September are the months for whales. These they follow in their Kyaks and attack with their harpoons. The point only of the harpoon remains in the whale's body, and to it is attached, by a long cord, a sealskin buoy. To kill polar bears they bend up a stiff piece of whalebone, enclose it in a ball of blubber and freeze it. The bear swallows several of these balls, the thawing blubber re-

leases the whalebone and the bear soon comes to an end.

The Eskimo generally bury their dead by doubling up the body and putting it in a box elevated 3 or 4 feet from the ground and resting on four posts. The box is covered with painted figures of birds, fishes and animals.

THE KONIAGAS occupy the western shores of Alaska. They are sometimes called the Southern Eskimos. Their country is a rugged wilderness. They are of light complexion. Their hair is black and they wear it long. They adorn their faces with paint—red, blue and black, and wear trinkets in their ears, noses, lips and chins. They build large, square houses for winter,

accommodating 3 or 4 families each; these are sunk two feet into the ground, and the sides and roof are made of poles & planks covered over with grass. These people excel in carving and in working walrus teeth and whalebone; the women tan skins and make baskets. They are very filthy in their habits, as bad, if not worse, than the Eskimo, but they are, nevertheless, a peace-



AN INDIAN GRAVE—see page 8.

(The body is that of a Sarcee Indian, near Calgary, in the Northwest.)

able industrious people.

THE ALENTS inhabit the Aleutian Archipelago, a string of islands stretching from the southern coast of Alaska across the Pacific towards the Asiatic shore. These islands were first discovered by a Russian in 1745. The Aleuts seem to be a mongrel race between the Tartars and the North American Indians. They are awkward, uncouth looking creatures, wear curious-looking, broad-brimmed hats and bird-skin clothing; they live in holes in the ground, covered with poles and earthed over. These holes are very large and give shelter each to a large number of families. They live on whale and walrus blubber, preferring it putrified, and also eat berries and roots. November is their great hunting season.

THE THLINKEETS are true American Indians. They inhabit the Pacific shore from Queen Charlotte Island to Alaska. The name Thlinket signifies 'man' or 'human being.' They are evidently connected with the more Southern Indians of New Caledonia, Washington Territory and Oregon, but are a distinct people from the inland tribes of British North America, and quite distinct from the Eskimos. They are a fine, handsome race, but spoil their features by their facial ornaments. The wooden lip ornament is peculiar to these people and a few other of the coast tribes. An incision is made in the under lip during childhood, parallel with the mouth and half an inch below it, and a bone or stick introduced to keep the wound from closing. The aperture is gradually enlarged as the child grows, and in time is capable of receiving an oval shaped block of wood from 2 to 6 inches in length and from 1 to 4 inches in width. The block is grooved like a pulley so as to keep it in place, and is highly polished. All the free born female Thlinkeets wear these ornaments in their lips, and it is considered a disgrace not to have them. The Thlinkeets build substantial houses for winter of plank or logs, 6 or 8 feet in height, and covered with bark; there is a large common room, heated by a fire in the centre, and small family rooms on the sides. The people live mostly on fish, mussels and sea weeds. They make large war canoes from 50 to 70 feet long, capable of carrying 40 or 50 persons. Each canoe is made out of the single trunk of a tree, and when finished, is ornamented with painted figures. Their paddles have crutch-like handles and shovel-shaped blades. The Thlinkeets are an ingenious people; they spin thread, use the needle and make blankets from the white native wool. They also excel in working stone and copper, making necklaces, bracelets, rings, and they also forge iron. Their dead are burned and the ashes collected and placed in a box which is raised on four posts and covered with hieroglyphics.

THE TINNEH OR ATHABASCANS. This is the last of the Northern tribes, and is also the most numerous and the most widely distributed. To it belong the Chipewyans, Tacullies, Kutchins, Kenai, and a host of minor tribes, such as the Dogribbs, Hares, Sarcees, &c. Their territory extends from Hudson Bay on the East to Central Alaska on the West, a distance of about 4,000 miles. North of them are the Eskimo, and South of them the Cress. They do not extend further than the 54th parallel of north latitude southward. Branches of the same stock, however, are said to exist in Arizona and New Mexico. The various families of this great Tinneh tribe differ a good deal, both in habits and language.

The CHIPEWYANS are darker than the coast tribes

and tattoo their cheeks and foreheads; they have long flowing black hair and ornament their persons with claws, horns, teeth and feathers.

The TACULLIES live in New Caledonia, make canoes, live by fishing and hunting, and burn their dead.

The KUTCHINS are very numerous, are a noble, manly people, live mostly in the neighborhood of the Yukon River and Peel River; make their clothing of reindeer skins; live on fish and game; manufacture pots and cups of clay, and make their canoes of birch bark.

The KENAI are an Alaskan tribe, their neighbors on the west being the Koniagas, already described. They hunt reindeer, catch fish, work in copper, and burn their dead.

"Glory to God in the Highest;
on Earth Peace:
Good Will towards Men."

How the Indians Bury their Dead.

THE Indians bury their dead in a number of different ways. Some place the body in the ground as we do; others wind up the bodies in sacking and deposit them on a scaffold or in the forks of a tree; others, as the Blackfeet, put them in boxes and lay the boxes on the top of a cliff; others burn their dead, and either bury their ashes or preserve them in urns; others place the bodies in a canoe and turn it adrift; others bury their dead in caves; others make mummies of their dead like the ancient Egyptians.

The Mohawks of New York State used to make a large hole in the ground, in which they placed the body either upright or in a sitting position, surrounded by its possessions, such as bow, arrows, cooking utensils, gun, etc.; the opening was covered with sticks, and then earth piled up in the form of a round hill or mound.

The Ojibways have usually interred their dead lengthways, and when the grave is completed and the body deposited, poles or sticks are laid along the top of the mound, and over these, strips of birch bark or mats, which are securely pinned down and serve to keep off the rain. A hole is made at each end of the grave to let the spirit pass in and out.

The Prima Indians of Arizona, tie the bodies of their dead with ropes to make them preserve a sitting position, and make a hollow chamber in the ground 4 or 5 feet below the surface, in which they deposit them.

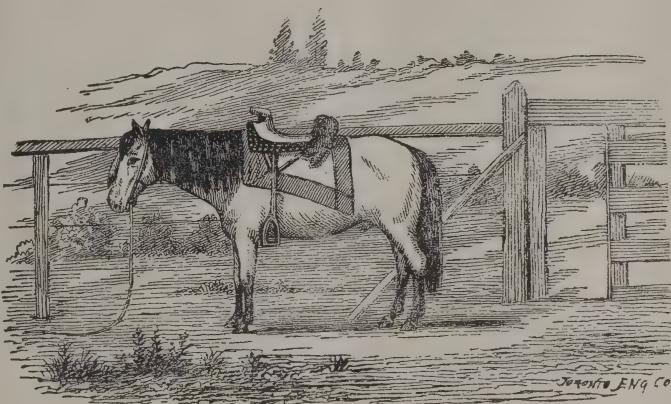
With nearly all the tribes it seems to be a custom to kill a horse or cattle at the death of a chief or person of note, the idea being that the animals so killed will accompany their owners to the spirit world. A death teepee is a horrible place to enter. We saw one last summer when visiting the Sarcee Indians, near Calgary, in the North-west. Riding across the prairie with a young Englishman, who had spent several years in the neighborhood, we came upon a little copse of fir and poplar trees, two or three acres in extent. We suspected it was a burial ground, and dismounting from our horses, entered it. No sooner had we done so than we found ourselves in the midst of graves, the bodies wound up in blankets and tent cloth like mummies and deposited on scaffolds from 6 to 8 feet from the ground. Four or five of these bodies could be seen from one point, and others became visible as we pushed our way through the underbrush. A little baby's body, wrapped up in cloth, was jammed into the fork of a fir tree about 5½ feet from the ground. The earth was black, wet and fil-

thy, and the stench repulsive. Here and there lay the bleached bones and sodden tangled mane and tails of defunct ponies which had been shot when their warrior owners died; also several skeletons of dogs. Beside each body lay a bundle of earthly goods—blankets, leggings, saddles, etc., also cups, tin pots, kettles and everything that the spirit of the departed could be supposed to want. Pursuing our explorations, we came upon a "death teepee." I had heard of these and had often desired to see one. It was just an ordinary teepee or Indian lodge, made of poles leaning from the edge of a circle 15 feet or so in diameter to a point at the top, and covered closely with common tent cloth. The stench was disgusting and the ground like a cesspool; but I wanted to see all, so we effected an entrance and examined the contents. The old warrior, whoever he may have been, was wrapped up in rotting, sodden grey blankets, sitting with his back against an ordinary

Indian back rest. We could not see his face as the blanket covered it, but the top of his scalp was visible, and a great bunch of slimy, filthy-looking eagle feathers adorned his head. Just behind him hung his leathern quiver, full of arrows, ornamented with a leathern fringe 2 feet in length, and his tobacco pouch worked with beads, and by his side were a tin basin and a fire-blackened tin pot with a cover on it. At his feet rested a large bundle of blankets, clothing, and other effects. I made a hasty sketch of the scene, and then we crept out through the hole by which we had entered, and replaced everything as neatly and hastily as possible. The graveyard was in sight of the Indian camp about two miles away, and we were rather afraid some of the Indians would come galloping over to see what we were doing. It was a relief to mount our horses and breathe

once more the fresh air of the prairie.

The Navajo Indians in Arizona, are said to bury their dead in the same way as above described, only that the body is covered over with stones or brush. They will never use a



INDIAN PONY.

(This is a Sarcee pony, and is standing outside the Indian Agent's office.)

dwelling in which a person has died, their belief being that the devil comes to the place of death and remains where a dead body is.

Indian mummies have been found in caves in Virginia, North Carolina and Florida. The mode of embalming is described in Beverley's History of Virginia. They first skin the body of the dead person, then remove all the flesh except the sinews and connections of the joints, dry the skeleton in the sun, oil the skin and put it on again, filling up the parts where the flesh was with fine white sand. When the skin is sewn up, the body looks quite natural again, and is laid on a shelf in the side of a cave made for the purpose, and spread with mats.

Many of the tribes on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains cremate their dead. Among the Tolokotins of Oregon, the dead body of a man is kept for 9 days, during which time the widow must guard it, and on the 10th it is placed on a raised platform of dry, gummy



MOSSING CO., N.Y.

INDIAN PUPILS AT CARLISLE.

(This cut has been kindly lent by the *Christian Union*. It represents Indian pupils as they look on their first arrival at the Carlisle School.)

wood. The people stand or sit around, and the pile is ignited. The widow is obliged to remain on the pile until her skin is badly blistered, and when the body is sufficiently burned she collects the larger bones, rolls them up in a sheet of birch bark, and has to carry them about on her back for several years.

In North Carolina, ancient graves have been found where the bodies had been placed with the face up and covered with a coating of plastic clay about an inch thick. A pile of wood was then placed on top and

fired, which consumed the body and baked the clay, the clay retaining the impression of the body.

Catlin tells us that the Chinook Indians would pack a dead body in a canoe, with paddles for paddling and ladles for baling, and set it afloat on the water. Their idea evidently was that the shortest way to the happy hunting grounds was by water.

ONE can serve God at the desk or counter, with spade or hammer, as truly as others with tracts and bibles.



INDIAN PUPILS AT CARLISLE.

(This is how the pupils look after a four months training.)

Capt. R. H. Pratt.

CAPTAIN RICHARD HENRY PRATT, Superintendent of the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., was born in Rushford, Allegany County, New York, December, 6, 1840. In the summer of 1846 the family removed to Logansport, Indiana, where he attended the public schools and seminary.

In the spring of 1857, he apprenticed himself to learn the tinsmith's and coppersmith's trades with Mr. Nicholas Smith. In January, 1858, he removed with his employer to Delphi, Indiana, and remained with him until the breaking out of the Rebellion.

On the 16th of April, 1861, he enlisted among the first three months' men and served with his regiment in Western Virginia. He was discharged in July, and re-

enlisted in September in the Indiana Cavalry, where he served as sergeant, first sergeant, first lieutenant, and captain until May 29, 1865, when he was mustered out of service. During this time he was with his regiment in the Department of the Cumberland, participating in all its great battles, from Shiloh to Nashville. Captain Pratt returned North after the war and worked at his trade until March, 1867, when he accepted an appointment as second lieutenant in the 10th Regular Cavalry. In July following he was promoted first lieutenant, and in February, 1883, he was promoted to his present position of captain.

He served with his regiment among the Indians in the Indian Territory and Northern Texas until the spring of 1875, when he was sent by the War Department in charge of seventy-four Indian prisoners from

Fort Sill, Indian Territory, to Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida. It was during the three years of this duty that previous ideas of industrial schools for Indian youth, removed from camp and reservation influences, took definite shape.

Kind Letters.

From a Clerical friend:—"I herewith send you \$10 for the work of the Homes from Mrs. M. and myself. I have just returned from the Northwest, and had the pleasure of visiting the Home at Elkhorn, and would prefer the money going for your work in the West, but use it as most required."

From a Stranger:—"Your faith in the cause of God shall not be weakened, and to strengthen it still more I send you \$5 in answer to your appeal in the *Churchman*."

From a Lady in Nova Scotia:—"I enclose a postal order for \$10 for your Indian Homes. It is so plainly a work for God that I wish from my heart that I could do more."

From Chippawa:—"Many thanks for the pretty photo. of the Chapel, which I value very much, especially as the work of one of your Indian boys. It shows that Indian boys are not wanting in taste or intellect. Would you kindly give the boy the enclosed 25 cent piece from me, to show my appreciation of his work."

From the Rev. J. W. Tims, Alberta:—"James (the Blackfoot boy who was at the Shingwauk Home) is still with me. Sometimes I am delighted with him, and sometimes I am sad for his sake. I suppose we must expect that here, all amongst his own people, the tendencies will be to drag him down. He is inclined to be a little lazy and sulky, but the latter does not last long as a rule, and I make him come to me and kneel in prayer for the good spirit, and it usually sets him right in an hour or two."

From New Brunswick:—"I have pleasure in sending you \$10 for your Indian Homes, only regretting that it is not more. I shall be mindful to ask from on high for a blessing on your zealous efforts, and I wish you every success and joy therein."

From Kingston:—"Enclosed please find order for \$15. It is too bad that you have to make such frequent and earnest appeals. I am sorry I cannot send more."

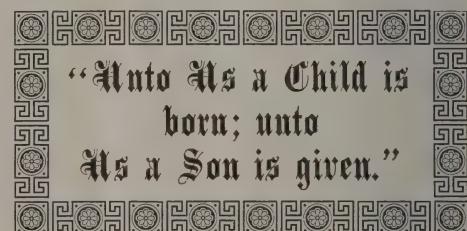
From a Lady, Prov. Quebec:—"I have taken your little magazine for some months, which has given me more interest than ever in your work. I enclose a cheque for \$75, and would like it applied to the support of a little girl; if you would be so kind as to let me know her name, age, and other particulars."

From an English relative, belonging to "the Friends":—"I have long been deeply interested in your noble

work. Since a little girl of about 7 or 8 years old my heart has gone out to the Red Indians of North America. Good, grave books about William Penn and John Woolman and other excellent people (connected with the early Friends) were often put into our hands, and I always considered that the accounts of the Red Indians were the most interesting part of them. I have rejoiced greatly that your own heart and mind should have been so powerfully and efficiently directed to their well being. I think the little green leaflet which I have had printed describing your work, is leading to kind interest in your proceedings."

From a Montreal Friend:—"I think a great deal about you and your work, and I pray that God may bless and prosper it. I admire the faith with which you cling to your work amid all kinds of discouragement, and that greatest of all, the indifference and forgetfulness of those who ought to support and help you."

From a Roman Catholic Priest:—"I appreciate your paper and admire your zeal. Indian education is progressing; and for your part you go to your aim might and main."



Life at the Mohawk Institution.

 HAVE been asked to write a description of life at the Mohawk Institution. First of all, it is necessary to say what and where the Institute is. It is an Industrial School for ninety Indian children—(forty-five boys and the same number of girls), maintained by the New England Company of London, England; situated near Brantford. Although in object and character similar to the Shingwauk Home, it draws its pupils from the older settled of the Indian reservations, and chiefly from amongst the Iroquois tribes, the Six Nations of Grand River, the Mohawks of the Bay of Quinte and the Caughnawagas from near Montreal; there are also a few Munceys and Chippawas from various places.

Of "Life at the Mohawk Institution" there is so much to tell you that it is hard to know where to begin, so I won't speak of anyone's life in particular, but will commence with the "opening day".

The summer vacation is just over, and all day long buggies and waggons have been driving up to the front

door and depositing boys and girls, new and old pupils. After being welcomed by the Superintendent and saying good-bye to their relatives, they pass to their respective departments and form groups, inquiring after old companions who are not returning, and forming new acquaintances of "old companions." We hope that all will make use of the advantages they have had here, and be examples and helps to their friends, for you must know that to impart mere book learning is not the sole object of this Institution. The girls learn everything that will make them useful in their homes—cooking, baking, washing, ironing, sewing, knitting, etc., and the boys learn gardening, farming, carpentering or some other trade. Besides all this, every one here learns to sing, and the senior girls learn to play on the organ; for, as the Superintendent says, every one is not sufficiently

clever to become a teacher, but all can make their home brighter; and what helps to make home bright as much as music? and then one must sing, in order to join heartily in Public Worship. I wish you could be at one of

our winter entertainments; we have readings, recitations, singing, playing and dialogues; some of the latter are great fun, being composed by the pupils themselves.

To return to the "opening day"—at six o'clock the supper bell rings and all assemble in the large dining hall; but who wants any supper when there are baskets and bags full of cakes and pies outside? After supper the duty roll is made up, for everyone has to help to keep the place in order, and with so much to be learnt there is no time to waste, so the private clothes are called in and the school uniform distributed, and work begins at once. At eight the prayer bell rings. When all are assembled in the large school room, the Superintendent gives his opening address, urging all to make good use of their opportunities, and encouraging them by giving many instances of the success of former pupils. Amongst these are two clergymen, two physicians, one civil engineer, one Dominion land surveyor;

two civil service clerks, a great many teachers of whom seventeen are now teaching, two of them holding second class public school certificates. Several are following the trades they were taught here, (carpenters, blacksmiths, seamstresses, etc.,) whilst a large number are well-to-do farmers and wives of farmers. Then follows the usual evening prayers, and the first day is over.

You will think as there is so much to be learnt that there will be no time for play; but not so, there is plenty of time every day and half a holiday every week. The boys have a large play house and play grounds, with vaulting bars, and a field with a fine cricket crease, where they have splendid games of base ball and foot ball. Sometimes they challenge the town boys for a game. The girls have a play room and ground, with swings, etc. There is a library of over two hundred

volumes, of which the 'Boys Own' and 'Girls Own' Annuals are the favorites. The boys mostly go up town on their half-holidays, but the girls only go out with their teachers or with their friends when they come to see them on Saturdays.

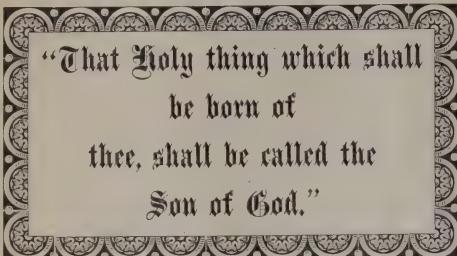


THE MOHAWK INSTITUTION, BRANTFORD.

The Institution does not close at Christmas, but there is no school. The day before Christmas is spent in decorating the building. The dining hall looked so pretty with cedar ropes over the archway, doors and windows, with bright-colored tissue paper chains festooned from the ceilings, and the words "A Merry Christmas" put up in several places. Last year we had a splendid Christmas tree, bearing a present and a bag of candies for everyone; it looked beautiful, hung with lighted wax candles, chains of oranges and queer Chinese lanterns. During the week there was something going on every evening; either the boys or the girls gave an entertainment, or the Superintendent exhibited his magic lantern. The days were spent in sliding and skating, going for a sleigh ride or to town to see the Christmas stores, and make purchases of little presents for our friends. It is a wonder how the heaps of plum puddings, mince pies, cakes and other

good things disappear during Christmas week.

On Sundays we have service at the old Mohawk Church, the oldest Church in this Province. It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the school. Although there is no regular congregation besides the inmates of the Institute, a good many visitors from Brantford attend in fine weather, for they like to join in our hearty responsive and musical service. W.



What Came of a Storm.

A TRUE STORY.

ONCE upon a time there were two excellent ladies who lived in a very little cottage by the side of a very big river. We shall say that they were named Miss Martha and Miss Deborah—not that they were, but their real names do not matter. They were waited on by a small boy, who shall be called Sam, because his real name is hard to say. He was an Indian boy about twelve years old, and he knew very little English.

At the time my story begins, Miss Martha had only lived in the cottage a very little while, and Sam was a great curiosity to her. Miss Deborah had been there longer, knew all about Sam, and many others like him, and was very good to them all. The big river made, as you may suppose, a very good road between the different little villages on its shores, in fine weather; but towards the winter it often happened that travellers by this road were overtaken by storms, and had to wait till they were over. And so, one night late in November, it came about that just as the two ladies had settled themselves for the evening, there was a great knocking at the door; Miss Deborah opened it, and admitted a stranger, who said very politely: "May I leave this turkey in your shed till morning? It is so stormy that I cannot manage my boat, and I have more bundles than I can carry." Miss Deborah agreed, so the poor turkey, (it was alive, and was a hen), was brought in and placed on a pile of kindling wood. Her legs were tied, so she could not fly away; she had some food and water put beside her, and there she sat, looking as meek and mournful as turkey hens usually do. As for her owner, he found shelter not very far off for himself and the rest of his packages. Miss Martha presently went

to bed, and forgot man, turkey, and everything else. Before daylight next morning, she heard Sam come in, and begin to light the kitchen fire. She got up and put a match to her own fire and jumped into bed again. "I'll get up when it is warm," said she, for she hated cold, like many other ladies who are no longer very young. And she would have gone to sleep again, but presently she heard the most unearthly screaming, evidently proceeding from the lungs of Sam. "Has that boy taken coal oil to light the fire and set himself in a blaze?" thought Miss Martha, who held an opinion that boys, of whatever race or color, were sure to do whatever they ought not. But she could not go at once to see, because she was only arrayed as ladies usually are, before they get up in the morning; and, indeed, before she had time to do so, or even to imagine any other reason for the appalling noise, Sam rushed into her room. I don't know if his hair was on end, certainly his eyes were starting out of his head. Miss Martha sat up in consternation. Sam caught her arm with both hands and gasped—"Some—body! some—body!! some—body!!!". And this was all he could say. Miss Martha began to be nearly as frightened as he was. She began to think that "somebody" might be cutting Miss Deborah into little pieces, but she could not get an answer out of Sam, and she could not move because he still clutched her arm. However, in a moment more, Miss Deborah appeared at the bedroom door. Greatly did Miss Martha rejoice at the sight of her. Her toilet was somewhat unfinished, but she was evidently uninjured, and she at once unfolded the mystery. "Why Sam," she said soothingly, "its only the turkey." I am not sure that Sam knew anything about turkeys, but he began to find out that he was not hurt; his shaken nerves recovered themselves by degrees, and he went out to look at the innocent object of his terror. He had gone into the shed for some wood, and in the dark had trodden or stumbled on the poor turkey, who had rolled her eyes, and feebly squawked, as the way of her kind does. And Sam, finding sound and motion where he expected no such thing, probably thought that an evil spirit had got into his kindling-wood, and being too terrified to investigate causes, had, as we have seen, rushed with pitious wails to the first refuge that offered itself. Well, he was prevailed upon to finish his morning tasks, and in due time the two ladies completed their toilets, and made their breakfast. But Miss Martha laughed all day long, and has laughed ever since, whenever the thought has returned to her of the small Indian with his convulsive clutch of her arm, and his terrified gasp of some—body! some—body!! some—body!!! As for the poor turkey, she was called for by her owner, and a few weeks later, she probably made his Christmas dinner. I do not believe any bird of her

kind had ever before caused so much alarm to any one. I am not sure that Sam ever cared particularly to hear her mentioned; but he is older, and very likely much wiser now. Perhaps, he may even read this story (which is every word true) for himself; and if he should, I hope he will excuse me for telling it. He is not the first, and won't be the last, to make something very terrible out of something very innocent, and only alarming because not understood.

◆ ◆ ◆

A Day at the Shingwauk.

THE Captain of the school, Thomas Johnson, has an alarm clock at his bedside, which goes off a few

minutes before six in the morning.

As soon as its disturbing notes are heard he rouses from his slumbers partly dresses, and goes down to the entrance hall to ring the great bell over the porch.

There is

then a general rousing all through the dormitories; the front dormitory boys turn out of their hammocks, the east dormitory boys out of their single iron bedsteads, and the little fellows in the north dormitory out of their double wooden beds. As soon as all are washed and dressed, silence is called by the monitor in each dormitory for prayer; then the stair gates are unlocked and all file down, not very quietly, to the school room. Mr. McKenzie is in his place at his desk and calls the roll, and all answer to their names—'present,' it should be, but some of the new boys say 'pleasant,' and some don't answer at all. Among the names are Isaiah, Lazarus, Amos, Ananias, and others such as Kapina, Kiyoshk, Negaunewah. At 7 o'clock is breakfast in the dining hall. When the big bell rings, Johnson takes his place in the captain's raised seat at the end of the room, the boys come in and range themselves along one side of the room, the three monitors put on

their white aprons; then, at the touch of the bell, all file in an orderly manner to their places, stand and cover their eyes while grace is said; another touch of the bell and they sit down and commence their breakfast. They may talk as much as they like quietly, but if any boy misbehaves, he has to come and stand on the platform by the captain, or is sent away from the room. The food consists of oatmeal porridge, syrup, bread, tea; and for the big boys who are going to work, a dish of meat. After the meal, the boys are dismissed in the same orderly manner; apprentices start up town for their day's work, or go to work in the institute shops; others go to the farm or garden, or to haul water, or

to chop wood; others to wash the dishes or sweep the rooms; others go to the school room for preparation. Half of the school goes to work in the morning and the other half go to lessons, and they change



THE SHINGWAUK FROM THE WATER.

(This sketch shows the Hospital on the left, the Shingwauk Home in the centre, and the Chapel on the right.
The water in front is the River St. Marie.)

over at noon. At 8 o'clock the big bell rings again for morning prayers, and all, except those who have gone away to work, assemble in the school room. Besides reading a portion of scripture, there is generally a chant; on Tuesdays and Saturdays the psalms for the day are read; and on Wednesdays and Fridays, a part of the litany. After prayers is bed-making; the boys file up in order to their dormitories, take their places each at the head of his bed, and at the word from the monitor, rapidly and neatly make their beds. After this, there is a general play round for half an hour; then at 9 o'clock the big bell rings again for the morning school boys to assemble in the school room, and 5 minutes later the little bell on the master's desk is sounded, and school commences. The first-class (which is the highest in the school), the lower third, and A class (the lowest),—about 23 boys in all, are at school in the morning; the rest are all at work. The

school room is a bright, cheerful room, 3 windows on one side, 2 windows on the other. Two of the walls are almost wholly taken up with black-boards, and on the other two are hung maps and pictures. Two great smoke drums, protected by iron-barred guards, are in the centre of the room, and afford the necessary heat in winter, being connected with stoves in the dining hall below. While these boys are at school from 9 to 12, the other classes are all busy at work. Two are with the carpenter, putting up the new barn; two or three are on the farm; two in the bootshop, one with the weaver, one up town at the blacksmith's, six or seven boys under the direction of one big one are busy getting up water from the river, or cutting wood; others are scrubbing the floors in the dormitories, or peeling potatoes, or helping with the cooking. All are busily engaged. Dinner is a few minutes past twelve. Then there is play till two for those who were working in the morning, and till one for those who were at school in the morning. Afternoon work begins at one, and afternoon school at two. The first half hour is preparation under a monitor; the school master comes in at 2.30, and school continues till 5.30. Tea is at 6. Evening prayers at 7. Directly after evening prayers, those boys who wish to do so, go down to Mr. Wilson's office to report. One perhaps has broken a window, another has struck a companion with a stone, another was late getting up in the morning, another has broken the rules by talking Indian. The reports are entered in the conduct book, and each boy is admonished or punished as may seem best. None are allowed to report each other's misconduct, only their own. During the evening hour from 7.15 to 8.15, all, except the little boys, are gathered in the school room for evening preparation or for singing. The little boys go to bed directly after prayers, or at least after reporting. Front dormitory boys stay up till 8.30. East dormitory boys and the two occupants of the captain's room till 9.15. Gates are locked at 9.30; and at about 11.15 Mr. Wilson goes the round of the dormitories to see that all is safe.

Letters from Indian Pupils and Parents.

DEAR SIR, MR. WILSON:

I am going to write to you a few words this morning. I asking you that you promise me that you going to gave me order for the tools \$9.00, that is my money in Savings Bank; then I get it tools for my trade from the Beulah. I got one book from the Shing-wauk, so I very much glad for that. That is all I am going to say.

Your truly boy,

SAMUEL WASI.

DEAR SIR, MR. REV. E. F. W.:

I am glad to hear you are all well at the Home. I have reseive the paper OUR FOREST CHILDREN, and I would like to know what would be the charges for a year, so I would like to take it for a year. I am doing well, working all the time sailing on a tug and saving all I can, banking my money and getting along splendid. I hope all the boys does as well as I do.

So I remain, yours,

WILLIAM PRUE.

From a girl at the Washakada Home to an old friend at the Wawanosh—

DEAR HANNAH:

I am going to write a short letter to you just to tell you about this Home. It is not very large just yet, but it is going to be bigger. We have 8 rooms—4 bedrooms and 1 kitchen, 1 sitting room, schoolroom and our teachers' bedroom, and 1 hospital. I think that is all the rooms. We had a little pic-nic. We went to the slew for to hold our pic-nic. Please tell the girls that I send my love to them. Tell Bella that Josephine sends her love to her. I like to stay here. We have the best fun here. Please ask Mrs. Bligh to send us some winter clothes. I think it will be very cold here. Good-bye.

I remain, your loving friend,

MARION BEESAW.

Josie's letter to Miss Pigot—

DEAR MISS PIGOT:

I am writing to you to tell you I am quite well. I hope you are the same. Marion Beesaw doesn't like you, I like you very much. My apron is done now. Mrs. Scott finish it long ago. I am getting along well in my lessons. The lessons I learn, geography, arithmetic, second reader, and a copy book. On Friday I learn some poetry. My poetry I learn is, 'When I'm a woman I'll teach school.' I help Mrs. Scott to-day to wash. And I give you this text, 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with him; if we deny him, he also will deny us.' I think that is all I have to say.

I am your affectionate little girl,

JOSEPHINE.

From Willie (about 2 weeks after he left)—

DEAR SIR:

My brother Jamieson is coming on the *United Empire*, and so I ask you to send up a boy to take him down to the Home. He will be up next trip.

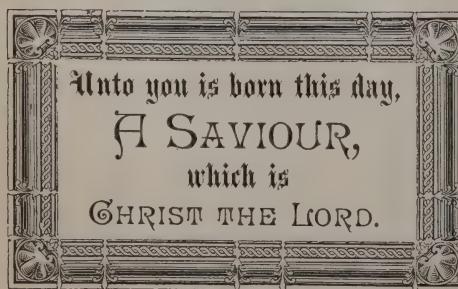
Yours truly,

WILLIE ADAMS.

From a Parent—

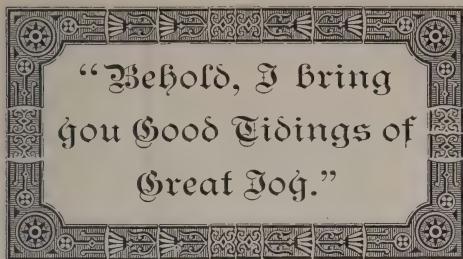
REV. E. F. WILSON:

It came to my mind that our boy how he get along from this time. Are good health or not, and tell him we are well and I will try to send some apple for him. And I will to tell you what I want for to learn—to learn reading all about. If you bring him



to be wise, might be useful for good interpreter or to work the minister. If you bring that way I shall be glad. Good-bye brother, that all I have to say to you.

E. G.



Indian Sign Language.

THE Indians of North America have no written languages. None of the five hundred languages spoken on this continent were ever written down prior to the advent of the white man; and yet, they have among themselves, a code of signs, a system of gestures, of which members of different tribes speaking wholly different languages are able to understand one another when they meet. They possess, in this way, an advantage which we white people, with all our books and learning, and mail and telegraph service, are strangers to. We can gain and impart knowledge only in a language that is familiar to us, and it takes us a long time to acquire a new tongue with which we are not familiar; but the Indian with his sign language jumps over all these difficulties; his companion may be even deaf and dumb, and yet he can speak to him intelligently and receive his replies. Even in making a speech before an audience, an Indian resorts a great deal to gesture, illustrating his words by the movements of his hands and the motions of his body. It is thus comparatively easy to follow an Indian's speech, even though the hearer has but little knowledge of the language.

Following are some of the signs which we picked up last summer among the Sarcee Indians. They are said to be well understood by the various tribes on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, and far down to the south, but not to those further north. In constructing a sentence, the nouns, both nominative and objective, are put first, and the verb last:

1. *A Sioux Indian*—Fingers of both hands up to front of head, and pass over head to the back, as though parting the hair.
2. *A Cree Indian*—Two fingers of right hand parted, palm towards the mouth, move across the mouth towards the left. The same sign means, 'you are lying.'
3. *A Blackfoot Indian*—Forefinger of right hand down and touch right foot with side of finger.

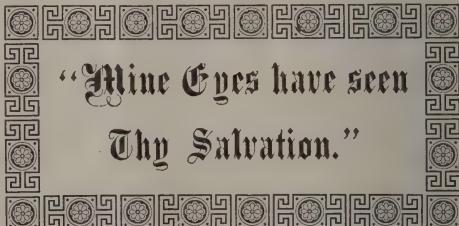
4. *Horse*—Turn left hand outward from the breast, thumb upward, and cross the forefinger with two fingers of the right hand.
5. *Riding*—The same sign, and move the right-hand fingers as though riding.
6. *Racing*—The same sign, then the two forefingers placed parallel, pointing outward from the breast, and thrust them steadily out to represent two horses side by side.



CHIEF BULL'S HEAD.
(*The Chief of the Sarcee Indians.*)

7. *A question* (such as 'Who are you?' 'Where do you come from?' 'What are you doing?') Hold up right palm outwards, fingers upward and unclosed, and move the hand laterally two or three times from the wrist.
8. *Me*—Right forefinger to nose.
9. *You*—Right forefinger towards companion's face.
10. *Hunting*—Right hand near the chest, left hand slightly extended, forefinger of each hand pointed outward, move both hands from side to side as though pointing in different directions.
11. *White man*—Raise right arm over forehead, as though looking for some distant object.
12. *Cattle*—Forefinger of each hand crooked inward, just above head, to represent horns.
13. *Plenty*—Both arms motion as though grasping and laying up a big armful of hay.

14. *I know*—Right-hand forefinger and thumb extended, other fingers closed, outward and downward motion with palm up.
15. *Not*—Same motion, but with hand open.
16. *A Chief*—Right-hand forefinger extended, pointing inward and carried above the head as though touching the eagle feather head-dress.
17. *Name*—Right hand closed, thumb to forehead.
18. *Old person*—Both hands closed, thumbs upward, motion as though walking with two sticks.
19. *Woman*—Both hands open, turned inward, motion as though stroking down the breast, beginning from above shoulders.
20. *Head*—Point forefinger to top of head.
21. *Night*—Both hands extended together flat and palms down, move to and fro with a gentle brooding motion.
22. *Morning*—Same as above, then open hands outward, turning the palms gently upward.
23. *Sunrise*—Forefinger of left hand crooked to imitate the rising sun, and move arm to represent the rising.
24. *Sunset*—The same thing with right hand reversed.
25. *Mid-day*—The same thing with the right hand, only straight in front and elevated.
26. *Strong*—Double the fists and wheel one over the other in front of the breast.
27. *Fighting*—Double the fists and hold in threatening attitude, one drawn up in front of each shoulder.
28. *Dancing*—Forefinger and thumb of each hand forming letter C, upward, and move up and down with a dancing motion.
29. *Crazy*—Wave right hand round and round with a spiral motion just above head.
30. *It is good*—Right hand forward, palm down, sweeping motion downward and outward.
31. *It is bad*—Right hand forward, palm down as if taking hold of something and throwing it away.
32. *Yes*—Bow the head.
33. *He is fibbing*—Wink the eye.
34. *He is of no account*—Put out the tongue.
35. *Don't*—Shake head, or, right hand up to breast and outward motion.
36. *I am ashamed*—Right hand fingers open, over right side of face and pass over to left, bowing the head.
37. *I am afraid*—Left hand outward and closed in front of breast, forefinger of right hand crooked downward, and draw it from the left hand quickly towards the breast.
38. *I hate you*—Right hand fingers down as though shaking something out of them, close to right eye, and throwing it away, turning head away to left at same time.
39. *I am angry*—Closed hand in front of breast, several outward motions (anger getting up).
40. *I understand you*—Right forefinger and thumb extended over right ear.
41. *I am full*—Forefinger of right hand held horizontally in front of stomach and raised gradually to the line of the mouth.
42. *I am cold*—Both hands up in front of breast, fingers unclosed, elbows bent, shake as though with cold.
43. *Wolf*—Shake fingers of right hand outward and raise head as though scenting.
44. *I give you a horse*—Straighten right hand and bring right arm down on palm of left hand outward.
45. *I give you a blanket*—Cross arms over breast as though cold, and then extend hands, palms inward, as though giving a present.
46. *Counting*—
 1—Show little finger of left hand;
 2—Show two last fingers of left hand.
 3—Show three last fingers of left hand.
 4—Show four fingers of left hand.
 5—Show left hand open.
 6—Thumb of right hand, fingers closed.
 7—Thumb and first finger of right hand.
 8—Thumb and two fingers of right hand.
 9—Thumb and three fingers of right hand.
 10—Both hands open.
 20—Open and close hands (downward) twice.
 30—Open and close hands (downward) three times.
 100—Open and close hands (downward) ten times.



“Mine Eyes have seen Thy Salvation.”

THE eye-sight of the Indian, when not weakened by disease, is the strongest and most accurate of any race of man. He can see a greater distance, look at a brighter object, and more readily discern the conditions and relations of anything within his view. This is the real secret of his wonderful success in following trails, and his national reputation as the king of path-finders.

—*Pipe of Peace.*

AMONG some Indians the howling of a dog is a token of coming death, but is not so infallible as the spectacle of a dog mounting the side of an earth lodge and peering through the opening at the top.

Round Lake, Whitewood, Assa.

REV. H. MCKAY'S MISSION.

TN June of 1885, we pitched our tent on the spot where our school buildings now stand. We were delighted with the spot, because we found it in close proximity to the Indians among whom we were sent to labor, and also because of its natural beauty—the lovely lake, the verdant hills, the winding river, the sleeping valley. Along this valley we found four Indian Reserves extending east and west, 30 miles; and north and south, 10 miles. On these Reserves we found about 900 Indians in a very wretched state, they were suffering from cold and disease, and hunger. Could any one visit among this people at that time & watch for a little their sufferings, and not be moved to tears because of what he saw?—men, women and children to whom the present life was a purgatory and the life to come without a sure hope. We found it impossible to establish an ordinary school among them as they lived in tents and moved about from place to place. Our only hope of having a school was in trying to persuade some of the children to come and live at the mission house. During the first winter we had about fifteen for three months, the next winter twenty for four months; others were willing to come, but our house was small and we could accommodate no more.

During those two winters we carried on the school with good results, and were encouraged to continue the good work. In the summer of 1886, Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Manitoulin Island, were appointed to assist in the work. They arrived at Round Lake in August,

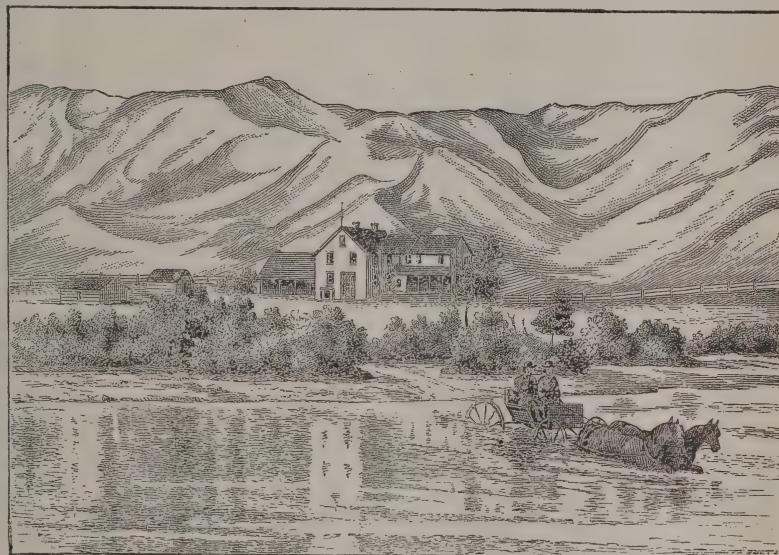
and assisted in putting up a small addition to our mission building, when we were able to accommodate twenty-five scholars for six months; we feel more than ever the need of more room. There were many poor Indian children seeking admission to our school, and we could not take them in for want of room.

In our extremity the 'Women's Foreign Missionary Society' came to our aid; they made us a grant of \$3,000. This grant, with a grant of \$500 from the Foreign Mission, enabled us to complete our buildings as they stand.

The ladies of Stratford and Huron Presbyteries took

in hand to furnish our school. We were surprised and also astonished, when their contribution was received; for much of the comforts of our home we have to thank these ladies.

Our new buildings on 28th Decem-



THE MCKAY INSTITUTE.

(*This Institution was built by the Presbyterian Church at Round Lake, in Assiniboina, a year ago. It is under the charge of the Rev. Q. McKay, and has about 40 pupils.*)

ber, 1887, were opened; and during the winter we had a school of about 40; and for the coming winter, we expect a large school. Our school is supplied by a Government grant of \$60 for each child for the year, and the balance made up by the W.F.M.S.

ERRATUM.—St. Stephen's Sunday School was credited with having paid for support of boy, 25c., instead of \$25.00.

NOTICE.—Owing to Mrs. Wilson's absence from home, no boxes or barrels will be opened or acknowledged till her return, between the 17th and 25th Dec.

TRUE glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living as to make the world happier and better.—*Pliny.*

Rev. J. W. Tims' Mission.

MISSION work among the Blackfeet is still in its infancy. It is just five years since the Rev. J. W. Tims, of the C.M.S., took up his residence in the mission house, which he had laboured with his own hands to build. It is not quite five years since he tried to induce the little Indian boys and girls, with faces painted red and yellow, to enter within its portals and take their first lesson in the alphabet. And the first week's school gave but little encouragement to the missionary, for, at its close, not a single child, big or small, could read the first four letters of the alphabet. But time has brought progress in this respect, for now there are several children who frequent the two schools under the direction of the mission, who can with ease read any portion of the first part of the Canadian first reader. But secular education is not all that is aimed at in the schools. The children have religious instruction in their own tongue, and sing Christian hymns in Blackfoot every day. Many of them have a fair knowledge of the elementary truths of Christianity and give answers readily when catechized. Always foremost amongst the scholars was James Appikokia, who went to the Shingwauk Home for a year, where he learned much that will be useful to him through life. Just recently he has been engaged helping Mr. Tims to put a shingle roof on the school house, in place of the old mud roof, as seen in the Summer Number of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN."

Mission work amongst the adult Indians is not very encouraging. Many are beginning to know the Gospel message by the hearing of the ear; but the stolid indifference they manifest towards it is sometimes discouraging to the missionary.

Albeit, five years of steady work has given Mr. Tims such a knowledge of the language as has enabled him to prepare a grammar and dictionary of the language, and also a 'manual of devotion,' which consists chiefly of translations of portions of the Holy Scriptures, both of which are now in England for publication.

When we consider the promise contained in Isaiah iv. 11, we cannot doubt that the gift of the Word of God to the Blackfeet, will see great results, and that Psalm cxxvi. 6, shall also see its fulfilment.

The mission was, a year ago, augmented by the arrival of Miss Brown, sent out by the Women's Auxiliary of the Toronto Diocese, to labour amongst the women and girls. She is actively engaged in taking sewing and knitting classes daily in the schools, and in visiting the sick in the vicinity of the mission.

Help to circulate OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

Indian Boys' Letters to Parents.**DEAR MOTHER:**

I have earned 75 cents a week during our holidays. I got over \$3 in Savings bank now. We have started to go to school, and I am in higher third class. Some of the boys did not come back yet. There are some new boys came. We have got an organ in the school room to help us sing, and a new organ in the chapel; it came about two weeks ago. One day I went in the bush hunting. It was wet day. I shot two partridges. I got one, but I could not find the other. I sold it to Mr. Wilson, he gave me 10 cents for it. I was little afraid to go far away from the home, because there are some bears in the bush. I am quite well at present. I suppose you are glad to hear that. Please write soon.

I am, your affectionate son,

ABRAM ISAAC.

DEAR FATHER:

I have a good time on my holidays. We started to go to school on Sept. 6th, 1888, I am in lower 3rd class. I like to go to school in this school. They are 11 boys in my class. We have 48 boys in this school. The old organ was put in the school; we have new organ in the chapel. The weather is getting cold. I am quite well and strong.

I am your son,

PETER NEGAUNEWENAH.

TO MY DEAR FATHER:

We started to go to school a few weeks ago. The holidays summer were very good. We had good fun in the bush hunting squirrels. We have bows and arrows. I sometimes fish at the dock. Sometimes I catch them fishes eight or nine. We have school now and working. We can't have a time fishing and squirrels. Our school is all right and a great many new boys came this summer. I am the 2nd class—15 boys altogether 2nd class. Please answer soon.

JAMES SHARP.

TO MY DEAR SISTER:

About four weeks ago the holidays were closed. We have started to go to school again. During the holidays I had a splendid time. I did not have anything that was difficult to do. All the boys that stayed here in the holidays were about 20 or 25. The general things that they did were fishing and hunting. When the school commenced it was hard for me to learn at first. While learning my lessons the thoughts would come to me of the good times that I had. I am all right now. Mr. Wilson will be away 8 weeks. He is going south in the United States. I was confirmed at the chapel by the Bishop, in August. I have nothing else to tell you. Please answer soon,

From your dear brother,

JOSEPH SONEY.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

Anonymous, \$10; S.S., York Mills, \$3.50; Two Sisters, \$5; The Misses Patterson, \$10; Archibald Duncan, \$5; St. George's S.S., Lennoxville, \$25; Miss Flossie Smith, \$10; Mrs. Smith, \$5; St. James' S.S., Orillia, \$17; St. Paul's S.S., Rothway, \$5; St. James' S.S., Firth, \$37.75; Miss Jane R. Barlow, from Miss Hunt, St. John's, N.B., \$5; A Friend, Holland Landing, \$5; Miss M. E. Skinner, C.C.S.S., Gananoque, \$7; St. Peter's S.S., Quebec, \$10; John Matthew, \$75; J. W. Ball, Locust Grove, Niagara, \$16; E. Roper, Allenville, \$1; E. S. Roper, Allenville, \$2; Rev. L. DeBrasssey, Strathroy, \$6.25; Trinity S.S., St. Stephen's, N.B., \$16; Trinity S.S., St. John's, N.B., \$37.50; Rev. T. Hill, Bartlett, \$8; St. Margaret's S.S., Scarborough, \$1.60; St. George's S.S., Ottawa, \$26.61; Women's Auxiliary, \$10; 'Student,' \$2; Holy Trinity S.S., Toronto, \$30; Miss M. Baldwin, \$5; Miss Kate Farrell, \$5; Chapter House S.S., London, \$30; E. Baynes Reed, \$75; Mrs. Forbes, \$2.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM

VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, JANUARY, 1889.

No. 10.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN
PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS
TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

Mr. Wilson's Trip to the States.

IT is Saturday afternoon, Oct. 20th, 1888. The pupils of Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes are gathered in the large school-room of the Shingwauk Home—the boys, about fifty in number, in their dark blue serge sailor jackets and scarlet sashes, and the twenty-two girls in dresses of similar material with white collars and white muslin aprons. Our teachers and a few friends are present. On the wall hangs a large map of North America, covered with large numbers and dotted over with little black crosses. The Bishop and myself occupy the platform. The object of the gathering is to bid farewell to myself and wife ere we start on our long journey of 7,000 miles, through the States, which is to occupy about eight weeks. At the Bishop's request I explain the map on the wall. It is an Indian map, and its object is to shew the location of all the Indian tribes still existent in Canada and in the United States. The figures denote the number of Indians in each State of the United States and in each Province of Canada. The crosses indicate institutions for training Indian children: one hundred and nine in the States, but as yet only ten in Canada. After giving these particulars, I point to a dotted line on the map which marks our intended tour. It leads first to Ottawa, where I hope to obtain letters to the authorities at

Washington, which will aid me on my way; thence we proceed to Kingston, cross the St. Lawrence to the United States, and take train to Philadelphia to visit the Lincoln Institute; thence into Pennsylvania to visit the great Carlisle School, with its six hundred pupils; thence to Washington to visit the Smithsonian Institution, and to confer with members of the Bureau of Ethnology and others interested in the Indians; thence to Chillicothe in Ohio to visit the ancient Indian mounds, of which so much has been said and written; thence to St. Louis; thence southwest into Indian Territory to visit the Cherokees and other civilized tribes, who are said to have their own Legislative Assembly, their own judges, lawyers, and other public officials, and to support their schools and other public institutions entirely out of their own funds without any help from Government; thence west through Indian Territory to visit the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other wilder tribes; then into New Mexico and Arizona to see the Pueblo, Moki and Zuni Indians, who build miniature cities, the houses one above another in a succession of terraces, and who are supposed to be a remnant of the ancient Aztecs; to see also the Navajoes, who have immense flocks of sheep and goats and weave on looms of their own construction the most beautiful and valuable blankets; then from there north to Denver in Colorado; then to the Genoa School in Nebraska; then through Omaha and Des Moines to St. Paul in Minnesota; and thence home.

After I had finished this explanation of my map, the Bishop spoke a few kind words, saying with what

interest the travellers would be followed in their journeys, and how much those who remained behind would be pleased to hear the tale of their adventures on their return. The proceedings then closed with the National Anthem, and three cheers for the Queen.

OTTAWA.

We reached Ottawa early on Tuesday morning, and were the guests of our kind friends, Major and Mrs. Tilton. A great part of the morning and a portion of the afternoon were taken up in talking over measures for the improvement of the Indians with those in authority at the Indian Department, and pressing my claims for increased help towards the support of my work, both at the Shingwauk and in the North-west. I also obtained letters, as I had hoped, to the authorities in Washington. In the evening there was a well attended meeting at St. George's school, at which the Bishop of Ontario kindly presided, and I was afforded an opportunity of telling about my work and of my intended tour in the States.

KINGSTON.

At Kingston our friends, the Rev. B. Buxton and Mrs. Smith, kindly entertained us at their house, and invited a number of ladies and gentlemen, interested in our Indian work, to meet us at an evening meeting in their drawing-room.

NEW YORK.

We found we could take in New York on our way to Philadelphia without extra expense, so did so. It was pleasant to meet our good friend, Dr. Wilson, again, who has long taken an interest in our work. We took lunch with him and two of his co Helpers in the great clergy house, which was built at a cost of \$250,000 by the munificence of a single parishioner. We were sorry to miss Mr. and Mrs. Rainsford, who were both away from the city.

PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Hugg, the Superintendent of the Lincoln Institution, met us at the door and welcomed us in, and we had a room upstairs adjoining the Indian girls' dormitories. It was amusing to hear their quaint English talk, just like our girls talk at the Wawanosh. After supper and evening prayer, I told them all about our work in Canada, and read to them the letters which I had brought with me from the boys and girls of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. I also showed them some of my photographs and sketches. There are one hundred and one girls and ninety-nine boys at this Institution. The boys' department being some little distance off, we had not time to visit it. The next morning I was very busy taking down words and sentences in the various Indian languages represented

by pupils of various tribes who were at the Institution. The languages that I procured were the Ottawa, Mohawk, Winnebago, and Wichita—all of them very different one from the other.

CARLISLE.

We reached the great Carlisle School, with its six hundred Indian pupils, representing forty different tribes, on Saturday, Oct. 27th. Capt. and Mrs. Pratt received us most cordially, and we were guests at their house during the time of our stay. In the evening there was an entertainment given by the pupils, at which we were present. There were songs and recitations, charades acted, and speeches in English by some of the elder boys. They all did exceedingly well, and did credit to the careful and useful training which they received at the school.

(To be continued.)

A True Story.

WHEN Aunt Martha, an inexperienced girl, first went among the Indians in far off Nebraska, her heart was so full of pity for the women and children and young girls, and she had such a longing to do something for the poor things, that she gave them almost every thing they asked her for.

The Indian women soon learned this, and often came asking for sugar and coffee and molasses and bread and sometimes money, which Aunt Martha gladly gave, thinking that she was doing great good in that way.

One cold winter's day a poor old Indian woman stood before the kitchen door.

There was a bag of potatoes by the door, placed there temporarily before taking into the cellar.

The Indian woman was hungry, and as she stood shivering in the cold, noticed the bag. Knowing at once what was in the bag, she said in a beseeching way, "Eets, kit-e-ko gi' it to me," in half Pawnee and half English, which interpreted would be "Potatoes, may be give it to me."

"How many?" asked Aunt Martha.

"Usk, pitk, towit, sketix," (one, two, three, four), she cried, holding out her long, bony hand, which looked more like a chicken's foot up-side down than a human hand. Yes, and the bare arm had as little flesh on it as the scaly leg of a chicken, and it was as brown in color.

Not being convenient that morning for Aunt Martha to invite the forlorn creature into the house, to get rid of her, and at the same time cheer the heart and stomach of the suffering mortal, she gave her three of the largest potatoes in the bag.

The woman snatched them as eagerly as would a hungry hound a piece of raw meat. She hid them in her blanket and went off.

It is the fashion for an Indian woman to tie her blanket around the waist, then when she gathers the top of it loosely around her head and shoulders, there is a nice big space left around the body for a pocket.

They pile all sorts of things in there—bread, meat, wild turnips—anything they may wish to carry. So this woman put the potatoes in her blanket-pocket and went off, while Aunt Martha shut the door and resumed her morning duties.

Presently on going to the door again to shake the dust-cloth, Aunt Martha saw another Indian woman coming towards the house. She called out hurriedly when she saw the door was going to shut, “Eets, kit-e-ko gi’ it to me.”

“Oh, my,” whispered Aunt Martha to herself, but to the woman, who was by this time quite near and holding out her arm pitifully, she said, “Good morning, my friend. How many potatoes do you want?”

“Heap,” said the woman. “Me papoose sick. No good eat.”

Aunt Martha hadn’t the heart to refuse, so she gave her two large potatoes, and the woman said gratefully, “O-ches! O-ches! Now-a-dee! (Dear! Dear! Thank you), and trotted on, mumbling other words of praise.

Hardly two minutes had passed when another came stalking through the kitchen without leave or license, and without knocking before entering. She came on into the sitting-room where Aunt Martha was busy sweeping.

“Eets, kit-e-ko gi’ it to me,” she said.

“No, no!” said Aunt Martha, shaking her head and trying to frown. “Have no eets.”

“Yes! Me see! Heap! Kit-e-ko gi’ it to me. (Four sleeps me no eat. Me heap hungum.) (Hungry.)

“Poorsoul!” thought Aunt Martha. “She shall have a couple,” and so led the way to the back door, fished out two big potatoes and gave them to her, thinking as before she would get rid of the Indian in this way.

In five minutes there were three more sickly-looking, half-frozen beings at the door, and they seemed ten times more hungry than the others. They begged so hard that Aunt Martha gave each one a potato. They were not very thankful for so small a gift, but were hardly out of sight when four more came around the corner, and Aunt Martha felt that she was getting into a box.

“Eets, kit-e-ko gi’ it to me,” they called.

Aunt Martha could do nothing but stand and look at them, she was so surprised. She had to smile at

the way she was getting rid of them. The Indians thought that she was smiling because she was going to give them potatoes, and they began to call her good woman.

“You heap good,” they said. “Eets, kit-e-ko gi’ it to me.”

As the bag was there in sight, she could not say, “No more eets.” She could not make them understand that she had no more for them, so she hastily and without another word grabbed a few and threw them one at a time to the women until all were supplied with two or more eets, as they called them.

After giving the last potato she thought she could possibly spare, and in the very act of tossing it, she glanced up and saw what she thought was an object moving in the distance.

“An Indian woman, as sure as anything, and coming towards the house. What in the world shall I do?” she whispered. “Yes, there is another, and another, three, six, ten; where do they all come from?”

It seemed as though the whole village had gone potato-crazy, and thought that Aunt Martha was made of them.

She was not made of them, however, and had only one small bag of them, and this was half gone, but on and on the Indians came, thicker and faster, until, worried out and distressed, she turned her back upon them and rushed into the house.

They surrounded the house and stood by the dozen gazing in the window. Some stuck their heads in the door and called out, “Eets, kit-e-ko gi’ it to me,” when almost frantic Aunt Martha flew upstairs out of sight and out of hearing of the dear people she wanted so much to help.

The anxious cook, seeing that the potatoes were fast disappearing, hid the few that were left in a box in the cellar, and the Indians soon took their departure.

Aunt Martha learned her first lesson that day, that she could do more good in some other way than by feeding potatoes to the Indians, whom she afterwards found out generally had enough to eat.

Jottings.

WEATHER very mild at the Soo; no sleighing.

So far we have got through the winter without any serious illness in either of the Homes.

REV. E. F. AND MRS. WILSON returned home on the 14th. Mr. Wilson has collected much valuable information about the different Indian tribes, and an immense number of interesting Indian curiosities, during his tour through the United States.

Peace Principles Put to the Proof.

(From the American Note-book of Stanley Pumphrey.)

AN experience which has ranged over eleven years, and which has brought the Society of Friends in contact with about thirty different tribes of North American Indians, in every shade of semi-civilization and barbarism, has abundantly illustrated the power of love and justice in influencing even the most untutored minds; and there have not been wanting striking illustrations of the Divine Blessing on the faithful carrying out of peace principles in times of difficulty and danger.

In 1873 James M. Haworth, a member of the Friends' Society, was appointed by the American Government to the charge of the Kiowas and Comanches, two wild and warlike tribes located near the northern line of Texas. To the inhabitants of that large cattle-raising State these Indians gave great trouble by their frequent raids. So irresistible was the temptation to cross the border and drive off the cattle that Satanta, one of their chiefs, confessed his entire inability to control the young men, and told "the great Father at Washington" that the readiest way to save trouble would be "to move Texas farther off!" Satanta shortly succumbed to the temptation himself, and he and his companion, Big Tree, were, for certain depredations and other misdeeds clearly proved against them, sent prisoners to Florida. The chiefs were powerful fellows with much natural intelligence, and were popular with their tribe, and their release was clamorously demanded of the agent. The Government, wishing to conciliate the Indians, gave them to expect that their desire should be granted, but difficulties were raised by the authorities in Texas and the chiefs were still held prisoners.

(To be continued.)

An Appeal.

WE are greatly in need of clothing for the Indian boys of the Home. Socks, mits, sashes, uniforms, tuques, etc., are particularly wanted. Will not some kind friends take pity on us and form working parties for our benefit this winter? We will gladly furnish all particulars as to size, etc.

Clothing for Indian Homes.**OCTOBER.**

From St. John's S.S., York Mills, per Mrs. Osler, girls' and boys' clothing and boots; a nice quilt from Miss Osler's Bible class.

From St. Thomas S.S., Montreal, per Mrs. Lindsay, a nice complete outfit for Fanny Jacobs.

From George Johnson, Walpole Island, one barrel of potatoes.

From St. Paul's S.S., Quebec, per Mrs. Taylor, a beautiful box of clothing for Charlotte Knaggs, and cake from Rev. Canon Richardson; quilt and boys' clothing.

DECEMBER.

Mrs. Wilson begs to acknowledge the following boxes of clothing with many thanks:

- Box for Indian girl from the "Whatsoever Club," St. Stephen, N.B., containing a beautiful supply of clothing; also gifts for Christmas and a large piece of factory cotton.
- From St. John's S.S., Strathroy, Ont., per Mrs. Lenfesty, a box containing a complete outfit for boy, and some apples.
- From Havelock, Ont., per Mrs. Bustard, a nice box of clothing; also a quilt for Mrs. Wilson.
- From the St. Peter's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, Quebec, per Miss Maggie Borland, two barrels of nice clothing.
- From Miss Harding, London, Ont., a box containing beautiful supply of Christmas presents for boys and girls.
- From Berthier en Haut, per Mrs. McWilliams, box containing a complete outfit for boy.
- From All Saints' Church, Drummondville, and from Christ Church, Niagara Falls, per Miss Ingles, a large parcel of clothing for Girls' Home; also a quilt from the Sewing Society of St. John's Church, Stainford.

Receipts—Indian Homes.

ST. CHARLES S.S. Dersham, \$5.00; Ladies' Class, Emmanuel Church, London, \$7.43; Frank Guild, \$25.00; Holy Trinity S.S., Lucan, \$10.00; Christ's Church S.S., Deer Park, \$12.50; T. W. Patterson, \$5.00; Advent S.S., Ridgeway, \$10.00; Jno. Summers, \$10.00; St. James', Wilmet Township, \$5.00; Mrs. Sarah Gibbons, £100; St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, \$18.75; "Two Friends," per Mrs. Robertson, Corresponding Secretary St. Stephen's W.A. Toronto, \$7.00; St. John's, St. Thomas, \$25.00; Church Redeemer, Toronto, \$18.75; St. Martin's, Montreal, \$12.50.

Receipts—Our Forest Children.

MRS. OSLER, 30c.; Mrs. Richardson, 50c.; R. B. Street, 15c.; Miss Reed, 25c.; Miss L. Besaw, 25c.; Miss E. Wood, 25c.; Mrs. McWilliams, 80c.; Miss E. L. Wallgate, 30c.; Mrs. Gibb, \$1.00; G. H. Hale, \$1.00; Wm. Blake, \$1.00; Mrs. Miller, \$1.00.

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Christmas at the Shingwauk.

THOSE only who have passed a Christmas at the Shingwauk Home can appreciate the meaning of the above words; and we believe a certain thrill of pleasure runs through the veins of both young and old, red and white, whenever they look back to those wonderfully happy and jolly times which a Christmas at the Shingwauk always brings. Thirteen turkeys were enjoying themselves in their pen just before Christmas came; but now there are only three left. And what wonderful tables were those tables in the Shingwauk Dining Hall at one o'clock on Christmas day! No such tables are seen anywhere else—pyramids of good things, bridges of good things,—turkey, beef, plum-pudding, cakes, pies, fruit—all on the table at one time and all interspersed with sprigs of green, till scarcely a square inch of table cloth can be seen,—and then rained down over all a perfect thunder shower of candies, lumps of white sugar, raisins, nuts and Christmas cards! Girls and boys are all together for Christmas dinner. First, we get the girls in and dump them down on seats in every part of the room (if they took their own seats they would all huddle together like sheep), and then we let the great noisy crowd of boys in, and say, "Sit where you please." And then we tell them they can have two hours for dinner! Scarcely a boy had a wink

of sleep the night before, for Santa Claus was about at various times in the evening, and just before midnight he was through all the dormitories, and, disdaining to touch the dirty-looking stockings, threw avalanches of nuts, candies, marbles, woollen cuffs, potatoes, etc., all over the boys' beds and hammocks, making the little new boys jump up in terror and skedaddle for their lives. Then, above all the rumpus upstairs, were heard from the schoolroom the mellow tones of the organ, and sweet feminine voices singing the Christmas hymn. Some said it sounded like the angels. And then the Christmas Tree! That was on New Years' eve. No one ever saw such a Christmas Tree before, with its nearly five hundred lovely presents, dozens of pretty gold and silver paper ornaments, and dozens of bright tapers; and the children all stood round and sang the carol, "Gather around the Christmas Tree," and then the Shingwauk constables kept the crowd back while the presents were distributed—and it took two hours solid work to do it. Then there were games in the Dining hall and refreshments in the class room, and then all back to the school room for weighing and measuring. Joseph Soney took the first prize for height, having grown four inches; and James Sharpe took the first prize for weight, having increased eighteen pounds. It was very sweet, after all this excitement was over, to wend our way through the narrow track in the snow to our dear little chapel, decked in its garment of Christmas green, and there at 11.30 p.m., we all met for midnight service. A few words were spoken from the text, "I will give you rest," then we knelt for silent prayer, and then welcomed the new year with the

doxology. But oh! after this was over—one would think bedlam was let loose—every bell in the place was ringing, and every drum was drumming, and every tin pot was being beaten.

O.I.H.

WE propose to adopt the above initials—O.I.H., “Our Indian Homes”—as a symbol which will represent our now greatly extended work in all its branches, both present and future. We have two Homes in Algoma, the old Shingwauk and the Wawanosh; we shall have two in Manitoba—at Elkhorn, the Washakada Home for girls, and the Kasota Home for boys—separate buildings, but near together, and pupils all attending the one school; and we hope to have two Homes, one for boys and one for girls, at Medicine Hat, on the western border of Assiniboia. The Bishop of Algoma is President of the Algoma Homes; the Metropolitan of the Northwest is Visitor of the Elkhorn Homes; and the Bishop of Qu’Appelle has consented to be president of the Western Homes, when established. Mr. Wilson will be Chief Manager, or “Chief,” as he proposes to call himself, of all. He is preparing a set of six papers, containing general rules which are to govern all the Homes. A local Superintendent will be placed over each, who will send monthly reports and financial statements to the head office at Sault Ste. Marie. One uniform of dark navy blue, trimmed with scarlet, and with bright brass buttons, with O.I.H. stamped on them, will be worn by all the pupils. An extensive tailor shop is to be started at the Shingwauk, where all winter uniforms and pants will be made. For the summer uniforms, which are of serge, and easier to make, and also for girls’ clothing, we depend on ladies’ working parties; and Mrs. Wilson will gladly send patterns, particulars, etc., to any who will make. Besides O.I.H. on their buttons, we propose to have a dark blue ribbon with white edge and O.I.H. woven in white for our boys’ hats. And our school flag must also have O.I.H. on it. In a little time we hope it will become quite a common thing to see our Indian pupils moving from place to place, both on the steamboat lines which connect with Sault Ste. Marie, and with the whole line of C.P.R. from the Sault to Calgarry, and they will always be known by their dark blue uniforms and the O.I.H.

The Elkhorn Schools.

THE Elkhorn Schools are progressing. The *Washakada Home*, which is for girls, and has a laundry attachment, is already completed. The central building, which has a tin roof and cupola, and contains

dining hall and kitchens on ground floor and school-rooms above, is already roofed in. The *Kasota Home* for boys will be commenced first thing in the spring. When completed, the building will have accommodation for eighty pupils. Over and above the Government grant, we shall require \$2,000 per annum for carrying on the work. We are glad to hear that the Woman’s Auxiliary in Montreal are intending to assist in defraying this. We hope also some Sunday Schools will undertake the partial support of pupils. As the Government grant is *per capita*, we require larger proportionate assistance now at the start, than we shall require by-and bye. Just at present we ask Sunday Schools to give \$75 or \$50 per annum towards support of pupils, the same as at the Shingwauk; but when the Elkhorn home is full or nearly full, we shall only ask \$25 per annum for each. We have been a little disappointed in our efforts to get pupils to the Elkhorn Home just at the outset, but they are beginning to come now. The Indian agents say that the Home is not yet sufficiently known by the Indians—they think there will be no difficulty about it after a little. The Indian agent at Moose Mountain, sending two little boys the other day, said in a note which accompanied them, “The best looking little boy is eight years old, and his guardian wishes him called George. He is a grandchild of the late Chief, ‘Little Child,’ and adopted child of the late Chief, ‘Red Ears.’ The other is ten years old, and he is son of ‘Papamas,’ head man of ‘White Bear’s’ band, but has been given to ‘Wachahwagin,’ head man of ‘Striped Blanket’s’ band. The blankets should be returned to me, and, I hope, will serve to wrap up some more children for the Home.” About the first of February, Mr. Wilson will send up Mr. McKenzie, his foreman at the Shingwauk, to act temporarily as superintendent; also, two big, useful Shingwauk boys to work under him as carpenters. Miss Robinson will continue to teach and to superintend the girls’ department; and Mr. McKenzie will superintend the boys, keep accounts, and superintend the progress of the new buildings.

Indian Police.

IN the United States it is the plan to employ from eight to thirty native police on each Indian Reserve. The policemen wear a uniform, have POLICE on their hats, and receive \$8 or \$10 a month. If a pupil runs away from school, the police bring him back. They also arrest whisky pedlars. If a white man resists arrest, they will knock him down. We hope the Indian Department will adopt the same system in Canada.

Kindness to Animals.

AN English lady belonging to the Society of Friends, recently wrote, asking if our boys might take, as a subject for English Composition, "Kindness to Animals." She had heard that Indians were inclined to be cruel to dumb animals. So, at the Christmas examination just held, the pupils of the 4th, 3rd, and 2nd classes had that for their subject. The following are extracts from some of their papers:—

SECOND CLASS.

Baker—We should never hurt animals. We know well enough that God made all animal and fowl. We must not kill a bird for nothing. If we kill a bird we must eat it. The birds is not ours. All animals is God's. Some animals are good to work and some are not good, they are lazy.

Albert—We know well enough not to kill the birds and not to hurt the animals, because God make those animals, and the bird is very nice looking, and the animals is not ours, is God's animals.

Frank—Some of the boys kill birds for nothing and throw them away, and same way with the squirrel. God make them animals for us to see them and make the world happy and not for killing them for nothing and throw them away for nothing. Is all right to kill rabbit if you want to eat them, and same way with the pig, and same way with the sheep, and same way with the turkey.

Sharpe—Animals very good to see them to be happy all the time, not to hurt them, but to be kind to them. The small animals we must not hurt them, because God made for the people to be happy, but the other animals big ones bears if I have good chance I will kill them, but the small animals after when I kill them and thinking about it and I'm sorry for it.

Elijah—We ought to be kind to the animals, as God made the cow and sheep and oxen that can't talk. They can't understand what we say, that why we always be unkind to them, and we always hit them if they come close to the house, and even the little bird will fly to the tree and sing and a boy comes along and throws a stone at her and kill it and if he don't want him he give him to the other boy, and if he don't want it he throws it away and that is the end of it.

Francis—God made all animals, and some animals are wicked, still we should be kind to them.

I would not hurt a living thing,

However weak or small;

The beasts that graze, the birds that sing—

Our Father made them all.

And still we pick it up a stone and throw at the birds.

We should not do that; if we hurt the little things, God will punish us.

Wesley—We be kind to cows and we be kind to sheep, and we should be kind to pigs and horses and birds and dogs and cats and chickens, and we be kind to rabbits and turkeys and also geese and chipmonks, and we should try not to kill one animal on the earth as long as we live.

Charles—I think sometime it is cruel to kill bird, as you see him falling down just so if person is dead he fall down. And we know God made all animals, so we should be kind to them. Sometimes I kill a animal as a rabbit and bird, and sometimes I catch a fish, and I think it is good thing to keep chicken and horse and cow and turkey and geese, as we know it has good meat, and the oxen has a good skin for shoemaker, but as the squirrel is no use to kill it, and birds also, we should never kill it, but we can kill rabbit if we want to eat the flesh.

THIRD CLASS.

Arthur—We should be kind to all the animals whom God has made, because he has made them as well as ourselves: but he did not give them any souls except man, and also he has made us in His own likeness, and he also give us animals to use them while we are in this world.

Negaunewenah—There are very few animals are kind to us. All the animals that are kind to us we also like the animals, and those animals that hate us, we also hate them. That is all I know about this composition

Fox—Some people treat an animal badly to make it gentle and quiet, but more it is treated badly, more it is bad.

Abraham—If we want to be kind to them, we must not hurt them at all. If we have to kill some of the animals, we must do it a shortest way to give them a little pain much as possible.

Riley—We like to kill the animals, especially the Indian. Whenever a bad boy see the bird on a tree, he would pick up a stone and try to hit it. We ought to be kind to animals as God is kind to us. The Bible says, "A righteous man regardeth life of his beasts." God is taking care of every animal, not only of us.

The Mount Elgin Methodist Institution.

(BY ONE OF THE PUPILS.)

THE MOUNT ELGIN METHODIST INSTITUTION. WILL try and write a few words about this Institution. The first thing that I will write about is the new barn. Last spring as soon as the ground was thawed out, the farm boys began to dig out the cellar for the barn, which was 100 feet long, and 50 feet in width. Of course, we helped them till they were nearly through, then we carpenter boys and Mr. Evans, the carpenter, began to frame timbers, while the farm boys went on

with their own work again. When we had the timbers all ready, then we began to prepare to raise the bents with windlass, as they were very heavy. It would be quite difficult to raise them without any kind of machinery. However we had the first one up all right, but when we moved the gin-pole back, a boy by the name of Crain, climbed up to loosen one of the ropes. When he was reaching the rope, the pole began to fall over a little toward the south. I tell you, he came down in a hurry. When we had the bents all up, then we began to put up the plates and rafters. But the barn is not quite finished yet, for we have not been all working at it through the summer. Some of us went home during the holidays. This is about all I have to say about the barn.

Some of the boys have been running away without any reason, but they were soon brought back again. Some of us are learning the carpenter trade, some are making shoes, others are working on the farm.

There are boys here that are quite smart in school, but it seems they don't care much about studying. I think we all ought to work hard when we have such a good chance to learn.

JOHN CASE.

Mt. Elgin Institution.

O.F.C.

UR annual report of the Indian Homes, which we are now preparing, will show \$148.95 as the total receipts of subscriptions to O.F.C., and \$344.16 as the cost of printing the monthly numbers and getting out the Christmas and Summer numbers, cost of engraving cuts, etc. The expense to us therefore has been about \$200. We do not regard this \$200 as a loss. We believe the O.F.C. has done great things, not only in making our work more widely known, but also in bringing down Government grants. Still, it would be a great relief if more people would subscribe, instead of getting their copies gratis. The cost is a mere trifle. For \$8 a year we will send 100 copies every month, except June and December, to a Sunday School. At present we have 952 subscribers and send out 718 gratis. If any one will send us a dollar, we will send a good dollar's worth of back publications.

O.I.H. Jottings.

E have \$817 on hand towards the proposed Indian Homes at Medicine Hat. The Bishop of Qu'Appelle has consented readily to be President. A site has been examined and will soon be determined on. Government aid is next thing to secure.

No Room this time for continuation of Mr. Wilson's travels. Will be continued in March number.

FIRE AT CARLISLE.—The little girls' quarters at the Carlisle Indian School, Pennsylvania, were very nearly burned down a few weeks ago, a fire having broken out in one of the clothing closets. Happily it was promptly extinguished by the Carlisle Fire Brigade.

NEW Book.—Mr. Wilson is trying, in his spare

moments, which are very few and far between, to get out a book describing his adventures in company with Mrs. Wilson, while travelling in the States. It is to be called "My Wife and I," and will be illustrated with a dozen of his sketches and about five dozen little comic pictures.

Receipts—Our Indian Homes.

Memorial Church S.S., London, \$18.75; M. A. Yarker, Montreal, \$5.00; Trinity Church S.S., Halifax, \$4.57; St. Paul's Juvenile Missionary Society, Halifax, \$77.75; All Saints' S.S., Toronto, \$25; Aaron Robinson, \$2; Mrs. Harris' class, St. Philip's, Weston, \$1; E.R.R., \$5; St. Paul's S.S., Uxbridge, \$13; Rev. W. H. Wood, \$5; Trinity S.S., Aylmer, \$6.25; H. C. Harris, \$4; St. John's S.S., Strathroy, \$6.25; Rev. L. DesBrisay, Strathroy, \$8.07; C. F. Kinnear, \$5; C. A. Kinnear, \$5; H. D. Kinnear, \$2; B. A. Kinnear, \$1; A.M., \$5; Little Girls' Society, St. Mark's, Orangeville, \$10; Rev. J. Farncomb, S.S., Lakefield, \$10.75; St. John's S.S., Portsmouth, \$15; St. Mark's S.S., Longueuil, \$13.62; St. Matthias S.S., Quebec, \$50; Ven. Archd. Marsh, St. John's Township, \$6; St. James' S.S., Kingston, \$41.25; St. Thomas S.S., Walkerton, \$6.10; Christ Church S.S., Aylmer, \$3; St. George's S.S., St. Catharines, for Shingwauk, \$7.50; St. George's S.S., St. Catharines, for Wawanosh, \$7.50; Miss Pigot (ann. subs.), \$5; Cathedral, Kingston, \$25; St. Paul's S.S., Port Dover, \$12.50; St. George's S.S., Toronto, \$37.50; All Saint's S.S., Collingwood, \$9.38; S.S., Ashburn, Ont., \$5.32; Boys' Branch, No. 1, W. A. Mont., \$12; St. Mary's S.S., Como, P.Q., \$10; Mrs. Reed, \$0 40; Rev. M. Maarg, Waltham, Mass., U.S. \$10.00.

DECEMBER.

CARDS for Xmas, and S.S. from Mrs. V. McWilliams; Mr. W. H. Plummer, a large bag of nuts; from Mr. Graham, a box of candies and sugar clocks; two pair socks and mits by post.

Receipts—O.F.C.

DECEMBER 29TH.

Miss B. Billing, 40c.; R. V. Rogers, \$1; K. M. Holmes, \$1; Selby Gilum, 25c.; Miss Gaviller, 30c.; H. Boldrick, 40c.; Miss Beaven, \$1; Miss Peebles, 50c.; Rev. R. Lindsay, \$1; Miss Bacon, 80c.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

*Twenty pages, Illustrated with Original Sketches and well got up.
EVERY DRAWING ROOM TABLE SHOULD HAVE ONE.*

PRICE ONLY 15 CENTS. Send 25c. (stamps) for this and O.F.C. through the year.

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SAULT STE. MARIE, - ONTARIO.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM

VOL. II.

SHINGWAUK HOME, MARCH, 1889.

NO. 12.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

Are the Indians to be Lost to the Church of England?

We have been sometimes asked, Do we receive pupils at our Homes whose parents are members of other communions? Our reply is, Yes. We admit pupils, whatever they may be—Roman Catholics, Protestants or Pagans—so long as they are Indians. If fault there is to find in this, the fault lies, not at our own door, but with the Church of England in Canada. Church of England missions to Indians are few and far between. Here in Algoma, with some 10,000 Indians, there are but three small missions, and of these one is at present vacant. In Manitoba and the Northwest the Church is stronger, as regards its Indian work, but still it bids fair to be outstripped by the more zealous workers of other communions. The Roman Catholics take the lead, and Presbyterians and Methodists follow in their wake. What we want is not merely isolated missionaries here and there, but *earnest Christian women* who will leave house and friends, and go out, two-and-two, to live among the Indians, and teach them, not merely by precept, but by example, and by kindly sympathy and help.

So soon as the Church of England can supply us pupils from Church of England mission stations, we

may alter our present plan. At present our rule is, Pagans first and foremost, if we can get them; then children of Church of England parents; then whoever likes to come, provided they are of suitable age and are Indians. The poor Indian has few friends—few who will devote a life to seeking their true welfare. Would that the Church of England would take up their cause heart and soul.

Mr. Wilson's Trip to the States.

(Continued from January Number.)

TUESDAY, Oct. 30th, we reached Washington. Mr. Oberley, the Indian Commissioner, to whom I presented letters of introduction from Ottawa, received me very kindly, and gave me letters to the Indian agents at the various reserves through which I expected to pass. I also visited the Bureau of Ethnology, and spent the greater part of two days deep in the study of various Indian grammars, dictionaries, maps, etc.

THE OHIO MOUNDS.

We were disappointed about the mounds. We got to the place where they ought to be, but it was very difficult to make them out, as the land was all under cultivation, and covered with orchards and fields of potatoes, grain and Indian corn. The farmers and settlers in the neighborhood seemed neither to know nor care anything about them.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

We first visited the Cherokees in the eastern part of the Territory, and afterwards the Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Poncas in the western part. The Cherokees have

arrived at a high state of civilization. They have their own Governor, Parliament Buildings, Upper and Lower House, Senators, Representatives, Judges, Sheriffs, Lawyers, etc., and also publish several newspapers. At their Capital, Tahlequah, was a male seminary for 200 boarders, and a female seminary for the same number of young Cherokee ladies. The latter building cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000, and was built entirely out of Cherokee funds. The Cherokees are a wealthy people. They are largely intermixed with white blood, and talk almost entirely English. They number about 22,000. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes in the western part of the Territory are still in a condition of semi-barbarism, wearing blankets, and dwelling in teepees; nevertheless, they have within the last few years made considerable progress in agriculture. The Cheyennes number 2,200 and the Arapahoes, 1,200; they live together and occupy 4,250,000 acres. Of this, about 5,000 acres are at present under cultivation. Last year they raised 50,000 bushels of corn, 3,000 bushels of oats, and 1,500 bushels of wheat. They are still all heathen, but their children are receiving Christian education. At the Cheyenne school were 60 pupils, and at the Arapahoe school 80. There were also 50 children at the Mennonite Mission boarding school. We stayed several days among these people, witnessed the branding of 400 head of cattle, the "beef issue," and the issue of rations. Beef is issued alive and the Indians run the cattle down and shoot them like buffalo. The Ponca Indians number about 600. They are a wild looking people, wearing blankets and all manner of trinkets made of beads, teeth, shells, claws, etc. There is a Government school established among them, at which 84 pupils attend. The attendance is in a measure compulsory, as it is the duty of the native police to bring in the pupils, and to catch them and bring them back if they run away.

DENVER.

After leaving Ponca, we had a long run of 600 miles west to Denver, in Colorado. Here we met with friends, and Mrs. Wilson went to stay with them, while I went off into the wild regions of New Mexico and Arizona to visit the Apaches, Navajoes, Pueblo and Zuni Indians, and to explore ancient ruins.

Our Prospects.

UR Indian Homes are getting now to be well known and to be more widely supported: Government also is dealing liberally with us, and we have good hopes that some of our dreams of the past will soon see their fulfilment. At Elkhorn three buildings out of the four are well nigh completed; and

the contract for the fourth, the Boys' Home, is already let. Mr. C. D. Mackenzie, lately our foreman at the Shingwauk, has gone up to take temporary charge as Superintendent, to overlook the erection of the buildings, and to collect pupils. By and by we shall hope to have a clergyman and wife placed in charge. At the *Shingwauk* our work is increasing, and we have lately secured the services of Mr. Thomas Dowler, formerly of Bracebridge, as Local Superintendent. We have good hopes of receiving a liberal Government grant this summer towards enlarging and extending our present buildings; we hope to add to our land, increase the number of our pupils, and teach additional trades. By next fall we hope to have 70 boys and 30 girls; and in time, if our plans can be carried out, we shall have accommodation for between 200 and 300 pupils. It is a great advantage having other Homes in Manitoba and the Northwest connected with us. We are now weaving cloth, tailoring, and making boots and shoes, a large proportion of our products being despatched to the Elkhorn school. We hope also, if God will, to make a start this summer with our *Western Homes*. They will probably be located at Medicine Hat, just on the border between Assiniboina and Alberta. Government approves the location, and intimates that help may be expected, and we have about \$820 so far in hand towards building.

Onward and Upward.

HE Onward and Upward Club at the Shingwauk Home has become quite a success. Nearly all the boys in the Institution have enrolled their names and quite a number of outsiders—ladies and gentlemen interested in our work and living in the neighborhood—have become members of the club. The idea is "onward" towards civilization, education, general improvement and success in life: "upward" towards heaven and God. Meetings are held every Friday night, at which there are recitations, songs, debates, and speech-making, and once a month or so during winter a social is given, which is generally largely patronized by visitors from the town. The boys are shaking off their shyness, and many of them stand up boldly and speak out well when their turn comes to take the platform. Mr. Wilson is permanent President of the club, but Chairman and other officers are elected every six weeks. During the meetings the boys do knitting or netting, carve wood-work, etc., and the things they make are sold for the benefit of the club.

Mr. C. D. Mackenzie has gone to take charge temporarily as Superintendent of the Elkhorn Homes.

Ramona School.

THE Ramona School is at Santa Fe, in New Mexico. It was built in memory of the well-known Helen Jackson, who wrote "Ramona," "The Century of Dishonor," and other books, exposing the injustice and cruelty with which Indians had been treated by the Americans. Lately a Miss Green, who had been school teacher among the Sioux Indians in Nebraska, came to take up her residence at the Ramona school. The *Word Carrier* gives the following amusing account of her first introduction to her new pupils:

"It is only nine weeks since I came to them, but they seem very different to me now from what they did then. I was the synosure of nearly thirty pairs of black eyes when Mr. Chase introduced me to my new family, and told them of the Indian girls I had had the care of at Santee in Nebraska. They hung around me very bashfully for some time, not daring to speak. At last one little girl summoned courage sufficient to address such an imposing person as I, and, with gravity befitting the nature of the question, asked, "Miss Grin, did your children at Santee wear bangs?" That broke the ice, all the girls began at once: "Please let me wear bangs?" "Can't we wear bangs?" I told them that I would think about it. When I came home from dinner that afternoon nearly every girl had cut her hair, and when I said that they should have waited for permission, their excuse was 'They wanted their hair fixed just like mine.' They work over their hair; curl it with hot slate pencils; put it up in papers over night; indeed, try every method they can think of, but in vain. Their hair won't curl; and the straight shining hair is a constant punishment for disobedience.

* * * * *

"I wish that I could tell you that some of the boys and girls here are Christians, but, although they have heard a great many times about the love of God, shown by sending Christ to die for us, they have seemed quite indifferent to His claims upon them, and not one has become a Christian. I hope and pray that they soon will, and that they may help their people when the time comes for them to return to their homes." * * *

Mr. Wilson had a very pleasant little visit to the Ramona School, and made great friends with the wild little Apache pupils. Mr. Chase, the Superintendent, writing to him after his return home, said, "The Ramona School sends greeting, and congratulates you and Mrs. Wilson on your safe return home in health and happiness. If all your visits left as pleasant memories as did your visit here, you must have left a shining path all through the United States; our little children can never forget your visit."



Boys at the Reformatory at Penetanguishene cost \$3.82 each per week; at the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania, about \$3.50 a week; at the Shingwauk Home, about 2.50 a week.

Success.

DDAVID OSAHGEET, our late pupil at the Shingwauk Home, who spent also two years at Trinity College School, Port Hope, has passed the civil service examinations successfully, received a certificate with honors, and has now gone to Ottawa to be a clerk in the Indian Department. We gave all the boys and girls a holiday when the news arrived of his success.

Extract from Mrs. Wilson's Letter to a Lady Helper.

"I have undertaken to see about the clothing for these two Homes, so that all boxes pass through my hands and are acknowledged by me. I will let you know how I manage. When a box comes, I see who it is from, and then unpack it. All good or new boys' clothing goes into Mr. Wilson's store. Girls' clothing is put in a box to be sent to the Wawanosh Home. Any garments too small for our pupils I put into a box to be sent to our Garden River Indians, who are very glad to get them; or to Mr. Renison's Neepigon Mission. Sometimes a box is sent to me to distribute, but it is nearly always given to our Indian people. If there is any thing in a box not quite suitable for the girls, it is just put aside in what we call our "O.U. Club dressing up box," and is made use of by our own children when we give a little entertainment. They then generally act a few simple little pieces, and are glad of any thing that will help. I tell you all this so that you may know exactly what is done * * * We are in need of uniform dresses, stockings, print dresses and aprons for big girls, and also boys' coats and trousers are a constant anxiety. Our work is increasing, and I hope is more widely known than it was, but the help given is far less than our needs."

O.I.H. Jottings.

THE Rev. Mr. Renison has two little orphan children at the Neepigon Mission, waiting to come to the Shingwauk Home in the spring.

The Indian Department report shows 124,589 Indians at present resident in Canada, and an attendance of 6,117 pupils at the various boarding and day schools.

ANNUAL REPORT.—The Annual Report of Our Indian Homes for 1888 is in the Printer's hands, and will shortly be published.

The white people are trying to drive the Indians out of the Oklahoma district in Indian Territory, but the Indians are not disposed to move.

Mr. Thomas Dowler has been appointed local Superintendent of the Shingwauk Home.

Two little boys are at present sick at the Hospital, under the kind care of Miss Pigot, but they both bid fair for recovery.

MACS AT THE SHINGWAUK.—It so happens that our Schoolmaster is a Mac, our Foreman a Mac, our Matron a Mac, our Gardener a Mac, and our Shoemaker a Mac. We must be gone Scotch!

The Montreal Branch of the W.A.M.A. has kindly undertaken to raise \$200 per annum towards the support of our Homes at Elkhorn. We require \$2,000 per annum towards the support of that Institution over and above the Government Grant.

BATTLEFORD SCHOOL.—We have received a nice account of the Battleford Government Indian School in the columns of the *Saskatchewan Herald*, and, when space will allow of it, shall hope to give an extended notice of that Institution. It is under the charge of the Rev. T. Clark, a Church of England Clergyman, and is wholly supported by Indian Department funds.

JACKSON KAHGANG, an old pupil, writes, "I am very much thankful, indeed, for the trade I learnt at the Shingwauk. I know now how to earn my living. I can earn now from \$1.25 to \$2 per day in the printing office. The white people are all surprised to see and know of an Indian that can also manage to do the printing business."

NED BEESAW, an old pupil, writes, "I am working on the farm, and have worked hard since I came home. Father says I have been a very good boy. Since harvest we have been clearing land and making rails. We will have 40 acres cleared this winter. * * * I hope you will have good luck with all your schools and scholars, for I feel it has done me good."

Just to Give an Idea.

FOLLOWING are two short extracts from letters—one from one of our kind helpers, the other from Mrs. Wilson in reply:

"I got quite a shock at learning that all our labor had been in vain. * * * I got together a very large box full by my own asking and working, so imagine my disappointment at finding that P. was no longer our girl." * * *

"The work here seems to be increasing beyond our means or strength, and I often wonder can it go on thus. There is no other school supported as this one is. In the States they seem to have all the money that is needed—with us perhaps one child has two supporters, and a *third* to send clothing! Then, again, the ladies who write about the clothing are seldom the same two years running, and I cannot get this all clear in my mind for 75 children. I am sure you would pity and sympathize with me, if you could be in my place."

Clothing for Indian Homes.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

From Miss A. Williams, scrap book and cards for Mary Wakay; from St. Stephen's S.S., Montreal, per Mrs. Chesnut, for Peter Negaunewenah, a new and complete outfit; for Wm. Riley, from St. Paul's S.S., Toronto, a beautiful set of Carpenter's tools.

Receipts—Our Indian Homes.

St. Martin's S.S., Montreal, for girl, \$12.50; Cathedral S.S., Quebec (annual), \$20; St. Paul's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$75; Mrs. Osler, York Mills, \$3; All Saint's S.S., Windsor, for boy, \$41; Mrs. McWilliams, for boy, \$40; St. Charles S.S., Dereham, \$4; W.A.M.A., Memorial Church, London, \$25; W.A.M.A., Home Memorial, Stratford, \$7; Miss Yild, St. Geo's M.W., Carleton Place, for boy \$18.75; Mr. J. C. Miller, presented for concert, per W. B. Tindall, \$28.05; per Miss Beaver, "In Memoriam H.B.", \$10; Miss A. Williams, towards girl, \$3.25; J. W. Connor, St. John's S.S., Berlin, boy, \$18.75; F. Richardson, St. Peter's S.S., Toronto, boy, \$16.25; Miss Shoebottom, Bible Class Emmanuel Church, \$4; Miss Shoebottom, S.S. London Township, \$1.36; Thos. Patton, Tim. S.S., St. John, N.B., boy, \$18.75; Thos. Patton, Tim. S.S., St. John, N.B., girl, \$18.75; W. M. Ryer, "In Memory of the late Rev. Robert Phelps, Matt. xxviii, 18-20," for boy, \$8.54; Miss Crouch, \$10; Adam Brown, Church Asc., Hamilton, boy, \$75; W. A. Brown, St. Stephen, Toronto, girl, \$12.50; H. P. Holden, St. Andrew's Branch W. A., month, \$5; John M. Clement, St. Mark's Parish, Niagara, \$25; H. H. Powles, Grace Church S.S., Montreal, \$9.13; H. H. Powles, Grace Church Band of Hope, Montreal, \$5; H. H. Powles, Grace Church Missionary Society, Montreal, \$20; J. G. Docker, St. Peter's S.S., Tyrconnel, \$13; Miss Sumner, \$5.

Receipts—Our Forest Children.

JANUARY 15TH, 1889.

Miss Gaviller, 40c.; Mrs. Robinson, 24c.; Miss Baird, \$1; G. E. Hewitt, 50c.; Rev. F. W. Dobbs, \$3.50; Mrs. Ingles, 25c.; Mrs. Nivin, \$1; F.O.L. Patch, 50c.; Mrs. T. Roper, 85c.; J. B. Strathay, 50c.; Mr. Dean Swift, 10c.; J. A. Kaulbach, 70c.; Miss Day, 1.35; W. B. Tindall, 10c.; H. Carry, 30c.; Joseph Esquimaux, 10c.; Miss Cooker, \$1; Miss Crouch, 40c.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM

VOL. III.

SHINGWAUK HOME, APRIL, 1889.

No. 1.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

COPIES SENT GRATIS

TO THOSE WHO WILL INTEREST THEMSELVES IN THE WORK.

Too Crowded.

OUR work, under God's blessing, is extending—extending in every sense of the word. We have more to do, more to think about, more to write about. Our little four-page paper is becoming too small for us. We cannot crowd into its limited space one-quarter of the matter with which we would like to fill it every month. We want to tell, first of all, all that is to be told about our institutions for Indian children; of the efforts that are being made both by ourselves and others throughout the length and breadth of Canada, for the training in white men's ways and the leading to the foot of the cross, of the ignorant and ill cared-for children of the forest. We want to tell also of the self-denying labors of Missionaries, who are working among the Indians, both in Canada and in the States—for, are we not *all one* in our work for God? We want to tell how large is the field that is still left uncared for; of the need there is for more laborers to go out and reap the Lord's harvest fields. We want also to have space to introduce, from time to time, such interesting matter as we can collect, bearing on the history, traditions and languages of the various Indian tribes, the ancient inhabitants of this North American soil. We know of no other periodical in Canada that is undertaking this work. In the United

States there are numbers of good people championing the Indian cause; numbers of papers published in their interests, societies in operation for maintaining their rights; but in Canada we look in vain for anything of this kind. Not one paper is there, so far as we are aware, except our humble little FOREST CHILDREN, published in behalf of the Indians. No Canadian Association is looking after their interests; none but isolated and little-known Missionaries are caring for them, studying their languages, looking up their past history, and seeking to elevate them as a people. As we noticed in our February issue, the receipts for last year for OUR FOREST CHILDREN were \$200 less than our expenses. This has a little frightened us. The expense of getting up Summer and Christmas numbers has been considerable, especially the engraving of the sketches. We have just 1,000 subscribers at present to O.F.C. at 10 cents each—that means \$100 a year, and an immense amount of labor in keeping so many small accounts. Of the Christmas and Summer numbers, far more have been sent out gratis than have been paid for, hence our seeming losses. But we are not disposed to draw back. If the work is a right one, we must go on with it, and trust in Almighty God to open the way for us. We believe it is a right work to try and establish one bright, illustrated, readable periodical to champion the Indian cause. So we will go on with it. And this is what we propose to do: Instead of the Christmas and Summer numbers, we propose now to publish monthly a sixteen-page illustrated magazine on good toned paper, and to try to increase our subscribers to some thousands. But, to do this, we

ought to have a little capital to start with. The Editor will lay down \$100 for this purpose, and asks if four other persons will do the same, the understanding being that the money will be refunded so soon as the periodical has become a success, and begun, as we hope it will, to pay its own way. In the next (May) number we shall hope to be able to tell more definitely what we are prepared to do, and what will be the cost of the paper. It has struck us that a good plan might be for the 1st, 2nd, 15th and 16th pages of the periodical to correspond with the present four pages O.F.C., and a number of extra copies of those four pages to be printed each issue for free distribution—the full sixteen-page magazine being sent only to subscribers. We would be very thankful if any of our subscribers, or others into whose hands this copy may fall, who have had experience in journalism, would kindly write us and say what they think of our proposal; or would suggest any plan which they think would be more likely to succeed. We would be very thankful also if any business men, who take interest in the Indian cause, would use our pages for their advertisements and so reduce the expense of publishing.

◆◆◆
The Work Goes On.
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WE rejoice greatly to see so great a change for the better in regard to caring for and teaching the children of the poor Indians, scattered throughout our wide country. A few years ago the only Protestant Institutions in existence in this country were the Mowhawk School at Brantford, the Mount Elgin School at Muncey Town, and the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes at Sault Ste Marie. Now, in addition to these three, there are the Battleford Institution, in the Diocese of Saskatchewan; the Washakada Home at Elkhorn, Manitoba—both Church of England; also a new school to be built this summer about six miles from Winnipeg, to be called "The Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School," and to be under the charge of the Rev. W. A. Burman, late Missionary to the Sioux Indians at Griswold. There will be 80 pupils in this school, and they will be supported mainly by the Indian Department and by the English "Church Missionary Society." Out in the far west we are glad to hear of the Rev. S. and Mrs. Trivett commencing a boarding school on a small scale for girls at their mission among the Blood Indians, near Macleod. And the Rev. Mr. Tims has succeeded in inducing several little Blackfeet girls to come under his roof as the nucleus of a small boarding-school under the charge of Miss Brown; he hopes also before long to commence a similar school for boys. This is a beginning;

and, if the Government grant us that grant which we are looking for, we shall hope soon to start building an Institution for eighty children at Medicine Hat, only 100 miles from the Blackfeet reserve, and gather in Indian children from all the surrounding country. All this is Church of England work. Then the Presbyterians have already a nice boarding school at Round Lake, near Broadview, a sketch of which appeared in our last Christmas number; another small boarding school on Muskowepetung's reserve, near Regina, and a third at Portage la Prairie. We hear also they have just started a school at Birtle, and have gathered some sixteen pupils into it; and we believe that there is prospect of another Government Institution to be built this summer a little west of Regina, which is also to be under Presbyterian auspices. The Methodists have the Macdougall Orphanage in Alberta, and are preparing, with Government aid, to build a large Institution at Norway House.

We rejoice greatly to see all this great and good work going forward. The Roman Catholics have held sway long enough. We give them all due credit for their patient and self-denying work—quite as patient and self-denying, we know, as any that we Protestants do; but we still maintain that this is and shall be and must be a *Protestant country*—that the Indians are the protegees of our Protestant Queen, and that it is the duty and privilege of our Protestant Churches to care for them, educate them, and lead them to the feet of the Lord Jesus. While keeping on our own lines as Churchmen, we wish still to extend the hand of fellowship to those who are joining with us in trying to reclaim and benefit the poor Indians—and, as we have said before, the pages of this little paper—OUR FOREST CHILDREN—are open to all who are willing to join with us and let us know from time to time how their work is progressing.

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Mr. Wilson's Trip to the States.
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AFTER leaving Mrs. Wilson at Denver, I took the Denver and Rio Grande Railway on into New Mexico, and stopped several days at that curious old Mexican city—the oldest city in America—Santa Fe. Here I was much interested in visiting the "Ramona School," built in memory of the late Helen Jackson, who during her lifetime did so much to champion the Indian cause. Nearly all the scholars were Apaches—the wildest and most untamable tribe in America. It was very interesting on comparing languages to find that they were unmistakably related to the Sarcee Indians, whom I visited last spring in the Canadian North-west. The children also in their ap-

pearance and manners reminded me very much of the smiling, sociable little Blackfeet in the Rev. J. W. Tims' Mission in Alberta. The Superintendent, Mr. Chase, seemed thoroughly devoted to his little charges, and they all appeared to be very fond of him.

Mr. Chase kindly drove me out to visit the Tesuque Indians, about eight miles from Santa Fe. This was the first time I had ever seen an Indian Pueblo village, and it was very interesting : the houses built of bricks made from the red adobe soil, and arranged in terraces one above another, which were reached by rude-looking ladders, placed on the outside. I stayed all night at this Pueblo village; being the guest of the Governor, whose name was Diego. I supped off goatmeat and paper bread, and slept on the floor. Next morning the Governor drove me in a delapidated waggon, with a miserable little pony, back to Santa Fe. One of the pupils at Mr. Chase's school gave me his Indian name, "Gulklide," and I gave him my name, "Wilson," in exchange. All the pupils were still heathen. Santa Fe is a curious old place. There is still the old adobe palace, which used to be the Government building under the Spanish, with walls five feet thick. One end of it is now the Post Office ; the centre the Governor's Residence, and the other end a Museum. The San Miguel Church is said to be the oldest church in America, and it is kept now as a show place, 25 cents being charged for admission.

Women's National Indian Association.

SUCH is the title of a pamphlet which has come recently into our hands. It shows at a glance that in the States the women have roused themselves and are actively engaged in caring for and ministering to the necessities of the poor down-trodden Indians. Would be glad that something of the same kind could be done in Canada. What do our Canadian women know of the condition and wants of the Canadian Indians? How many of them are leaving home and parents and going out two-and-two to live among the Indians, become one with them, teach them by example as well as by precept how to live here and how to prepare for eternity? In a little pamphlet, published recently by the W.N.I.A., we find the following headings: "Duties Neglected," "General Condition," "Indian Capability," "Indians not Paupers," "Indian Evangelization"; and in another paper is a long list of Indian tribes and communities that have as yet no Christian teachers among them ; conspicuous among them are the Navajo Indians in New Mexico—17,358 in number. *Seventeen thousand Indians, and no one to teach them!* Whether

or not such a state of things prevails in Canada, nobody seems to know—and *does anyone care?* If only we had room we would like to insert a number of extracts from the W.N.I.A. papers. Should any Canadian ladies wish to learn about the work, we give herewith the address of the Secretary, Miss Helen R. Foote, 2105 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Linguistics.

DURING our recent trip in the United States we were brought into contact with Indians of more than forty different tribes, all speaking different languages ; and we prepared a rough comparative vocabulary, taking down the words as pronounced from the Indians' lips. Since our return home, we have got this vocabulary into shape and put it in the form of a pamphlet, with spaces left for additional information as to grammatical construction, general history, etc. These pamphlets we are filling in so far as we are able, from our notes on hand, and then sending them for correction and the addition of more material to those who either aided us in the first instance, or whose names and addresses we have been given, as persons competent to give the required information. So far we have on hand partial information concerning the language and history of *eighty Indian tribes*. We shall be very thankful if any persons living among Indians, or interested in Indian linguistics, will send us a post card, stating their address and the language with which they are familiar, and we will then send them one of our pamphlets. We shall be also most grateful for either the gift or loan of any books bearing on Indian history or Indian language.

Jottings.

THE Rev. R. Renison, of the well-known Neepigon Mission, is in great want of funds to enable him to complete his new church. Few know or appreciate the great difficulties of that mission. All the material for building has either to be brought by dog sleigh and toboggan forty or fifty miles in winter, or by canoe and portaging through long portages in summer.

James Appikokia, the Blackfoot boy, former pupil at the Shingwauk Home, is married and about to build himself a house near to Mr. Tims' dwelling. A kind friend has sent him two plated knives and forks to start housekeeping with.

RECEIVED.—Several copies of the "Boys' Own Paper," for Our Indian boys, from H. C. Patterson, Cornwall. Also, a kind contribution of \$4 from Mrs.

Simpson's girls' class, Cataraqui, towards Mrs. Wilson's Christmas Tree.

Shingwauk boys keep knitting needles going during their play hours, and make mits and socks, for which work they receive ten cents a pair.

Telegraphing is the latest new thing at the Shingwauk. Four boys are learning to manipulate the key, and a line is being strung from the school to the hospital.

There is to be a brass band shortly at the Shingwauk. The Indian Agent, Mr. W. VanAbbott, went around and collected \$72, and \$24.50 was raised at an entertainment given at the Home.

The Shingwauk Bootshop has received a Government contract to make 100 pairs of boots for an institution in the North-west.

CORRECTION.—Through printer's error, St. Stephen's Sunday School, Montreal, was credited with 25 cents, instead of \$25, in November number O.F.C. This should have been corrected long ago, but was overlooked.

EASTER OFFERINGS.—We hope our Indian work will be remembered by our friends at Easter. May the Sun of Righteousness arise and shine upon the dark places of this great Dominion.

Mr. Wilson has some thoughts of making a tour of the Provinces of Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia next fall, on behalf of his Homes for Indian children.

Two Indian boys were amusing themselves by playing with a loaded gun, when it accidentally exploded, lodging its contents into the stomach of one of them. The injured boy was taken to the nearest house and an examination proved that the intestines were protruding and broken. No doctor was procurable. Great excitement reigned for a time, the friends of the injured boy being furious, and for a while the life of the offending boy trembled in the balance. But the poor little fellow who was so terribly injured displayed a kind and gentle spirit. His mother crying aloud beside his couch seemed inconsolable. The little fellow stroked her face most endearingly, saying, "Mother, do not cry now; wait till I am dead." Again, "Mother, do not be angry with the boy who shot me; we were only playing, and no harm was intended." Christian children—yea Christian men and women—learn a lesson here from a poor, ignorant, heathen boy of some 12 years of age! Notwithstanding the devotion of his friend, the poor child died on the following morning. The poor boy who was the unintentional cause of the accident absconded

immediately after, and was not heard of till some days after, when his dead body was found hanging to a tree about a mile and a half from the village. He had apparently been dead some days. It is supposed that he wandered about in the woods until, weakened by mental and bodily sufferings, he was led to terminate his existence.

Receipts O.I.H. since Feb. 9th, 1889.

Rev. R. T. Burns, Cathedral S.S., Kingston, for girl, \$15; Miss Wallis, St. John W.A., Peterboro, \$9.35; W. C. Perry, St. Paul's S.S., Mount Forest, for boy, \$12.50; Mrs. Holden, W.A., Montreal Diocese, \$60.50; W. A. Scott, St. Stephen's S.S., Montreal, boy, \$25; St. John's Missionary Association, St. John, N.B., for boy, \$61.30; Mrs. Gore, (£10) \$48.40; Rev. W. H. Wood, England, for boy, \$4.84; Mrs. Durnford, \$1.50; J. H. Coldwell, Allensville, S.S., \$1.70; W. H. Lester, Church Redeemer S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Rev. Almon, Holy Trinity, Yarmouth, N.S., for boy, \$12.50; Rev. Almon, Holy Trinity, Yarmouth, N.S., for girl, \$12.50; Mrs. Lings, Woodstock Branch W.A., \$20; Miss Carruthers, \$4; Mrs. Holland, Weston Branch W. A., \$1.60; Miss J. Roe, St. George Church Union, Lennoxville, for girl, \$25; A. J. Blows, Trinity S.S., Mitchell, for boy, \$6.25; Mrs. Tearon, 55c.; J. Robinson, St. George S.S., Owen Sound, for girl, \$22.29.—Total, \$36.53.

Receipts O.F.C.

FEBRUARY 15TH, 1889.

G. F. Spencer, \$1; Miss Atkinson, \$1; Miss Champion, 25c.; Mrs. Simpson, \$1.20; Miss E. Wade, 10c.; J. A. Markle, \$1; Mrs. A. Patton, 25c.; Miss Foote, 10c.; H. N. Wilson, 10c.; Miss McLeod, \$1; Miss Durnford, 50c.; Miss Peebles, 25c.; Miss L. Taylor, 10c.; A. W. W. Woodward, 10c.; Mrs. H. Roberts, 50c.; Bishop of Niagara, 30c.; Miss M. Thompson, 10c.; Mrs. Tearon, 10c.; Rev. W. W. Sheppard, 20c.; Miss Eppes, 20c.; Mrs. Lawrence, 30c.; Mrs. Sanborn, 25c.; J. Durie & Son, 20c.; J. Young, 28c.; Urban Pugsley, \$1.15; Rev. G. Salter, 25c.; Major McLaughlin, 25c.; R. W. Crookshank, \$2; Rev. C. E. Belt, 25c.; C. H. Marsh, \$1; E. Murton, \$1.25; S. Fox, 10c.; Mrs. A. M. Ramsay, 25c.; Miss Gaviller, \$1.60; Miss Reed, 10c.

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SUMMER NUMBER (June) 15 CENTS.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN is printed and published every month, by JOHN RUTHERFORD, Printer and Publisher, Owen Sound, Ont.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN

AND WHAT WE WANT TO DO WITH THEM.

VOL. III.

SHINGWAUK HOME, MAY, 1889.

No. 2.

To be Enlarged.

THIS is the last issue of OUR FOREST CHILDREN as a four-page sheet at ten cents per annum.

As we stated in April number, we are altogether too crowded. We have not room to tell one-fourth of all we want to tell.

With the first of June we hope to appear in a new form—a bright, attractive, well-illustrated, sixteen-page, magazine, and filled from end to end each time with all the most pithy and interesting matter that can be gathered from letters, books, memoranda, exchanges, in regard to Indians and Indian work; and the price per annum for the twelve monthly issues mailed to any place in the world will be *fifty cents*, or, in English money, *two shillings*. With the June number will commence the narrative of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson's adventures, while travelling among the Indians last October, November and December, entitled, "My wife and I—Our little Trip among the Indians." It will be illustrated by upwards of sixty little humorous sketches, and several larger pictures. Every issue of OUR FOREST CHILDREN will contain a concise, but full history, so far as it can be obtained, of some one particular Indian tribe, together with a vocabulary of words, and a little insight into the grammatical construction of the language. Mr. Wilson has been preparing for this during the last two years, and has a considerable stock of information on hand. Every issue of the paper will be well sprinkled with original sketches; and we expect that those who see the June number will readily subscribe the fifty cents for the year's issue. Our sub-

scribers, however, must understand that fifty cents will not pay even the cost of production until we have upwards of 1,500 subscribers. Until we have that number we shall be publishing the paper at a loss. We trust, therefore, that those who have our work at heart will do what they can to get the Magazine known, by lending their copies to others, and asking them to subscribe.

Those who have already paid in advance for the current year at the old price, or have paid for the Summer number—which was to have been issued in June—will greatly oblige by letting us know at once whether they will continue to subscribe at the new price, and if so, how many copies they will take. In making remittance, at the rate of 50 cents per annum, they will please deduct whatever amount they may have already paid in advance. Those who have paid in advance, and do not wish to continue to subscribe, will receive OUR FOREST CHILDREN in its new form at the rate of five cents for each copy, until their subscription expires.

We cannot afford to deal out free copies of the magazine in its enlarged form so lavishly as we did in the past; but we will send *two copies gratis* to every Sunday School or individual supporting a child in our Homes; and we would suggest that one of the copies should belong to the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and the other copy be placed in the Sunday School library, to be bound at the end of the year. We hope that many of the Sunday School children will be so interested in the paper that they will induce their parents

to let them subscribe for it. A Sunday School scholar or teacher who will get us ten subscriptions will be entitled to a free copy for one year. Occasionally we shall publish a letter especially addressed to Sunday Schools, giving details of the work being done among the Indian children. We shall also publish Indian boys' and girls' letters, and extracts from their examination papers.

Difficulties in getting Pupils.

EIT is known that our new Institution for Indian children, situated at Elkhorn, on the Western border of Manitoba, is in a country inhabited to a great extent by wild, blanketed Indians, who paint their faces, wear feathers in their heads, and live in teepees.

A little idea of the difficulties in getting pupils may be gathered from the following letter just received from Mr. C. D. McKenzie, the Superintendent (*pro tem*) of that institution :

"Unfortunately I arrived at the Assiniboine Reserve at a very bad time. The evening before I got there two white men and some ladies drove over to see the Reserve, and, among other things, they visited the 'death rack.' Thunder (formerly pupil at the Shingwauk) says they didn't touch anything—just walked around it and came away, and drove away from the Reserve in the opposite direction about dusk. The next day an Indian came in and reported that someone had cut up five or six of the bodies, and that the heads, arms, legs, etc., were lying all around on the ground, and that one of the heads had been taken away. I got there just in the midst of the trouble, and, to say the least, they were not glad to see me. They wanted to know if I was after more bodies. I told them not bodies, but pupils. I stayed there over night and went around among them the next day. All treated me tolerably well, except one. When I went into his hut, he snatched up his gun and began a very animated harangue. I walked in, sat down, and listened to him very attentively. When he finished, Thunder didn't seem disposed to interpret, but I insisted on his doing so. Then he said, 'The man has a notion to shoot you for cutting up his child's body.' The idea of my playing 'Patience on a monument' struck me as so ridiculous that, notwithstanding my fear, I had to laugh. He then changed his tactics, and said I had to pay him some money before I left his hut. I declined, with thanks, and got off with all my blood and money. I don't think I will call on that man, if ever I am there again."

At another reserve Mr. McKenzie was more successful and got several pupils.

Nice Letter from David.

DAVID MINOMINEE, formerly pupil and Captain at the Shingwauk Home, is now teaching an Indian School at Henvey's Inlet, on the North Shore of Georgian Bay. He writes :

"I have twenty-six pupils on the roll—thirteen boys and thirteen girls. Ten or twelve of them are willing to go up to the home, but the trouble is, their parents will not let them go. Since I left the Home I have been prospering, and am very busy teaching the Indian children on week days and the old people on Sundays. I thank God for all this—giving me a good work to attend to—and I hope I will ever continue to trust in Him at all times. It does me a great deal of good—the 'Onward and Upward' card—and I hope all will find it the same thing, that will lead us and teach us to live in humble and meek before God."

Telegraphing.

TELEGRAPH posts have been erected and wire strung between the Shingwauk Home and the Hospital, and three instruments are in operation—one at the Hospital, one in Mr. Wilson's office, and one in his bedroom. Mr. Wilson and four of his boys are teaching themselves the telegraph. When some of the latter become sufficiently proficient, it is hoped that they may secure situations in a regular telegraph office. Telegraph forms have been printed with the cyclostyle, and telegrams are despatched in proper form. Last night the following came from the hospital from a patient, who, after a long serious illness of six weeks or more, is now winging his way towards convalescence :

To Mrs. Wilson:

"I will be well if I have some more maple sugar.

"JAMES SHARPE."

Our Aim.

OUR aim is not to build up a work for which men will praise us, and over the success of which we may rejoice and pride ourselves. Our aim is to do the Master's work, and to do it in a way that will please the Master—and we believe that it is His will that we should act in a generous manner towards all others, who, like ourselves, are aiming to overthrow the strongholds of heathendom and to promote peace and good will, and happiness and contentment, among the red children of the forest, whose lands, under God's providence, have come into our possession.

Our aim is not selfishly to build up a work of our own, and to try and draw into our own coffers money which might otherwise have replenished those of our fellow laborers, who are quite as needy as ourselves. We believe that for a work of this kind to be successful, it must be of God, and not of man—that the gold and the silver are His; and that it is with Him to put it into the hearts of His people to give and to distribute as He sees best.

Our aim is not to *finish* the work to which we have put our hands. Far be it from us to have any such presumption. Our work is but to sow, to plant, to bury the everlasting seed of God's truth in the soil, and leave it to Almighty God to give the increase; and we pray that others may, in God's good time, enter into our labors and reap an abundant harvest.

Our aim, be it understood, is not merely to carry the Gospel to the heathen of this country and to interest the white people in their condition, but we want also to promote *brotherly love* and good will and friendliness

among the laborers ; and this, by the Grace of God, shall always be the spirit in which this little monthly periodical, OUR FOREST CHILDREN, shall be carried on. Its columns shall be open to all who are engaged, like ourselves, in the good work, to tell of their doings and their wants, and to make any appeal for assistance that they see fit.

Mr. Burman's School.

AS noticed in our last number, the Bishop of Rupert's Land is, with the assistance of the Indian Department and the Church Missionary Society, erecting a large institution for Indian children in St. Paul's Parish, a few miles north of Winnipeg. We notice in one of the church papers that the contract has been let to Messrs. Madden & Bruce, of Winnipeg ; that the buildings are to be of white brick, and are to cost \$19,000.

We have also received a rough plan, showing shape of the buildings and full details as to how they are to be constructed, from our friend, Mr. Burman, and in the June number we hope to find space to give his letter in full. In the meantime we bespeak for him every encouragement and assistance in the great work, which, led by God, he has undertaken.

Not many miles from Winnipeg is the old established C. M. S. Indian Mission of St. Peter's, for many years in charge of the late Ven. Archdeacon Cowley. There are 1,200 Indians in that mission, and all of them nominally are members of the Church of England.

THE Sitka *North Star* says of one of their Indian girls : "A girl who had served in the kitchen a short time and was learning to bake bread, was told to turn the bread pan around. She took the bread out of the oven and turned it up-side down on top of the stove.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "SIOUX"—The French traders gave the name "Nadouessioux," meaning "Enemies" to the most warlike and powerful of the Indian tribes of the Northwest. From this word comes the word "Sioux."

Their own name for themselves was "Dakota," "many in one," from the fact of their uniting so many bands in one tribe.

AN Alaska Indian, sentenced to prison for 99 years or murder, interrupted the Judge by asking if the Government was going to keep him alive long enough to serve the whole term, or would they let him out when he died.

"Yes," said a Kentuckian, who had been in the Far West, "Indians are powerful fond of whisky. Let 'em once get the taste of whisky an' they'll give up every thing for it. An old chief out in Western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket, and I don't know what else, for a pint of whisky I had with me." "And you wouldn't give it to him?" "Not much. That was the last pint I had left. But it shows how fond Indians are of whisky."—[*N. Y. Sun*.]

SITTING BULL once told General Miles, the famous Indian fighter, that there was "not one white man who loved an Indian"; and in that pathetic sentence lies the secret and the solution of the Indian problem.

Indian Politics.

ALTHOUGH Indians generally do not understand much about politics, they seem to have absorbed the idea that there are two parties striving for control of the government, and that at the recent presidential election a President was elected from the opposite party to the one in power; and past experience leads them to expect that present government employees will soon be replaced by others, and this expected change is just now uppermost in their thoughts, the kind of employees sent them being to them a matter of great importance. One man in describing the kind of an Agent they did not want, said "some time back we had an Agent that all the time do this way," assuming a very listless attitude with his eyes closed and hands hanging by his sides for an instant, then pointing to his breast with one finger, without making any other motion, he said "he just breathed a little." Another old man, while riding along through a very beautiful little prairie, surrounded with pines and firs, whitened with frost and glistening in the rays of the sun which had just broken through a rift in the heavy lowering clouds, which had all the morning seemed to threaten a violent winter storm, seemed impressed with the beauty of the surroundings; and suddenly remarked, "Long time ago we did not know who made the world, but now we have found out about God and that he made the world; but some white men don't know that, but are just like wild Indians used to be. That Agent he is that way; he say 'Don't believe that foolishness; God didn't make the world. There is no God.' We don't like that. Since we found out about God we get along pretty well. We don't fight; no one steal; we have good houses, and plenty to eat, and plenty of clothes, and we want to learn more. We want some one can learn us more. Then we get along better."—[*The Indian's Friend*.]

MR. WILSON hopes to visit the Indian Reserves at Cape Croker, Christian Island, Parry Island and Harvey's Inlet, about the end of May.

Jottings.

In order to set OUR FOREST CHILDREN on its feet, several friends have kindly subscribed \$100 each, the money to be refunded so soon as the magazine is well established.

THERE are at present 1,032 subscribers to OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

THE late Mr. Williamson, Philadelphia's Millionaire Philanthropist, has bequeathed \$50,000 to the Educational Home for Indian boys, and \$25,000 to the Lincoln Institution for Indian girls, both in Philadelphia.

JOHN COLUMBUS, we are grieved to record, was run over and killed by a freight train, near Garden River, while he was under the influence of liquor. John was a pupil at the Shingwauk for a few months some eight years ago. The French trader who sold the liquor has been sent to the Penitentiary for one year, and fined \$450.

SEVERAL little Blackfeet girls have entered Miss Brown's Home, at the Rev. Mr. Tims' Mission in Alberta. This is very encouraging, as the Blackfeet have been so long opposed to Christianity and Education. Mr. Tims is asking aid toward the work.

WE have had a nice long letter from the Rev. S. Trivett on the Blood Reserve, in Alberta. We are sorry that want of space forbids our publishing a few extracts from it. He and Mrs. Trivett are trying, like Mr. Tims, to rescue little Indian girls from their degraded life, and to provide a Christian Home for them.

MR. McLAREN, head of the new Presbyterian School for Indian Children, at Birtle, writes us that they have had as many as 35 pupils, but just now their number is reduced to six. We sympathize with him, knowing how difficult it is to get a regular attendance of these wild Indians. He says the feuds between pupils of different tribes has proved a great hindrance.

REV. MR. BURMAN, commenting on what we said about the danger of the Indians being lost to the Church of England, in our March number, says "There is a vast amount of ignorance to be removed from the minds of our Eastern friends, even those who, like yourself, wish to know the truth have been unable to get at the facts.... The truth is, our influence is immense, but the work is so quietly done, and has hardly ever been recorded.... In Manitoba alone, out of 46 day schools for Indian Children, 30 are in our hands, and in the Northern regions our work is of immense importance.

THE front of the Shingwauk Home between the public road and the river, which has hitherto been a wild wilderness, beset with great boulders and rendered dangerous by pitfalls, is now being levelled and graded at an expense of \$150, and when completed will make a splendid recreation ground both for pupils and visitors. The Brass Instruments for the band have arrived, and a band-stand will be erected this summer, on the aforesaid "grassy slope."

Clothing for Indian Homes.

1889.

Mrs. Wilson begs to acknowledge with many thanks, a box of clothing sent from the Children's Guild of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, for Garden River Indians.

From Mr Quibell, a present of warm caps for the Indian boys. From Mr. Guild, a valuable case of goods, containing 40 pieces: 14 coats, 2 jackets, 30 caps, 24 pair braces, 20 pair corsets, a large supply of boots, 4 pair overshoes, 2 clouds, gloves, buttons, hoods, cuffs, ties, dolls and other articles.

Receipts—O. I. H.

Since 11th MARCH, 1889.

E. A. Hallett, \$1.00; St. Matthias' S.S., Montreal, for boy, \$18.75; St. Paul's S.S., Uxbridge, for boy, \$5.75; Mem. Chapel S.S., London, for boy, \$18.75; All Saint's S.S., Collingwood, for boy, \$9.37; Christ Church S.S., Gananoque, \$3.20; St. Luke's S.S., Halifax, for girl, \$35.00; St. John's S.S., Berlin, for boy, \$8.65; Christ Church S.S., Franklin, \$3.80; Rev. J. J. Hill, \$2.00; Cathedral, Kingston, for girl, \$10.00; Mrs. Clinch, "In Memoriam T.B.C.", \$16.00; Mrs. Wood, \$10.00; St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, for girl, \$18.75; Trinity S.S., Lambeth, \$1.50; St. James' S.S., Stratford, for boy, \$37.50; Holy Trinity, Toronto, for boy, \$12.50; Holy Trinity, Toronto, for W.H., \$2.50; St. John's S.S., Strathroy, for boy, \$6.25; Miss Forbes' Pupils, for Shingwauk, \$22.35; St. Paul's S.S., London, Ont., Building Fund, Medicine Hat, \$100.00; Trinity S.S., St. Thomas, for boy, \$12.50; St. John's S.S., York Mills, for Wanawash, \$3.00; Mrs. Osler, for Elkhorn, \$2.00; Ven. Archd. Lonsdale, general, \$2.00; "Evangelical Churchman," for boy, \$14.75; Geo. Buskin, general, \$1.00; A Friend, general, \$1.00; St. Peter's W. End S.S., Coburg, for Shingwauk Hospital, \$15.10.

Receipts—O. F. C.

MARCH 15, 1889.

Dr. Hodgins, 70c.; R. Blake, 25c.; Miss R. Kingsville, 25c.; Mrs. Tippet, \$1; Rev. R. C. Tambe, 21c.; Rev. F. W. Dobbs, \$1; Mrs. Noyes, \$1; Miss H. Rice, 30c.; Rev. D. W. Pickett, 20c.; Miss C. Lawson, 13c.; C. H. Hall, \$1; Mrs. Moody, 20c.; Miss Wright, 70c.; Miss Folson, 10c.; Mrs. Beek, 30c.; R. V. Rogers, \$1; J. Bartlett, 35c.; W. R. Forget, \$1.20; A. S. Ely, \$1.50; Rev. W. R. Blackford, 10c.; Ormond Sharp, 25c.; E. M. Chadwick, 25c.; Mrs. Spark, 15c.; Rev. W. A. Burman, 25c.; Miss Crouch, \$1; Rev. J. Sims, 50c.; H. Clay, 5c.; J. F. Jewell, \$2; G. Turnbull, \$1; Miss Belcher, 9c.; Miss Beaumont, 25c.; Miss F. Rutson, 10c.; Mrs. A. Williston, 40c.; Mrs. McNicol, 10c.; Mrs. Niven, 2\$; Mrs. Freese, \$1; Miss Martin, 25c.; Miss J. Moore, 10c.; D. C. McTavish, \$1; Miss Inglis, 10c.; G. H. Hale, \$1.30; Miss L. Baird, \$1.

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SHINGWAUK HOME, JUNE, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 1.

The Indian Tribes.

IT is our purpose, if God will, to collect and put together material for a brief history of one hundred of the best known or most noted North American Indian tribes, together with a short vocabulary of words and a few remarks on the grammatical construction of each of their languages. These one hundred Indian tribes we shall take up one by one, not in any particular order or according to tribal classification, but just as we can succeed in collecting material; and we shall publish these brief histories one by one in the pages of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." The advantage of doing this will be that these histories can thus be offered for criticism and correction while yet in a crude state; and at some future day we may, perhaps, after correcting all mistakes and collecting as much additional information as possible, republish the histories in book form.

We have already, in former numbers of O. F. C., given very brief histories of five tribes, viz.: the Ojebways, the Sioux, the Micmacs, the Blackfeet, and the Chipewyans; but now that our Magazine is enlarged, and our information is more extended, we shall be able to give a much fuller account of each tribe than we did about those first five; hence it seems best to call our article on the Ottawa Indians in this present number not No. 6 but No. i. Indians in former days thought the white people were all one; they have become aware now that the white people belong to several distinct nations. Most white people seem to think that the Indians are all one; it will be our work to shew that they belong to a number of distinct nations, and to endeavor to trace up their origin and early history.

It is said that there is no word in the Red Indian language for the word "year." Indians reckon time by the return of snow, or the springing up of flowers, and the flight of the birds announces the progress of the season. The motion of the sun marks the hour of the day; and these distinctions are not noted in numbers, but in language and illustrations of highly poetical character.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. I.

THE OTTAWA INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



HERE the proud city of Ottawa now stands, the capital of the Dominion, which extends 3,000 miles, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there lived 500 years or so ago a proud and numerous people

—the Ottawa Indians.

Ottawa, or rather, if properly pronounced Ahdahway, with the accent on the 2nd syllable, means a "trader," one who buys and sells.

The Ottawa Indians are a branch of the great Algonkin stock, which, when the white people first arrived in this country, extended from the Atlantic seaboard westward and northward on to and beyond the five Great Lakes, their great rivals being the Iroquois in the Eastern States and the Sioux Indians in the west. These people are related distantly to the Delawares, Munsees, Cheyennes, Arapakoes, Blackfeet, Micmacs, Gros Ventres, Sac and Fox, and Miamis—more closely to the Crees, Minominees, Shawnees, Kickapoos, and Mohicans, and still more closely to the Ojebways and Pottawatamies. With these two last named tribes they formed a confederacy, and it was called "the Ottawa Confederacy," because the Ottawas were at the time the leading tribe. They were looked up to by the others, and indeed by nearly all the Indians, as the oldest and most expert on the war path, and as the wisest counselors. They also spoke very nearly the same language as these two tribes with which they were allied.

So far as their history can be traced back the original home of the Ottawas was, as has been already said,

the country watered by the Ottawa River, and their neighbors and friends at that time were the Ojebways and the Mohicans. From that neighborhood, pressed and harassed by their hereditary enemies, the Iroquois, they migrated westward to Lake Nipissing, and gave it the name Kitchi Nibissing (the little Big-water). Here they pitched their wigwams and formed a village and remained a considerable time; but becoming impressed with the idea that the place was haunted by a spirit which sought their destruction, they after a time continued their migrations further west to the north shore of Lake Huron and Manitoulin Island. This island, 100 miles in length, and now occupied mainly by white people, was at that time called "Ottawa Island." While at Ottawa Island there was born the greatest warrior and prophet which the Ottawas ever had, by name Kah-pe-nah. Kahpenah fought the Winnebagoes in many battles, and brought great glory to the Ottawa nation. Just about that time there was living in the north of Michigan, about the Straits of Mackinac, an Indian people called Michilimackinahgoes. The Michilimackinahgoes made friends with the Ottawas and formed a confederacy. But a sad day was coming upon their new formed friends. The Iroquois of New York were pushing their way westward, laying waste the villages of all minor tribes who opposed them. One large division of that nation, the Senecas, arrived at Mackinac, several bloody battles were fought, and it ended in the total extermination of the Michilimackinahgoes; only two of the tribe were left—a man and a woman. These two, according to Ottawa tradition, fled to the woods north of Lake Huron, and had a family of ten children, all boys, and they all became endowed with supernatural powers, and are still in existence, and sometimes appear in bodily shape and address themselves to the living Indians;—they are called "buhkwuj-ahnish-enahbag," wild beings; sometimes they will throw a club or a stone at some person walking in solitude, and their footsteps are heard at times walking around the camp; even at the Shingwauk Home, a report sometimes gets about that a "buhkwuj-ahnishenahba" has been seen back in the bush, and some of the boys manifest genuine terror. The Island from which these ill-fated people were driven, by the Senecas was called Michilimackinaho by the Ottawas in memory of them, and is now known as Mackinac Island. The Straits and Island of Mackinac after this, about the year 1700, became the headquarters of the Ottawa nation, and quite a number of them are still living in that neighborhood and in other parts of the Michigan Peninsula.

There are also remnants of the tribe on the Manitoulin Island, and 100 or so in Indian Territory, whither they were removed from the State of Ohio and the south of Michigan in 1831. It is difficult at the present time to arrive at any clear idea as to their numbers, as they have intermarried through many generations with their friends and allies the Ojebways. There are reported to be 6000 Ottawas and Ojebways now in the State of Michigan, 110 Ottawas in Indian Territory, 1900 Ojebways and Ottawas on Manitoulin and Cockburn Island, north of Lake Huron, and a few Ottawas on Walpole Island, near Windsor, Ont. Perhaps in round numbers there may be 2500 of the Ottawa Indians still in existence. "Macketebenessy," son of the great Ottawa Chief, a well educated man, and still living at Harbor Springs in the State of Michigan, says of his people in a little book recently published by him: "My own race, once a very numerous, powerful, and warlike tribe



PONTIAC.

of Indians, who proudly trod upon this soil, is now near the end of existence. In a few more generations the few that are left will be so intermingled with the Caucasian race as hardly to be distinguished as an Indian nation, and their language will be lost."

The Ottawas have been a great people in the past,

and the names of many noted chiefs have been handed down to posterity. Chief among these we may notice those of "Pontiac" and "Black Hawk," the latter being father of the gentleman just alluded to.

Pontiac lived at the time when Quebec was taken by the English under General Wolfe, in the year 1760. The Ottawas had at that time penetrated as far south as Detroit, and Pontiac, making that place his headquarters, gathered around him all the surrounding tribes in a bold attempt to resist the aggressive progress of the white man. His schemes were well and artfully laid, but they were defeated through the intervention of an Indian woman who was friendly to the whites and exposed the secrets to the British General. The British tried at first to make friends with Pontiac and induce him to join his forces with them against the French, and for a while it seemed as though they would be successful. To a message explaining the object of the expedition, and asking permission to enter his territory, Pontiac replied, "I stand in the path you travel until to-morrow morning." The British General obeyed this order and waited for the morning, and Pontiac then supplied him with food and afforded him every facility for the advance of his troops. He said also that he would allow the English to settle in his domains, and that he would call the King of England "uncle" but not "master." The friendship however was short lived. A great council was to be held, at which all Pontiac's warriors were to be present, to meet and arrange a treaty with the British General. A plot was devised by the Indians—every warrior cut his gun short and hid it under his blanket, and at a signal from their leader they were to rise and massacre all the whites. But this plot, as has been said, was revealed by a woman. The General was prepared, and just at the critical moment he stepped forward, drew aside the blanket of one of the chiefs, revealed the hidden musket, and in a moment every officer's sword was drawn and the assembled chiefs were at their mercy. However, they were allowed peaceably to depart on that occasion, after being well censured by the commanding officer for their treacherous conduct.

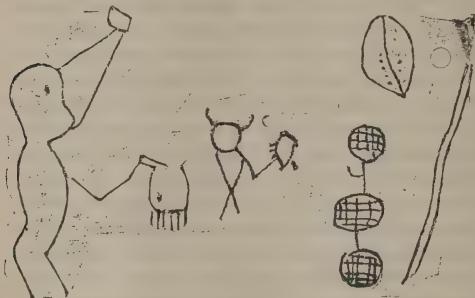
The other famous chief we have mentioned, "Black Hawk," was noted more for his wisdom and intelligence than for his prowess in war. Before the year 1800, he was living in Manitoba. After that he took up his residence at Arbor Croche, in the State of Michigan, and became chief of his tribe. He was always favorable to Education, and he invented his own alphabet, which he called "Pah-pa-pe-po," and taught it to his children

and other Indians. His family consisted of six boys and four girls. The eldest boy was a great hunter; the fourth boy, by name Petahwahnequot, was sent to Rome to be educated for a priest, at the college of the Propaganda; a girl who received the name of Margaret, was educated in Cincinnati, and in later years became well known among the white people as "Auntie Margaret" or "the Queen of the Ottawas;" another son, Macketebenessy, has already been referred to as author of a small book on the Ottawa Indians.

There are several Ottawa pupils, both boys and girls, now at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, Sault Ste. Marie, and they are especially noted for their intelligence. Johnny Maggrah, an Ottawa boy, is now junior teacher at the Elkhorn Institution; and Jane Sampson, a young Ottawa woman, about 24 years of age, is at the head of the tailor shop at the Shingwauk. Both these come from the Manitoulin Island. We must now tell something of the habits of these people in the days that are past. Mackedepenessy tells us that in his younger days he lived with his father and brothers and sisters in a long wigwam 60 or 70 feet long, with two fires in it. "Early in Spring," he says, "we used to come down the Muskegon River in our long bark canoes, loaded with sugar, furs, deer skins, venison, bears' meat and oil, deer tallow and honey. On reaching the mouth of the river we halted for five or six days, when all the Indians gathered, as was customary, to "feast for the dead," which consisted principally in throwing food into the fire for the dead to consume. Then we would start for Arbor Croche, our Summer resort, to plant our corn and other vegetables. Arrived there, the first thing was to examine our stores of corn and beans; then there would be prolonged merriment and feasting; and then we would plant our corn." The same author tells us further that the mode of securing their corn was first to dry the ears by the fire, then to beat them with a flail and pick all the cobs out; then they winnowed the grain and put it in sacks. These were put under ground in a large cylinder made out of elm bark. "To prepare bulrushes for mats," he says, "they are cut very green, and then they go through the process of steaming, after bleaching by the sun; they are colored before they are woven, and the mats are 6 or 8 feet long, and about 4 feet wide."

Before the white people arrived, the Indians had no written language, but they would communicate with each other through the medium of rudely drawn pictures or pictographs; the accompanying outline sketch was found traced on a sheet of birch bark at Red Lake,

and is probably the work of an Ottawa, as the Ottawa Indians at Harbor Springs were able to decipher it; it was discovered in the year 1882, and is supposed to be upwards of 70 years old; the picture is copied by permission from the Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, 1882. It represents an Indian holding a scalp which he has taken from the head of a noted enemy, shown to be noted by his horns; the object of the expedition was to get shells for trade as shown by the rudely drawn shell at the top; the three circles crossed with black lines mean "black suns" or nights, so he was 3 nights on the journey: the two parallel lines are equal to a period or full stop. The two lines and circle above the man's head are supposed to indicate his name.



OTTAWA PICTOGRAPH.

The coat of arms or totem of the Ottawas is said to be the *Moose*; that of the Ojebways a Sea-Gull. There is a curious old drawing of 1703, representing 4 mooses, each facing a different point of the compass, and explained to be "the arms of ye Outaouai."

The Ottawas had several curious old legends and traditions, very similar generally to those of Ojebways. *Nenabozhoo*, they say, became a man, and he had for his hunting dog a great black wolf. His brother was a monster with a body made of flint. Nanahbozho was enraged with the flinty brother because he had killed their mother, so he pursued him all over the earth and kept striking at him with his war club; and every time he struck him, a piece of flint was chipped off, and that accounts for the flint stones being found scattered about everywhere. Then Nenabozhoo enraged the god of the waters, and the waters tried to drown him; but he made a great canoe and floated on their surface, and by and by he made a new earth with some mud which a muskrat brought up for him in its claws from the bottom of the deep.

Before the white people came, the Ottawas were a moral, well-behaved people, and lived under strict laws. They were governed by twenty-one precepts, or moral commandments, which they were taught to observe just as we teach our children the Ten Commandments. They embraced very much the same precepts as our own decalogue, except for the observance of the Sabbath day, which, of course, they knew nothing about. The children were taught that the great spirit could see them continually, both by night and by day, and they must not do any wicked thing to anger him. They were taught also that they must not mimic or mock the thunder; that they must not mimic or mock the mountains or the rivers; and that while they were young they must blacken their faces with charcoal, and fast for ten days in each year.

In their marriage and burial customs they followed in the same line as the Ojebways; they employed the vapor bath for many varieties of sickness; they would bleed sick persons from the temples or the leg, never from the arm; for medicine they used decoctions of various roots and herbs, and sometimes employed the poison from vipers' teeth. Their manufactures were birch bark and dug-out canoes, bows and arrows, snow shoes, paddles, baskets and ornamental work. When they died they believed their spirits went to the land of "Tchi-ba-ya-boos," the king of the spirits, out in the far west. Thunder, they said, was a great bird which flapped its wings on high over the earth to guard its inhabitants and to prevent those evil monsters hidden in the bowels of the earth from coming forth to injure them.

Before the white people came, there was no such thing as profanity among these simple children of the forest. To illustrate their innocence of mind on this point, the following short but pointed story is told by a French priest. An Indian wished to be baptised, and was told by the priest that to do so he must take a Christian name in the place of his present one, and he could choose the name he would like to have. There was one name which the Indian had heard so often applied by the French people, both to himself and others, that he thought must be a very good name, and that was "Sacre chien," so he asked to be called Sacre chien—damn dog.

It remains now only to give a brief insight into the grammar of the Ottawa Indians, and a short vocabulary of their words.

The letters *f*, *v*, *l*, *r*, are not used in the language. A distinction is made between animate and inanimate

objects, similar to gender in other languages, as Latin, French, &c., but it affects the formation of the verb as well as that of the noun, article and adjective; In this sentence "the big dog eats the white rabbit," each one of the seven words must be in the animate form. The objective case of the personal pronoun is expressed by a change in the verb; 'You see me' in Ottawa or any cognate language, is one word, an inflection of the verb to see. In this there is an analogy to the Hebrew.

A doubtful sense may be thrown on what is said by using the "dubitative" form of the verb.

A distinction is made in the first person plural of the pronoun or the verb between *we exclusive* of the party addressed, and *we inclusive*.

There are certain 'noun endings' as *kamig*, earth, *gammi*, water, which can be used in composition only, not separately, as *anamakamig*, under the earth; *kitchi gummi*, big water (lake); the separate words are *aki*, earth; *nibi*, water.

Three third persons are distinguished, e.g.: (1) My son, *ningwiss*; (2) his son, *ogwissān*; (3) his (another's) son, *ogwissini*. In the sentence "He took the child and his mother," any ambiguity in the meaning is avoided in Ottawa by the use of the ending *ini* with 'mother.'

There are causative, reflexive and reciprocal forms of the verb, and diminutive and derogative endings, that can be used with nouns. e.g.: *Niwabandis*, I see myself; *makakons*, a little box.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* as in father; *e ē* as in they, met; *i ī* as in pique, pick; *o ö* as in note, not; *u* as in fool; *ă, ū* as in but, must; *ai* as in aisle; *au* as in bough, now; *ɛc* as in church; *dj* as in judge; *j* as in jamais (Fr.).
 man, *anini*.
 woman, *akwe*.
 boy, *kwiwisans*.
 house, *wigiwam*.
 boat, *tci man*.
 river, *sibiwe*.
 water, *nibish*.
 fire, *ishkute*.
 tree, *mitig*.
 yes, a.
 no, ka, *kawin*.
 I, *nin*.
 thou, *kin*.
 he, *win*.
 my father, *noss*.
 it is good, *onishishin*.

red, <i>misku</i> .	Indian, <i>anishin'abe</i> .
white, <i>wabishku</i> .	call themselves, <i>öttawa</i> .
black, <i>makadēwa</i> .	my hand, <i>ni nindj</i> .
one, <i>pejig</i> .	your hand, <i>ki nindj</i> .
two, <i>nij</i> .	John's hand, John o nindj.
three, <i>niswi</i> .	my knife, <i>ni mokoman</i> .
four, <i>niwin</i> .	I walk, <i>nipimose</i> .
five, <i>nanān</i> .	thou walkest, <i>ki pimose</i> .
six, <i>ningodwàswi</i> .	he walks, <i>pimose</i> .
seven, <i>nijwaswi</i> .	we walk, <i>ki pimosemin</i> .
eight, <i>ishwaswi</i> .	they walk, <i>pimosewág</i> .
nine, <i>shàngaswi</i> .	I see him, <i>ni wabáma</i> .
ten, <i>midàswi</i> .	thou seest him, <i>ki wabáma</i> .
he sees him, o <i>wabändan</i> .	I am hungry, <i>nim pákade</i> .
he sees it, o <i>wabändan</i> .	are you sick? <i>kid akos ina?</i>
if I see him, <i>kishpín wabámag</i> .	he is very sick, <i>kitci akosi</i> .
thou seest me, <i>ki wabám</i> .	It is cold, <i>kisina</i> .
I see thee, <i>ki wabámin</i> .	the, <i>anim. au, inan. iw</i> .
he sees me, <i>ni wabámk</i> .	I see myself, <i>ni wabändiz</i> . I sleep, <i>ni niba</i> .
we see each other, <i>ki wabändimin</i> .	we see each other, <i>ki wabändimin</i> .
do you see him? <i>ki wabáma na?</i>	do you see him? <i>ki wabáma na?</i>
he is asleep, <i>niba</i> .	I slept, <i>ningi niba</i> .
is he asleep? <i>niba nă?</i>	I shall sleep, <i>ninga niba</i> .
axe, <i>wagakwád</i> .	we sleep (excl.) <i>ni nibamin</i> .
little axe, <i>wagakwádons</i> .	we sleep (incl.) <i>ki nibamin</i> .
bad axe, <i>wagakwádosh</i> .	he sleeps not, <i>kawin nibasi</i> .
big axe, <i>kitchi wagakwád</i> .	do not sleep, <i>kego niba ken</i> .
	It is not cold, <i>kawin kisin'a sinun</i> .
big tree, <i>kitchi mitig</i> .	he is a man, <i>ininiwi</i> .
black kettle, <i>mákade akik</i> .	it is a house, <i>wigiwam iwan</i> .
money, <i>shunia</i> .	God, <i>Kije manidu</i> .
bird, <i>pin'así</i> .	devil, <i>mátcí manidu</i> .
snake, <i>kinèbig</i> .	heaven, <i>kitci kijik</i> .
don't be afraid, <i>kego s'egisi ken</i> .	
give it to me, <i>minishin</i> .	white man, <i>sagonash</i> .
three dogs, <i>niswi animoshág</i> .	two men, <i>nij ininiwág</i> .
four knives, <i>niwin mokoman</i> .	
did John see the horse? <i>ogiwabáman nă</i> John <i>pejejig-ungashin</i> .	John pejejig-ungashin.
I will see you to-morrow, <i>kigawabámin wabáng</i> .	
what is your name? <i>anin ijnikasoyán</i> ?	
where are you going? <i>anindi ijayún</i> ?	
I do not see you, <i>kawin kiwabamisinun</i> .	
John saw a big canoe, John <i>ogiwabändan kitci tci man</i> .	
I shall not go if I see him, <i>kawin ninga ijasi kishpin wabamág</i> .	
if he goes he will see you, <i>kishpin ijad kigawabamik</i> .	

The following books have been referred to in the above account of the Ottawa Indians:—Catlin; Bureau

of Ethnology Report, Washington; Indian Bureau Report, Washington; Indian Department Report, Ottawa; Geological Survey Report, Washington; The Century of Dishonor; The North American Indian, by E. M. Haines; North American Indians, by B. Hawes; History of the Ottawa Indians, by A. J. Blackbird. Special thanks also are due to Mr. Blackbird, for further particulars, sent in answer to Question Pamphlet.

Day by Day at the Shingwauk.

THÉ school bell has just rung nine; the morning pupils have trooped into the school and taken their places; morning workers are at their various employments; Mr. Dowler is in the accountants' office, making a set of labels for the boys' lockers. I am in my private office, deep in pen, ink, paper and thoughts. A knock at the door: "Come in." A pencil note folded and dog-eared is handed me by an Indian boy. "Mr. Dowler he sent it." I scribble the answer on the back and the boy takes it back. Another knock at the door. This time the farm man. "Please sir, can you give me an order for the things you wanted up town?" I take my order book and scratch off the order with a blue chalk pencil and hand it to him. Two sewing machines are whirring in the next room, that apartment being class room and tailor shop in one. "Francis," I call—directly there comes a pause in the whirring. Francis knocks and opens the door. "You had better put a little more wood on the fire, please, Francis." Francis gets the wood and makes the fire up. Rather a heavy thump at the door this time, and Mr. Dowler appears. "This is P's account, Mr. Wilson, if you have time to settle it." "I am very busy just now, Mr. Dowler, but if you will leave it, I will send him the money up town, either to-day or to-morrow." "Very well. And excuse me, but H. wants an order for some small bolts, and Mrs. M. wanted some rolled oatmeal. Shall I give the order?" "Yes, please, for the bolts, but I will see about the oatmeal this afternoon when I go to the Wawanosh." "Thank you, and when you have time would you look at Riley's work in the Dormitory. I don't know whether it will suit you." All right, Mr. Dowler, I will be up there at noon."

"Amos!" I call. No answer. The machines are whirring. "Amos!"—Amos knocks and opens the door. "Please take this note to Miss Pigot for me, and wait for an answer."

In a little time Amos returns. "Miss Pigot, she says she is very much obliged to you, and she tell me to tell you his medicine all gone, Sharpe." "All right, Amos."

About 11 o'clock I make the medicine and take it over to the hospital. "Well, Miss Pigot, how are your boys to-day?" "Oh, I think they are pretty well; Johnson has a little headache and feels rather chilly, so I made the fire up. Do you think it would hurt Sharpe to get up to-day?" "Well, Sharpe, how are you?" I say, rubbing his black hair with my hand. Sharpe grins all over and says, "first rate." He has been sick nearly two months and is only just getting well. "Do you think you could knock me down yet?" I ask. "I guess so." "Well, Miss Pigot, I think he might get up for a little, but you must keep him warm, the wind is chilly outside." "Oh yes, I will keep him warm; he shall run no risk of taking a chill. Is he to keep on with his quinine?" "Yes, please."

From the hospital I cross the wide stretch of land between our front road and the river. We are having it levelled and graded, and six or seven men and two teams are hard at work. After a few words with these men, I cross to the carpenter shop, then to the weaver where dying is going on; then to the bootshop; then back again to my office. It is time to copy the letters and put them up for the mail. I have barely done this when the twelve o'clock bell rings, and Abram, the mailcarrier, a boy of about 17, knocks at the door. He has the mail bag in his hand, the letters and packets are poured in, the bag locked, and off Abram goes on the pony 'Fly.' Then I turn again to my papers and my pens. Tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick-tick, tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick-tick. The initiated know that this means "S H, S H,"—the telegraph call for my office. The instrument is on a shelf just at my back, and I twist round on my screw-chair and respond, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick-tick—tick-tick-tick-tick,—which means "I, I, I,—S H"—that is—"I, I, I am here in my office waiting to hear what you have to say." The telegram delivers itself—from Albert Sahguj, Captain's room, to Mr. Wilson. "Please, is there to be inspection to-day?" I repeat the question to shew that I understand it—which is the best way for amateurs. Sahguj says "O.K., sig. A.S., 7"—which means all right, followed by his signature and the number of words in the sentence. Finding it to be all right, I respond "O.K., sig. E.F.W." Then I give him my answer "No, not to day; all keep at work." After "O.K." again on both sides, and signature, I say "G.N." (good night), and Sahguj responds "G.N." That means, I am leaving the key;—"we always say "good night" on the telegraph for this—whatever time it may be.

It is lunch time. The mail bag has just been brought

in and is lying on the floor by my arm chair. Myself and family are busy at the table. A knock at the door. "See who it is," I say to one of my olive branches. "It is Joe, father." "Well, Joe, what is it? "Please can you come at once, Kiyoshk, his bone come right out." I step outside the door and close it after me. "What do you mean, Joe?" "Kiyoshk, his bone come right out; he got hurt pretty bad; come right out his shoulder." I go down with him to the office and find the little fellow, Kiyoshk, sitting on the edge of a chair, shedding tears, moaning piteously, and holding up his left arm with his right hand. "How did he get hurt?" I ask. "On the truck; the truck ran off the track and the boys fell off." Two or three boys have followed me in, and a pack of little chaps are peering in with their black eyes through the half open door. "Well, Joe, you can go to your work," I say, (Joe is a bootmaker) "and please tell Arthur to come and help me." Then I take little Kiyoshk into my private office, and very carefully and gently we remove his coat, which happily is a loose one. Then I try a pair of scissors, and the little fellow (he is 10 years old) screams when he sees them; thinks I am going to cut his arm off. But I reassured him with a few words in Indian, and in a few moments I have ripped his shirt sleeve from wrist to neck, and also his under vest. Now the mischief is visible—he has dislocated his shoulder, the ball of the arm bone being down in the arm pit, instead of in its socket. I call in the services of Mr. Dowler to help hold the child, and Abram to help pull the arm. In a little while I have the little fellow adjusted; a long roller towel with a slit in it for the injured arm is passed round his chest and tied to the door handle. Mr. Dowler holds the little chap; Abram and Arthur pull steadily at the arm in the opposite direction, and I stand behind ready to slip it into place. We all speak kindly to the little fellow, and tell him to be brave. "Now then, boys, pull—very steadily,—but whatever you do don't slack up unless I tell you." The boys do their part well—the little fellow behaves bravely, and we are all glad to hear the click as the ball of the bone once more slips into the socket. I bandage his arm to his side, and send him over to the hospital to Miss Pigot's care. My horse is waiting, and I have to rush the remainder of my lunch, glance hastily through my letters, and then off to the Wawanosh. Such and such like is our daily life at the Shingwauk.

Send in your subscriptions for OUR FOREST CHILDREN.

Please do Help.

Tis a great undertaking—starting "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," in this new form—as a 16-page illustrated monthly at 50 cents per annum. There are so many, many, many Magazines published now; and it is the lot of all but the very best to go to the wall; it is with fear and trembling therefore that we are launching our frail craft—our Indian bark canoe! Fifty cents does not seem much to ask;—for anything else but a paper or a magazine it would be deemed a mere trifle,—but many people think it a condescension even to glance through a magazine apart altogether from the consideration of having to pay for it; and so we fear that many of our little papers, like the stray leaves of the forest, will find their way into the waste heap and the fire, and never bring back to us even one cent to pay for their cost of production and transmission.

We state our case plainly. We are launching forth because we believe we have a work to do. We are impelled to do it. We will bend all our energies to it. No issue of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" shall be common place or uninteresting, not one page of it or even a column shall be filled with common place matter, culled carelessly from other papers. We will endeavor to make it bright, interesting, sparkling, and reliable as to its information in every page and with every issue. We will bend our energies to make the pictures amusing and attractive. All that we have we will give. But one thing we have not, and that is money to pay the printers' and engravers' bills, and so we ask you not to throw away or to waste this leaf from the Forest which has alighted at your door, but kindly send us promptly and cheerfully the modest sum of 50 cents.

In Canada send 50 cents in 25c. bills, 3, 1 or 5c. stamps, or by P.O. Order to Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. In England, send two shillings in stamps or P.O. Order to Mrs. William Martin, (M. L. Martin), 27 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.

1500 subscribers are needed before it will pay its cost.

THOMAS JOHNSON, pupil of the Shingwauk, has gone home sick.

THE following interesting item is taken from the statistics of the Carlisle Indian School:—

At the school 272 boys and 154 girls, or 426 pupils. Out on farms 125 boys and 67 girls, or 192 pupils. Belonging to the school there are 397 boys and 221 girls or a grand total of 618 pupils.

English as she is Written by Indian Students.

THE RACES.—They are five races, which are the white and yellow black and red and brown. The yellow race likes to eat rat, and the black race likes to eat man, and the white race likes to eat frogs, and the red race likes to eat buffalo.

The white people they are civilized; they have everything, and go to school, too. They learn how to read and write so they can read newspaper. The yellow people they half civilized, some of them know how to read and write, and some know how to take care of themselves. The red people they big savages; they don't know anything.—[*The American Missionary*.]

miles off—one for boys, and the other for girls—I have of late years travelled about a good deal among the Indians. I have twice been as far west as the foot of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta. I have also travelled a good deal through Canada, speaking about and trying to stir up interest in my work among the Indians. But in these "journeyings oft," my wife hitherto has not accompanied me. Her time has been occupied at home, looking after the babies. No sooner was one able to crawl about the house, but there was another in the cradle. Now, however, our youngest, a fair-haired boy, is seven years old and past. My wife thought she would like to go a little jaunt with me. So we planned a little jaunt. It was to be through Indian

**MY WIFE AND I.**

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER I—EXPLANATORY.

Y WIFE and I live in the wing of a School,—a large Boarding school for Indian children. It is very prettily situated on the Canadian bank of the broad St. Marie river,—which connects Lake Superior with Lake Huron.

Our house, though small, is considerably occupied. We have ten children. In addition to superintending this and another home, about three

country—all among the Indians.

We counted up the miles which our proposed trip would cover, and we found that it would be within the neighborhood of 7000 miles. We counted up also the approximate expenditure which such a trip would involve—a large family and a small income have trained us to be both systematic and economical in our movements—and we found that the cost would be about \$700. Fortunately, we had just been the recipients of a little legacy, which would go a long way towards covering a part of this expenditure, and thought we could see our way clear to meeting the rest; so we said we would go—God willing, we would go.

My wife's object in making this trip would be to see and make friends, to cheer me with her presence, and in a general way to enjoy herself. My own object in making the trip would be to see as much as possible

of the Indians,—and, perhaps—if pen and pencil would yield their powers—to enlighten the public by-and-by as to the present condition and chances for improvement of that interesting, but little known and little understood people.

Ever since we were united in matrimony twenty years ago, my wife and I have lived among the Indians. I like them all. My wife likes a few, and bears with the rest. We both have Indian names. My wife's Indian name is Nah-we-gee-zhe-goo-qua, which means "Lady of the sky." My Indian name, given me at the same time, is Puh-guk-ah-bun, meaning "Clear day light." These names were given us at an Indian feast, by the Ojebway Indians, 18 years ago. In the course of my travels I have been adopted into other Indian tribes, and received names from them. The Mohawk Indians call me Sha-go-yah-te-yos-thah, (beautifier of men); the Sioux Indians Ka-so-ta, (clear sky); the Blackfeet Indians Na-tu-si-a-sam-in, (the sun looks upon him.)

But we have not always lived among Indians. Our home is England. We were married in a dear old ivy-clad church, with a great old Norman tower, in Gloucestershire, and thence, while the bells were clanging, we walked together as bride and bridegroom, amid a throng of smiling villagers to the dear old Rectory, mantled

Wawanosh Home; and we are building a third Institution at Elkhorn, in Manitoba, which, when completed, will have accommodation for 80 pupils.

I am also greatly interested in Indian history, and Indian languages, and expect to spend what time I can during the next few years of my life, if God will, in collecting from all possible sources all the material that I can, bearing on this two-fold interesting subject. •

It was with a view to collecting such material, and establishing a connection in various parts of the States, with those already engaged in a work similar to my own, that I first thought of starting on this present expedition, accompanied by my wife. The journey that we planned for ourselves was as follows: We would go first to Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion, where I hoped to obtain letters to the authorities at Washington, which would aid me on my way; thence we would proceed to Kingston, on Lake Ontario; cross the St. Lawrence to the United States, and take train to Philadelphia, to visit the Lincoln Indian Institution; thence west, through Pennsylvania, to visit the great Carlisle school, with its 600 pupils; thence to Washington, to visit the Smithsonian Institution, and to confer with members of the Bureau of Ethnology, and others interested in Indian history; then to Chillicothe, in Ohio, to examine the ancient Indian mounds, of which so much has been said and written; then to St. Louis on the Mississippi; then south-west into the Indian Territory to visit the Cherokees and other civilized tribes who were said to have their own Legislative Assembly, their own judges, lawyers, and other public officials, and to support their schools and public institutions entirely out of their own funds, without any help from the U.S. Government; then west through Indian Territory to visit the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other wilder tribes, who still wear blankets and paint their faces. Then into New Mexico and Arizona, to see the Pueblo, Moqui, and Zuni Indians, who build miniature cities, the houses one above another in a succession of terraces, and who are supposed to be the only remaining representatives of the ancient semi-civilized Aztecs; to see also the Navajoes, who have immense flocks of sheep and goats, and weave on looms of their own construction the most beautiful and costly blankets. In New Mexico we should visit also Santa Fe, the oldest city in America, and see something of the ancient Aztec ruins. Then, from there north, to Denver, in Colorado. Then to the Genoa Indian School in Nebraska. Then through Omaha and DesBoines to St. Paul, Minnesota, and thence home.



THE DEAR OLD RECTORY.

with clematis and jessamine and honeysuckle; and within the Rectory walls we had our wedding breakfast, and cut our wedding-cake; and then we bade adieu, and went to Chepstow, and Clifton, and Cheltenham for our honeymoon.

Since then our lot has been cast in Canada; and our work has been among the Indians. We have a big Indian school for 60 Indian boys at Sault Ste. Marie, which we call the Shingwauk Home; and another one, three miles away, for Indian girls, which we call the

CHAPTER II.—OTTAWA AND NEW YORK.

It was a bright, crisp, frosty morning, when we left the Shingwauk Home, the fir-covered islands on the broad Sainte Marie River standing out clearly against the cloudless sky, and the hoar frost on the grass, sparkling like diamonds under the early rays of an autumnal sun. Myself in sombre black, my wife in a quiet mousey-brown cloak, seated in our pony carriage, a black-and-white check rug over our knees, and one or two small satchels and bundles at our feet, we drove along on the crackling ice-bound road, and drank in



THE START

the wholesome frosty air. We kept passing little knots of our Shingwauk boys, who gave the military salute as we went by, accompanied by a not very military smile. Free permission had been given to as many as liked to go to the Station to see us off, and when we arrived



“THE BOYS BADE US ‘GOOD BYE!’”

there, we found quite a small army of our uniformed boys assembled on the platform, as well as several of our own children who had driven in the vehicle that preceded us with our baggage, in order to bid father and mother a last good bye.



“AND THEN WENT HOME, WEEPING.”

It was early morning when we arrived in Ottawa. We were to be the guests of Major and Mrs. —, but it was too early to go to their house, so we repaired to the ladies' waiting room, and told the cabman, who had pressed upon us his services, to come for us at eight o'clock. The ladies' waiting room which we entered was dark. We turned up the gas, and, to my wife's



dismay, a man was lying on the table, his head supported by the bag he was wont to carry. Happily, there was another table in the room, and on this we deposited a little square box, in which my wife was accustomed, when at home, to keep her hand sewing machine; but which now, while travelling, came in very usefully as the receptacle for a small tea-pot, an etna, tea, sugar, a bottle of milk, and some biscuits. The morning was chilly, the surroundings unattractive, and the daylight still in the future, and we thought we would cheer ourselves by having a cup of tea. So the

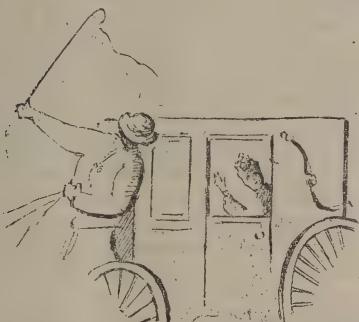


I MADE A CUP OF TEA.

little etna was brought forth, some water procured from a tap in the outer waiting room, spirits and a match applied to the base of the little machine, and soon water was boiling, and our inner organization was refreshed and warmed by a good cup of hot tea.

* * * *

It was afternoon. I had been all the morning occupied at the Indian Office, and had a very satisfactory interview with the authorities there. My wife was to meet me with a cab at the moment of my exit, but failed to do so. I went in search of her. I found her



in Sparks street. She was in a cab with a friend, on her way to a match factory. The friend had kindly planned this little expedition for us, so I jumped into the cab, and we all three went together. The match factory was very interesting and instructive. We saw a young French girl filling the little paper cases with wonderful quickness and dexterity; we saw how the little slivers of wood were separated from the wooden blocks, and run through troughs on moving straps to the place where they were next wanted; how by means of a most intricate looking machine these slivers of wood were folded in the ever-tightening embrace of a snake-like strap, which when it had coiled itself full, resembled a bristling porcupine. We saw these porcupines deftly dipped in liquid brimstone; we saw how by a further device the porcupine was slit in two right down the centre of its spine, and finished matches fell out on

either side in troughs prepared for them. And then, in another apartment, we beheld a still greater wonder, a revolving machine of bright polished steel—a great disk fitted with what looked like little tapes and cocks innumerable; into one part of this machine entered an endless strap of brown paper about two inches wide—from another part were ejected, as though by magic, neatly formed little paper match-cases, cut, shaped, glued, stuck, completed, 360 in a minute.

* * * * *

This was the first time in nine years that my wife had been for a trip with me away from home, and during those nine years she had been shut up almost uninterruptedly in the very quiet village of Sault Ste. Marie. In her early years, before leaving England, she had been a great traveller, and was continually making rounds of visits among her many English friends—but since our arrival in Canada her companions had been for the most part Indian lads and maidens, her walks abroad had led her among snake fences and stumps, in summer time; and over a boundless area of snow, in winter. Her drives were frequently performed in a buckboard, or at best in an ill-kept pony carriage, drawn by an unkempt pony, wearing unpolished and delapidated harness. This little prologue seems necessary to lead up to the very astounding fact, that my spouse had never up to this date seen a telephone. However, she had the privilege of seeing one during our stay at our friend's house in Ottawa; and she applied her ear to the hearing tube and her lips to the speaking tube, and had a most interesting conversation with a lady friend of our hostess, to whom she had never spoken before, or had even seen. At 8 o'clock that evening a well-attended meeting was held in St. George's school room, the Bishop of Ontario in the chair, and I told about our Indian work, and explained the object of our present tour.

The following day we arrived at the Kingston and Pembroke railway station in Kingston, where we were met by a clerical friend, at whose house we were about to stay, and by our red-coated son who was attending the Royal Military College.

A very interesting drawing-room meeting was held in the evening, at which many ladies and gentlemen attended, and I exhibited my large map of North America, shewing the number of Indians to be found in each American State, and in each Canadian Province; also the number of Indian Training Institutions at present in existence—104 in the States, but only 9 in Canada. After some little account of our intended

tour, and the exhibition of some Indian Curiosities, the party was regaled with fruit and cake, and then dispersed.

The next day we bade adieu to our kind Canadian friends,—went on board the steam ferry 'Islander,' and after a run of twenty miles, which occupied nearly three hours, arrived at Cape Vincent, in the State of New York, where we took train for New York City.

(*To be continued.*)

The Sun Dance.

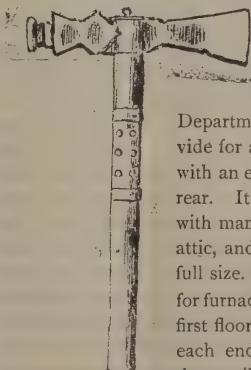
(By Rev. J. McLean, D.D.)

Two young men having their whole bodies painted, wearing the loin-cloth only, and with wreaths of leaves around their heads, ankles and wrists, stepped into the centre of the lodge. A blanket and a pillow were laid on the ground, and one of the young men stretched himself upon them. As he lay, an old man came forward and stood over him, and then in an earnest speech told the people of the brave deeds and noble heart of the young man. In the enumeration of his virtues and noble deeds, after each separate statement, the musicians beat applause. When the aged orator ceased, the young man arose, placed his hands upon the old man's shoulders, and drew them downward, as a sign of gratitude for the favorable things said about him. He lay down, and four men held him while a fifth made the incisions in his breast and back. Two places were marked in each breast, denoting the position and width of each incision. This being done, the wooden skewers being in readiness, a double edged knife was held in the hand, the point touching the flesh, a small piece of wood was placed on the under side to receive the point of the knife when it had gone through, and the flesh was drawn out the desired length for the knife to pierce. A quick pressure and the incision was made, the piece of wood was removed, and the skewer inserted from the under-side as the knife was being taken out. When the skewer was properly inserted, it was beaten down with the palm of the hand of the operator, that it might remain firmly in its place. This being done to each breast, with a single skewer for each, strong enough to tear away the flesh, and long enough to hold the lariats fastened to the top of the sacred pole, a double incision was made on the back of the left shoulder, to the skewer of which was fastened an Indian drum. The work being pronounced good by the persons engaged in the operation, the young man arose, and one of the operators fastened the lariats, giving them two or three jerks to bring them into position.

The young man went up to the sacred pole, and while his countenance was exceedingly pale, and his frame trembling with emotion, threw his arms around it, and prayed earnestly for strength to pass successfully through the trying ordeal. His prayer ended, he moved backward until the flesh was fully extended, and placing a small bone whistle in his mouth, he blew continuously upon it a series of short, sharp sounds, while he threw himself backward, and danced until the flesh gave way and he fell. Previous to his tearing himself free from the lariats, he seized the drum with both hands, and with a sudden pull tore the flesh on his back, dashing the drum to the ground, amid the applause of the people. As he lay on the ground, the operators examined his wounds, cut off the flesh that was hanging loosely, and the ceremony was at an end. In former years the head of a buffalo was fastened by a rope to the back of the person undergoing the feat of self-immolation, but now a drum is used for that purpose.

From two to five persons undergo this torture every Sun-dance. Its object is military and religious. It admits the young men into the noble band of warriors, whereby he gains the esteem of his fellows, and opens up the path to fortune and fame. But it is chiefly a religious rite. In a time of sickness, or danger, or in starting upon some dangerous expedition, the young man prays to Natos for help, and promises to give himself to Natos, if his prayers are answered.

Rupert's Land Indian Industrial School.



THE buildings for this Institution are now in course of erection. The plans prepared by the Department of Public Works provide for a brick building 80×40 ft. with an extension of 40×35 in the rear. It is to be two full stories, with mansard roof, giving a large attic, and the basement will be of full size. The latter will be used for furnaces, store-rooms, &c. The first floor will have a class-room at each end, about 40×29 , between them will be an office, hall and sitting room. The dining room and kitchen will be in the rear. On the first floor, two large dormitories and three rooms for the staff are provided in the main

building, with lavatories and six bedrooms in the rear. The attic is divided into numerous rooms, and will accommodate 30 or 40 children.

The outbuildings of lumber comprise a laundry of two stories, cow and horse stables, piggery, etc. The site selected is a very fine one, close to St. Paul's Church, six miles from Winnipeg. The building will face the Red River, which is here a fine stream. Kildonan station on the C.P.R., west Selkirk branch, is on the property about 300 yards in the rear.

The buildings will be occupied in the course of the summer, and the work, it is hoped, will be well started before winter. The institution is near Winnipeg, and is under the control of the Bishop of Rupert's Land.

It is proposed to teach the boys farming and different industries, and the girls such things as are likely to fit them for domestic service and civilized life. Above all, it will be the aim of the managers to make the school a real Christian home, to which all may look back as a place of spiritual awakening and Divine blessing.

Contributions of money, clothing or other gifts in aid of this important work will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Rev. W. A. Burman, B.D., the Principal.

The Battleford Government Indian School.

(From the *Saskatchewan Herald*.)

As it may prove interesting to those who have not an opportunity of seeing for themselves, let us pay a visit, with the kind permission of the Principal, to the Battleford Industrial School; and see what is being done.

First, then, we must cross the Battle River and ascend the deep slope of its valley by the road leading to Swift Current, the nearest station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and that two hundred miles distant; and on reaching the top we see to the right a large two-story building, the residence of our registrar, and on our left a large white building, formerly used as Government House, but which has since been converted into the Industrial School. We turn off the road at the top of the hill and pass through a large gate in a neat wire fence (put up, as we are informed, by the boys) and enter the school grounds, passing a compact vegetable garden surrounded by palisading and trees planted last spring. We find the boys playing football on our left, and see farther on the lawn tennis court and swings for the girls.

The front of the building faces the north-east, and on entering we find ourselves in a lofty hall. On the left

are the officers' quarters; facing us the girls' schoolroom; and on the right the Principal's office and the passage into the kitchen and the employees' and pupils' dining-room. Opening from the latter is the schoolroom—a light, well ventilated and comfortable room, with blackboard on two sides and conveniently furnished.

The daily routine of the pupils, who are in an excellent state of discipline, particularly considering their origin, is as follows :

Rise at 6 in summer, 6:30 in winter, and wash and dress under charge of an officer; breakfast and prayers; then boys and girls are detailed to their different fatigues and housework under monitors; and at 8 a. m. the trades commence work.

As we visit the boys in their respective shops we look with pleasure at the industrious and workmanlike manner in which they handle their tools. With a word of advice now and then from their instructor, each boy seems to be thoroughly at home and enters into his work with energy and spirit.

Part of the boys attend classes in the school from 10 till 12, and go to the shops in the afternoon; and those who were in the school in the morning alternate with those who were in the shops from 2 till 4 in the afternoon.

They are making satisfactory progress with their studies, and this is testified by the postmaster from the correspondence that passes through his hands to and from the pupils and their friends. Prizes were distributed from the Christmas tree to the best boys in the various classes. The classes range to Standard V.

In the carpenter's shop here is little Gilbert Bear, working away at a window sash. He ran that tall fellow, Alex. Sutton, very closely for the first prize sash at the examination. Indeed, honors had to be divided. Aaron is at work at a sleigh, Joseph planing and sawing. The building they are at work in was built by themselves, and is a well-finished model. Putting up frame buildings is a branch of the instruction which has particular attention paid to it. In the blacksmith's shop we find John Benson shoeing a horse in a manner which shows that it is not the first time by a good many that he has performed such work. Johnnie Wright is ironing a pair of bobsleighs, and Louis making a pair of pincers, each doing his work without aid from the instructor, who is engaged in showing some of the smaller boys in his charge how to weld. This shop does all the blacksmith's work for the agency. Thence we proceed to the stables and yard,

all kept in good order, and remark how well the oxen are handled by that smart looking boy, Paul, in bringing in a load of lumber. There are eight boys under charge of the farmer, and they are a very bright looking, active lot of fellows. Their chief work during the winter is attention to stock and wood and water fatigues, though in summer they do all the work on the farm and large vegetable garden with the help for an hour or two a day of the small boys. They are said to understand practically all the work on the farm, and this knowledge will be most useful to them in after life.

At 12 the large bell rings. Preparations for dinner follow; and at 12.15 dinner is served, also under charge of an officer; and it is a treat to see the way in which they behave and handle their knives and forks. Recess till 1; trades again till 5; tea at 6; recreation till 7; study till 8, and then prayers. After prayers, each boy as he passes up stairs says "Good night, sir," to the Principal, and all march in an orderly manner upstairs to the dormitory—an oblong room containing three rows of beds, and a large coal stove in the centre. The room is warm, clean and well ventilated, and extends above the dining and school rooms.

Each boy has a separate iron bedstead, with mattress, two pairs of blankets, two sheets and a scarlet coverlet, and a pillow enclosed in a white case, the whole giving the beds a clean, warm and comfortable appearance. The boys undress quickly and quietly and stand at the foot of their beds, arrayed in nice white nightshirts, for inspection; after which at the word of command they jump into bed and instantly disappear between the sheets.

Proceeding to inspect the girls' work, we are particularly struck with their knitting and needlework. They make nearly all their own clothes, and do all the repairing, under the direction of their instructress. Some of them can work both the sewing and knitting machines, and appear to be making rapid progress in all that pertains to housekeeping. They are docile, attentive, and good workers, and appear to be quick and handy at learning washing, ironing, and all kinds of housework; and their education will most certainly prove a chief factor in effecting an improvement in the home and social life of the Indians. Some of the girls would make excellent servants; indeed, Mrs. Reed, wife of the Indian Commissioner, was so pleased with their appearance on a recent visit that she has one of them now engaged in her own household.

We will now conclude our visit, and must express

our satisfaction in noting the difference of the children of the institution and those of the teepee. Their clean bright look and contented and well-nourished condition show they are being well cared for, and we are informed that there are a large number of applications for admission as soon as the contemplated addition has been completed; and this shows that the Indians are beginning to appreciate what is being done for them in these institutions.

MANITOBAN.

Jottings.

THE Indian Homes, at Elkhorn, Manitoba, will, it is expected, be entirely completed and ready for occupation by the first of July.

JOSEPH SONEV, pupil of the Shingwauk, will enter Trinity College School, Port Hope, in September.

THE Shingwauk holidays commence June 28th, and end August 19th.

A LEADING publication in Toronto says there is an increasing demand for books on Indians and Indian languages.

THE Hon. Hayter Reed, Indian Commissioner, of Regina, has been on a visit to the Carlisle Indian School.

MR. W. B. BACKUS has been recently appointed Superintendent of the Genoa Indian School, Nebraska.

MISS LIZZIE DIXON, 29 Wilton Crescent, Toronto, will receive contributions for the support of Christ Church Mission School, Peace River.

WE regret to record the death of Dr. Given, who, for many years, has been connected with the Carlisle Indian School as medical practitioner. In his death the Indians have lost a strong and disinterested friend.

FROM the *Carlisle Red Man*: THE FOREST CHILDREN for April is just out. This neatly printed four-page paper of the Shingwauk Home at Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, of which Rev. E. F. Wilson is the superintendent, now proposes to enlarge to a sixteen-page illustrated magazine. Mr. Wilson says: "We believe it is a right work to try and establish one bright illustrated, readable periodical to champion the Indian cause," and we think so too.

Letters from Indian Pupils.

FROM A PUPIL AT THE MOUNT ELGIN, IND. INSTITUTE,
MUNCEY TOWN.

I will try to write a short composition about this place. It is called Mount Elgin Industrial Institution. First thing I shall say is about farming, because I am one of the farmers, and I like that best, better than any other work. I will leave this for a little while. I will tell you something first. First time I came here it was in 4th of September 1884, A. D. I was very lazy, because I never worked when I was home but just play, play, play day after day. So when I came I was here about two or three weeks, then Mr. William W. Shepherd told me to go in the Shoe Shop and be shoemaker. So I went and I was very glad. When I got there I thought that was very easy work, but afterwards I found out that it is not very easy work always sitting down and sewing, hammering, fixing the old shoes, and I am always watching how am I going to sew. So I got tired of it, and I was very glad when I got out of it too, and now to-day I am one of the farmers. The reason I like to be farmer is because I will be always working outside and be working with the team every day, and sow all kinds of grain such as wheat, oats, peas, and barley. And plant some corn, potatoes, cabbage, turnips and carrots, and raise some cattle, and then sell them all for hundreds of dollars; and then when I would get the money I would buy some more land, and some farmer's implements to work with. And while I am here Mr. Shepherd always gives me a team to work with when I am going to work, so as to know how to get started after I'll leave here. And we are doing lots of work in one day, I suppose it would take a man about a week or more to do the same work, as much as we can do in one day. First thing we do in morning is to clean the horses. There are eight horses for working and two for driving, and we always clean them first thing in morning, and then when we get that done we would get ready for our breakfast, and we get up at five o'clock in morning, but on Sundays we get up at six o'clock a. m. And after we get our breakfast we would get ready to go to church, and after we would have our dinner we have our Sunday School in our school room, &c.

My name is NOAH WILLIAMS,
From Oneida Reserve.

A Letter from an Apache Girl in New Mexico.

BAMONA INDIAN SCHOOL, N. M.

Sante Fe, N. M., March 30, 1889.

DEAR MR. WILSON :

You want to know all about our people so you can put it in a book. They are making farms and they are building houses for themselves so they can live as the white people do. They come to see us very often, and bring the boys bows and arrows. We are all writing letters this morning and I am writing to you. I wrote to your children a long time ago and they have not answered it yet—I answered when they wrote to me. Wilson is well—you know the little boy you gave your name to. I would like to see your children and you too. We get letters from our people, they don't know anything about our dear Saviour Jesus. This is all for this time.

Your friend,
MARY WOOD.

Clippings.

A SCHOOL boy at Sitka came to his teacher one day, saying, "Please ma'am, I cannot get my lesson ; it is broke off." A portion of a leaf had been torn out of his book.—*North Star.*

A TEACHER at Hampton, Va., recently asked one of the Indian pupils what lbs. stood for. "Elbows, I guess," was the unexpected reply.

RED CLOUD, a keen, shrewd chief, once said in parting with some white friends, "I hope to meet you again, if not on earth, beyond the grave—in a land where white men cease to be liars."—*Word Carrier.*

A PRECOCIOUS Winnebago, who stands high in geography, was recently asked by his teacher where Africa was located. He promptly answered "All over the United States."—*Pipe of Peace.*

A GIRL said to her companion, "If an Indian lives in a wigwam in the summer, what would he live in, in the winter?" "I should think," she adroitly replied, "that he would want to live in a warmwig."—*Indian Helper.*

THE boys were weeding a neglected patch of carrots. One, who possibly thought there would be more fun in going fishing, quoted the parable of the tares, and argued that it would be more in accord with Scripture to allow the weeds to grow until harvest time.—*Word Carrier.*

THE only permanent and telling force in Indian progress has been one which is independent of the Government. The life-long labors of men like Bishops Whipple and Hare, the Rev. Messrs. Williamson and Riggs and scores of others, including many of the Catholic faith, and not a few noble women, have laid the foundation of all that is hopeful in the Indian of our country.—*Ex.*

THE Bishop of Athabasca writing from Vermillion, Athabasca, says :—"The Indians among whom we are laboring are Beavers, the aborigines of this country ; the Wood Crees, who seem to have gradually penetrated from further south, the Chippewans and Slave Indians to the east and north. The Beaver, Chippewyan, and Slave languages are more or less akin, the Cree is the same as that spoken to the south of the Saskatchewan but not so pure. We possess two good churches, that

of St. Paul's, Chippewyan, and St. Luke's, Vermillion. We were aided in the erection of the latter by a grant from the S.P.C.K. Society of England."

THE Indian Question, so-called, is a very practical one, and varies with circumstances on the different reservations, no two of which are in the same situation. The ethical question for each would be what does justice require for this particular tribe, and the answer would not be difficult to find were this the only question considered. Could the intricately interlaced screen of white interests, the number of which would be startling, be removed, the long withheld remedy for existing evils would quickly be discerned, and methods of redress for existing wrongs would as quickly meet the eye of moral scrutiny. Take, for example, the case of the Sioux Indians of Dakota, for whom a present Indian Question is, "Shall the government agree to fulfill its treaty promises of 1868, to provide schools for Sioux children for twenty years, promises kept for ten years only, before compelling that tribe to accept new compacts?" Should not a Christian nation compel itself to be honest before compelling savages to be civilized? If that demand of the Indians is just, if it is but a demand for common honesty, then the guilt of any war which may result from compelling them to accept new terms, will rest upon government, for it can fulfill its school promises.

Receipts—O. I. H.

Church of Ascension S. S., Toronto, for boy, \$40; St. Martin's S. S., Montreal, for girl, \$12.50; Carlton Place, building, \$10; Carlton Place, Shingwauk, \$10; St. George's S. S. Kingston, \$13.76; St. Paul's S. S. Kingston, \$15; St. Paul's S. S., Kingston, Elkhorn, \$15; Mrs. Killaly, Easter Offering, Shingwauk \$5; St. Paul's S. S., Mount Forest, for boy, \$12.50; St. George's S. S., Etobicoke, general, \$10; Trinity Church, S. S., Havelock, P. Q., \$8; Rev. F. W. Dobbs and Friends, Lenten Offering, \$8.75; Cathedral S. S. Kingston, for girl, \$15; St. Stephen's S. S., Ashburn, \$2.33; Lacolle S. S., Lenten self-denial, \$7; N. Augusta S. S., Lenten self-denial, \$3; St. Charles's S. S., Dereham, \$6.50; Miss Wallis's S. S. Class, Shingwauk, \$4.50; Chapter House S. S., London, for boy, \$17.50; the Misses Patterson, \$10; Archibald Duncan, \$5; All Saints S. S., Collingwood, for boy, \$18.75; Trinity S. S., Brockville, for boy, \$50; Prescott W. A., for Qu'Appelle, \$25; Prescott Children's Indst. Guild, for S. H., \$10; Grace Church S. S., Brantford, for boy, \$112.50—\$447.60.

Receipts—O. F. C.

Rev. P. Roe, \$1; W. C. Bernard, 50c.; Mrs. Parsons, \$1; J. A. Martin, \$1; Chief J. Brant, 50c.; D. Monominee, 35c.; Miss K. F. Sadlier, \$1; Miss Wilgress, 20c.; Ven. Archdeacon McMurray, \$1.10; Rev. R. Renison, \$1; Thomas Patton, \$1.10; Rev. W. E. Grahame, 50c.; T. Dowler, \$1.50; Mrs. Roper, \$1.

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Containing GRAMMAR, DIALOGUES and DICTIONARY.

By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, \$1.25. For sale at the Shingwauk Home. This little book appeared in 1874.

A Toronto paper of that date said about it: "The arrangement is simple and comprehensive; and the explanations clear and lucid. We doubt not the Manual will be found most useful in clearing away many of the obstacles that beset the path of the Missionary."

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By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, 85 cents. For sale at Rowsell & Hutchison's, Toronto; E. A. Taylor, London, Ont.; Williamson & Co.; and at the Shingwauk Home.

A Church paper says of the above: "It is full of interest from cover to cover; and, though published in London, is a real contribution to Canadian literature. The history begins in the year 1868 when Mr. Wilson came to Canada, and is continued to the year 1884. It is well written, and contains much about Indian life and customs. The book is a modest monument to Mr. Wilson's life labor, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation."

The English Record says: "We recommend this little volume to the organizers of Missionary Libraries. The story of Mr. Wilson's work is interesting and encouraging in a high degree."

Another English paper says: "This volume will fire the heart of every one whose sympathies are with Christian Missions."

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, No. 4.]

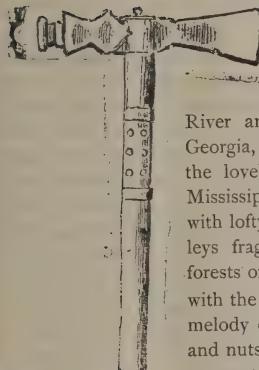
SHINGWAUK HOME, JULY, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 2.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 2.

THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



THE Cherokees were the Eastern mountaineers of America. Their country lay along the Tennessee River and in the highlands of Georgia, Carolina and Alabama, the loveliest region east of the Mississippi. Beautiful and grand, with lofty mountains and rich valleys fragrant with flowers, and forests of magnolia and pine filled with the singing of birds and the melody of streams, rich in fruits and nuts and wild grains; it was a country worth loving, worth fighting, worth dying for, as thousands of its lovers have fought and have died, white men as well as red, within the last hundred years.

So says Helen Jackson, in her interesting book,—“A Century of Dishonor.” And further on in the book, the same author tells us how devotedly attached were these Cherokee Indians to their ancient patrimony. “Never did mountaineers cling more desperately to their homes than did these Cherokees. The State of Georgia put the whole nation in duress, but still they chose to stay. Year by year high-handed oppressions increased and multiplied; military law reigned everywhere; Cherokee lands were surveyed and put up to be drawn for by lottery; missionaries were arrested and sent to prison for preaching to Cherokees; Cherokees were sentenced to death by Georgia juries, and hung by Georgia executioners. Appeal after appeal to the President and to Congress for protection produced only reiterated confessions of the Government’s inability to protect them—reiterated proposals to them to accept a price for their country and move away. Nevertheless they clung to it. A few hundreds went, but the body of the nation still protested and entreated. There is

nothing in history more touching than the cries of this people to the Government of the United States to fulfil its promises to them.”

The above extracts give a very vivid idea of the long, sad warfare which this great and remarkably intelligent people have been forced into waging with the Anglo-Saxon race ever since they began to dispute their right of territory. It has been a long series of struggles, of the weak against the strong; and as might be expected, the weak have had to give way before the strong. The beautiful mountains and valleys of Georgia are all now in the hands of the white man; the Cherokees, gradually but steadily driven westward, are now settled to the number of 22,000 in the Indian territory; and only a small, straggling remnant is left behind in the old home among the mountain fastnesses.

The Cherokee Indians are a branch of the extensive and widely distributed Iroquoian stock. They are related to the Six-nation Indians of Canada, the Mohawks, the Cayugas, the Senecas, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Tuscaroras, also to the Iroquois of St. Regis, the Caughnawagas, the Hurons, the Wyandottes. They call themselves “Tsa-ra-ghee.”

The history of this people has been an eventful one. Their first treaty made with the whites was in the year 1721, when boundaries were defined and an agent appointed to superintend their affairs. From that time onward the white people have been gradually encroaching upon them and driving them from their ancient possessions. Ten treaties were made with them while under British rule, and thirty-seven treaties have been made with them since the establishment of American Independence. In the year 1791, the first steps were taken by the American Government to induce them to farm, and thirty years later they were reported as having made great progress in agricultural pursuits, raising corn and cattle sufficient for their needs. They had also schools and missionaries among them, and in the year 1827, assembled the first regularly organized convention of the Cherokee nation with a Principal Chief at its head, an executive council of three members, and a council of delegates elected from eight districts. All went smoothly and well until 1830, when the people of

Georgia rose against them and forcibly expelled them from their State, driving them away to the west of the Mississippi. The hardships and exposures of that journey, coupled with the fevers and malaria of a radically different climate, cost the lives of ten per cent. of their population. They exhibited, however, wonderfully recuperative power, and five years after their forced removal from their old homes, we find them again with houses and farms, eleven schools in active operation, and a printing office issuing publications both in the English and Cherokee languages. The civil war of 1861-3, again worked great havoc among them; they were raided and sacked alternately by the federal and confederate troops, and when the fight was over they were left an impoverished, heart-broken people, their schools and churches all burnt, their fields deserted and overgrown with weeds. In sullen despair they set to work to rebuild the waste places, and bent to the task with a determination and perseverance that could not fail to secure success.

And now, to-day, the country of these Cherokee Indians is fair and prosperous, and long may they be allowed to enjoy it. Few people on the face of the earth have made so great progress in so short a time, and in the face of so great difficulties and discouragements as have these Cherokees. They number now 22,000. They have 2300 scholars attending 75 schools, established and supported by themselves at an annual expense to the nation of nearly \$100,000. To-day, 13,000 of their people can read and 18,000 can speak the English language. To-day, 5000 brick, frame and log houses are occupied by them, and they have 64 churches with a membership of several thousands. They have also a constitutional form of Government, framed on the same plan as that of the United States. A leading spirit in the framing of their constitution was John Ross, in the year 1827. He was then made their Principal Chief, and continued in office until he died in 1866. John Ross was of mixed Scotch and Indian blood, his maternal grandfather being John Stuart, who was British Superintendent of Indian affairs prior to the Revolution.

A visitor to the Cherokee country, in Indian Territory, at the present day would be vastly surprised to note the wonderful progress that these people have made; indeed, he would scarcely believe that he was in Indian country at all. Entering the district by the Missouri Pacific Railway, he arrives first at the town of Vinita, a town of a thousand people; it is surrounded



VINITA.

by farms with comfortable houses and cottages; it has broad streets and business houses built of stone, brick, and wood; it has a Mayor and Council; it levies and collects taxes on all property within the corporate limits. It has four churches, and a large, well-conducted high school, called the Worcester Academy, with accommodation for 200 pupils. One of the citizens of the town is estimated to be worth \$100,000. It should be added, however, that there are very few full-blooded Cherokees in the town—the population consisting mostly of half-breeds and whites adopted into the nation. Out in the country 'round, the farm houses are, in every respect, equal to those of other western settlers. Some of these farms are 400 or 500 acres in extent. There are orchards set out with apple and peach trees, and here and there a vineyard. The fences are of plank, wire, or wooden rail. Of course there are poor Cherokees as well as well-to-do ones; these live in log cabins, plant from 5 to 100 acres, and keep hogs and a few cattle. The last census taken shewed, out of 20,000 people, five persons only who made their living by hunting and fishing, the others being farmers, mechanics, teachers, etc.—but no saloon keepers. The community is strictly prohibitionist; the whisky peddler who carries on his secret nefarious traffic does not rank much above a thief, and when found is promptly and severely dealt with.

The system of government is now very complete. The Principal Chief is the Governor, and has all the functions usually attaching to that office, with the pardoning power, the right to veto, etc. He may be impeached as the Governor of a State may be impeached. The Executive office is thoroughly well managed. The Chief has four Secretaries, who are constantly employed in keeping a record of the affairs of the nation. Every letter is briefed, registered, and placed on the letter

record book. The Treasurer is under a \$75,000 bond. Sometimes he has as much as \$350,000 cash in his hands. Each of the political districts, nine in number, has its sheriff and deputy sheriff, and its prosecuting Attorney. The Legislative Assembly consists of an Upper and a Lower House. In the former sit 18 Senators, and in the latter 38 Councillors, elected every second year from the nine districts. Every man over 18 years of age has a vote, and the voting is *viva voce*.

The Cherokees are the most ardent politicians on the face of the earth. They are at present divided into two parties—the Nationalists and the Downings; the former answering to the American Republicans, and the latter to the Democrats. These parties copy their American neighbors in vilifying one another with much vigor and ingenuity. The Judicial department of the Cherokee nation is composed of a District Court for each of the nine political Districts. In cases involving the death penalty, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court presides. The jury and grand jury system is followed the same as in the United States. Their State prison is

in civilization as the Cherokees would have adopted the white man's views in regard to the desirability of each individual having his own holding. But not so. They still hold their lands in common, and they are utterly averse to any change being made in this respect. The land, they say, belongs to the Cherokee nation, and not to the individuals thereof; land is as air and water, the property of all, it cannot be given away to the few.

A well educated Cherokee lawyer has given the following reasons wherefore the Cherokees are opposed to the allotment of land in severity: (1) By holding it in common, they are better able to resist the aggression of the whites; (2) their present social system has never yet developed a mendicant or a tramp; (3) Although poor, yet they have no paupers, none suffering from the oppression of the rich. With the whites, every one is scrambling to live, the strong trampling down the weak, but not so with them. (4) They do not believe that the whites have any better condition to offer them, therefore they prefer to remain as they are.

It remains now to say a few words as to the ancient condition and old traditions of this people so far as can be ascertained.

The idea, we believe, is becoming prevalent among those who have searched deeply into the matter, that these Cherokee Indians are connected with the ancient mound builders, and indeed, that they may quite possibly be their direct descendants. North Carolina and Tennessee are known to have been their ancient domains, and from the mounds in these regions have been obtained articles similar in material and construction to those still to be found among the Eastern Cherokees. There can be no doubt that these people formerly practised the art of pottery very extensively; they used a plastic clay, tempered with pulverized shell or powdered



CHEROKEE PRISON.

at Tablequah, their capital, where also are situated their Government Offices and Houses of Parliament, also two large, handsomely built Seminaries, one for male and one for female pupils, each with accommodation for 150 scholars.

It might be thought that a people so far advanced

mica; with this material they made bowls, cups, pots, etc., of various sizes, and ornamented them with native made paint. They were also skilled in basket and cane work. They made bows and arrows. They would also kill small game with "blow guns," 7 or 8 feet long, made out of a hollowed cane, an arrow was inserted with a wad of thistle down, bound tightly round the

feather end, which just fitted the pipe. They made combs also of horn with teeth two inches in length, and ball sticks (or racquets) of hickory wood, with a pear-shaped loop covered with a network of leather or bark strings.

These people believed in one great Supreme Spirit, whom they called "the Man of White," his face was the sun and his arms were the rivers, extending over and embracing the earth. Formerly they believed in the transmigration of souls; the spirit, after death, they said, appeared in the form of some animal of the cat tribe seven days after death. Number seven was with them a sacred number. They believed themselves to be the most ancient people on the face of the earth. Formerly, they were divided into seven clans or gentes: (1) The flowing hair, (2) the paint, (2) the blind savana, (4) the holly, (5) the bird, (6) the wolf, (7) the deer. The ancient method of burying the dead appears to have been to lay the corpse face upwards in a pit or grave, then to cover it with moist clay, which was moulded into the features; then to light a fire on the top and bake the clay thoroughly; then to cover the grave with earth and stones in the form of a conical mound. Many of these ancient graves have been lately uncovered, and the complete mould of the dead Indians features have in some cases been preserved. But the Cherokees buried also in boxes placed on the surface of the ground, or they would dig a hole under the floor of the house and place the dead there, and then desert the house.

No grammar or dictionary has ever been published of the Cherokee language. A few grammatical forms were published some years ago in *The Cherokee Messenger*, now out of print. A Cherokee New Testament has been printed by the American Bible Society, New York, price 50 cents. Also a hymn-book, pictorial book, and catechism. Some of these Cherokee publications are printed in Roman characters, others in the Cherokee alphabet. The Cherokee alphabet was invented in the year 1820, by a young Indian named "Sequoyah," or George Guess. He was a clever fellow, and noticing how the white people could talk to each other by means of marks or signs on paper, conceived the idea of introducing the same system among the Cherokees. His first plan was to invent signs for words, but this he found was too cumbersome and laborious, and he soon contrived the plan of an alphabet which should represent sounds, each character standing for a syllable. He persevered in carrying out his intention, and attained his object by forming eighty-six characters,

In 1823, the general Council of the Cherokees bestowed on George Guess a silver medal in recognition of his services.

It is said that a clever boy can learn to read in a single day with the Cherokee alphabet.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

As in most Indian languages, there is a distinction made between animate and inanimate objects. This distinction is in Cherokee particularly noticeable in the verb.

There are nouns which are used separately, and other forms of the same noun, which can be used only in composition.

The personal pronouns when used with the verb are incorporated in the verb as prefixes of suffixes.

There are three ways of using the first person plural of the verb. (1) A dual form, *i ni hne ga*, you and I speak; (2) a dual form, *o sti hne ga*, he and I speak; (3) a general first person plural, *i di hne ga*, we speak.

The verb often shews the character of the article spoken of. Thus:—

skā si, give it to me (something solid—e.g., a stone).
skidi' si, “ (something long and rigid—e.g., a knife).
skinā āsi “ (something flexible—e.g., a blanket).
skiné hăsi “ (something liquid—e.g., some water).

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* as in father; *e*, *ɛ*, as in they, *m'et*; *i*, *ɪ*, as in pique, *pick*; *o*, *ɔ*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ă*, *ū*, as in but; *at* as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *tu*, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in *jamais* (Fr.), pleasure; *â*, as in law; *h*, as German *ich*.

man, *yă w'i*, a *skayà*. we walk (he and I), *awstega*.

woman, *a ge yă'*. they walk, *anéga*.

boy, a *tch tca*. I see him, *tsigo wa ti'ha*.

house, *kăl tso de'*. thou seest him, *higo wa ti'ha*.

boat, *tsi yu*. he sees him, *ago wat'iha*.

river, *egwă ni*. he sees it, *ago wat'iha*.

water, a *mă'*. if I see him, *yit si go ān*.

fire, a *tsi' la*. thou seest me, *skigo wat'iha*.

tree, *tu ga' i*. I see thee, *kago wat'iha*.

horse, *sâgwillî*. he sees me, *agigo wat'iha*.

dog, *ki hli*. I see myself, *agwasakatago-*

fish, a *tsa di'*. *wati'ha*.

town, *kadu ha'i*. we see each other, *denada-*

kettle, *tsu la's ki*. *gowati'ha*.

knife, *ha ye la sti*. do you see him? *higo wa*

tobacco, *tsö' lă*. *ti ha tsu?*

day, *y' ga*. he is asleep, *kah li ha*.

night, *sa no' yî'*. is he asleep? *kah li ha tsu*.

yes, ä ä.
no, tla.
I, a yä'
thou, nihí'.
he, na ski.
my father, eto'da.
it is good, a'w stün.
red, ki gä gë.
white, uné gä.
black, khñ nä ge.
one, sa kwù.
two, ta li.
three, tso i.
four, no gi.
five, hi ski.
six, sudali
seven, gül gwo' gi.
eight, tsu ne'la.
nine, so ne la.
ten, a sko hi.
twenty, talla sko'hi.
hundred, skoh tsu kwi.
come here, e he'na.
be quick, kle kiyu.
to-day, ko'he i'ga.
to-morrow, sunâle.
good morning, sin'ale(reply: he sleeps not, tlayi ga lina.
osiyu).

Indian, oyä wi yä i
Call themselves, tsa ra ghi.
my hand, akwo yéni.
your hand, tso yéni.
John's hand, John uwoyéni.
my knife, hai e'lusti akwat-
séli.
I walk, Ke'ga.
thou walkest, he'ga.
he walks, èga
we walk (you and I), inega.

did John see the horse? so kwi li tsu u go he tsa ni?
I will see you to-morrow, su na le da gä go i.
what is your name? ga do de tsa do a?
where are you going? ha tlä whi ga ti.
I do not see you, tla yä gä go wa ti ha.
John saw a big canoe, tsi yu e kwa u go ho gi tsa ni.
I shall not go if I see him, yi tsi go a tla yä ga ge na.
if he goes he will see you, yu we no da tsa go hi.

The following books have been referred to in the above account of the Cherokee Indians:—The Bureau

axe, ga lu ya sti.
little axe galu yasti ustí.
bad axe, galu yasti huya'wi.
big axe, galu yasti e'kwa.
big tree, e'kwa kluka'i.
black kettle, kuhnake tsu
la'ski.

money, ate'la.
bird, tsi skwa.
snake, i nă tă.
don't be afraid, klesti yiska'hi
hesdi.
give it to me, skasi (solid
only).
I am hungry, agiyo'siha.
are you sick? ts'klängä tsu.
he is very sick, ûtsata uk-
längä'.

it is cold, uh yä klä.
the, na ski.
I sleep, tsi li ha.
I slept, agi hlo no gi.
I shall sleep, da tsí lo ni.
we sleep (excl.), o tsí kli na.
we sleep (incl.), i di klinia.
two men, anitali aniskaya'.
do not sleep, tlesttsa länägi.
it is not cold, tla yä yho dla.
he is a man, askayaiginaski.
it is a house, so kwi li i gi na
ski.

devil, a ski na.
heaven, tso sä i.
white man, yä wunega.
four knives, nă ki häi e'lasti.
three dogs, anitzo i kih li.

did John see the horse? so kwi li tsu u go he tsa ni?
I will see you to-morrow, su na le da gä go i.
what is your name? ga do de tsa do a?
where are you going? ha tlä whi ga ti.
I do not see you, tla yä gä go wa ti ha.
John saw a big canoe, tsi yu e kwa u go ho gi tsa ni.
I shall not go if I see him, yi tsi go a tla yä ga ge na.
if he goes he will see you, yu we no da tsa go hi.

of Ethnology Report (Washington); Indian Bureau Report (Washington); The Morning Star (Carlisle); Catlin; Harper's Magazine, March, 1888; Study of Mortuary Customs of N.A. Indians (Dr. Yarrow); The Century of Dishonor; Cherokee hymn-book. Special thanks also are due to Rev. A. N. Chamberlain, Vinita, Indian Territory, for further particulars sent in answer to Question Pamphlet.

Are They an Antedeluvian Race?

A LEGEND.

WHEN the Great Spirit made man, He made them male and female, and he placed them in a country having "a great river," with four heads or branches. On the east of this country was the wide ocean.

The first man and woman had three sons. The eldest son was a white man. He killed his brother, and then went away to the east. The third son remained with his parents, and his children and descendants were good.

After a time, when the inhabitants of the world had increased to many thousands, they nearly all became wicked. The white man in the east taught them to be wicked. The Great Spirit sent a great flood to punish them for their wickedness. There was only one family at that time who continued to obey the Great Spirit; it consisted of an old man and his wife, and their four sons. The eldest of these four sons had married a near relation, the two next ones married white women from the east, the youngest was unmarried. The old man and his sons set to work and built a very large boat, and called within it animals of every kind. The flood increased, and floated the large boat. The old man and his wife, and his three eldest sons and their wives, embarked in the boat with all the animals that were already on board. A strong west wind blew and drifted them away over the ocean eastward, and they were never seen again by those who saw them depart.

The youngest son, at the bidding of his father, made his journey westward to a high mountain ridge, which ran northward and southward. On his way he took to himself a wife—one of his near relatives. All the rest of the people remained in the low country of the east, or sought refuge in the low eastern hills, and so they were all drowned. All the descendants of the wicked white man were drowned, except the two white women who had gone away in the great boat.

After a time the flood subsided. Then the young

brother, who was safe on the top of the high mountain ridge, with his wife, came down and dwelt in the plain. Children were born to them; they became a great people, and gradually spread themselves over the country to the north and to the south. They knew not how to read or write, but they always preserved the tradition of the great flood and of the building of the great boat which went away to the east. They were a people of wandering habits, and sometimes a family would become separated from the rest of the tribe, while on a hunting excursion, and become lost in the mazes of the great forest. It happened in some cases when the family was lost, that the father and mother died of disease while the children were yet young; the children had then to care for themselves; knowing only the elements of their mother tongue, they invented new words and a new system of speech; thus the language became changed, so that, when after the lapse of time, they chanced to fall in with other beings of their own race, they were no longer able to converse with them. The language of the country thus became diverse, and yet showed evidences of having sprung originally from a common stock, and also some slight connection with the old language of their ancestors, which was spoken before the flood came.

The great boat crossed the mighty ocean, and when the flood subsided it was stranded on the summit of a high mountain. Of those who had thus escaped alive, the elder brother, who had married his near relative, had good children, who

served the Great Spirit and obeyed His laws. The other brothers, who had married white women, had children who were bad. These children set to work to build a tower whose top might reach unto heaven, in which they thought to protect themselves against another flood. The Great Spirit was angry at this. He destroyed their tower, and scattered them abroad over the face of the country, and made their language entirely diverse one from the other; and the children of the younger brother, who had been foremost in building the tower, were sent to

the south country, and their skin became black and their faces ugly. Those people who had escaped from the flood learned the arts of writing and reading, and became very ingenious and wise, especially those who had the white blood in their veins, but with all their ingenuity and wisdom was mingled wickedness. They always preserved the tradition of the great flood and of the boat which their great ancestor had made, and they believed that there was another world across the great ocean in the west.

The Visit to Montreal.

WE give herewith an engraved copy of the photograph which was taken in Ottawa in the fall of 1887, when thirty of our Indian pupils from the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, joined the great jubilee demonstration in Montreal,



MONTREAL GROUP.

and also visited Ottawa, Kingston and Carleton Place. Some of the faces, doubtless, will be recognized by those kind friends who so hospitably entertained the children at their houses. Beginning with the back row, the first tall figure on the left is Appikoka, the Blackfoot boy, who was one year at the Shingwauk, and is now back among his people and married. Next is David Minominee, now teaching an Indian school, with twenty-six scholars, at Henvey's Inlet. Next is Charles Gilbert, from LacSeul, Manitoba, who has been three years at the Shingwauk, and has become a

good blacksmith. Next is Harriet Causley, who left us last summer. Next is John Maggrah, now junior teacher at the Washakada Home, Elkhorn. Next is Wasi (Yellow Pine), a Sioux boy, from Manitoba ; he left last summer. Next is Matthew Sampson, an Ottawa boy, from Manitoulin Island, he is learning shoemaking, and making rapid progress. Next is Albert Sahguj, studying to be a school teacher. Next is Etukitsin, the other Blackfoot boy, who was taken ill with consumption, and died at the Shingwauk Home the day after his baptism. Below Etukitsin is Smart Altman, Ojebway, from Walpole Island, learning boot-making. Next to him, towards the left, are three boys, one under the other. The one just under A. Sahguj is Peter Negaunewenah, a clever little Ottawa boy, who has made progress at school. Just below him is Peter Oshkaboos, Ojebway, from Serpent River, who has been absent lately on account of sickness. Below Peter is merry-faced Willie—Willie Adams, Ojebway, from Sarnia, who is learning weaving. Lying down in front of Willie is Sylvester Kezhig, Ojebway, from Cape Croker, learning tailoring. Above Sylvester's head appear a girl, a boy, and two girls' heads. The girl is Marion Beesaw, from Serpent River, now at Elkhorn school. The boy above her is Elijah Crow, a Sioux, from Manitoba, and the two girls' faces above Elijah are Louisa Tousseneau, Ojebway, and Fanny Jacobs, Pottawatami. The central figure is Mr. Wilson, with his daughter, Winifred, on his left, and his hand on Gracie Jacob's shoulder. On Mr. Wilson's right are Frank Maggrah, close to his head, and Philamine Sampson, (both Ottawas from Manitoulin Island), at his elbow. Below Philamine are Dora Jacobs, a little Delaware girl, and Joseph Loney, a Pottawatomi, lying with a wheel in front of him ; the wheel is a specimen of Wasis' work as wheelwright, and Sylvester holds a chain and hook, made by Gilbert, the blacksmith. Next to Joseph Loney, lying down, is William Riley, a carpenter boy, holding a picture stand which he has made. Above him is Thomas Cromarty, the boy who is always laughing, who is now at the Elkhorn school. Between Cromarty and Philamine nestles another little Delaware girl, Lily Anthony. Above Lily is Mary Peters, who went to service in Kingston, but has since died. Above Cromarty is little Aleck Beesaw, brother to Marion; and above Aleck is James Sharpe, from Manitoba. This boy has been three years at the Shingwauk, and is now learning telegraphing.

The block from which the engraving is printed has

been very kindly loaned by the Secretaries of the Colonial and Continental Church Society.

Copies of the original photograph are for sale at the Shingwauk Home— $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches—price 50 cents. One of these photographs will be sent free to anyone enclosing us \$3, with the names and addresses of six new subscribers.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

 ANADA is a quiet place ; the United States is not very quiet. In fact, the United States is rather a noisy place, and especially so in its towns and cities.

My wife and myself were awaiting our train. The hour was 10 p. m.; the location was Watertown, in the State of New York. I was standing at the luncheon



bar in the station, drinking coffee and eating bread and butter and pie. My wife was sitting on a chair, with a stool for a table, drinking tea and eating bread and butter and a dough-nut. The station platform without was not unoccupied—rather, it was very much occupied ; it was also somewhat unquiet, and it was considerably lighted. There were young men and boys, in blue coats, with red pants, and three-cornered hats ; and there were young men in silver coats, and blue pants and helmets ; and there were young men in long, grey coats, with high, white hats, and black hat bands ; and there were other young men and boys, in coats of other patterns, and in hats of other shapes, and in pants of highly diversified colors. They were probably several thousands in number, and they all tramped through the station ; and they all carried flaring torches ; and there was considerable music—brass bands and fife bands—and a great many drums ; and there were several thousand on-lookers also in the station ; and trains and single engines went screeching by every few minutes. We did not trouble to ask what it was about, as we under-

stood it was the custom to have processions of this kind every night or so. We saw on the banners something about "Trades Unions," and "American rights to do as they pleased." It was, no doubt, all very nice and proper, except that a good many people seemed somewhat the worse for liquor, and when the train came in, it was a little difficult to get to it.

I had thoughts that my wife would like a lower berth in the Pullman sleeping car for the night, and had telegraphed to that effect, so as to be sure of securing one, but, on the train arriving, I was grieved to find that no lower berth had been reserved for us—so the choice lay between taking an upper berth or sitting up all night. A ladder was brought, and a black man assisted me in hoisting my wife to an upper berth.

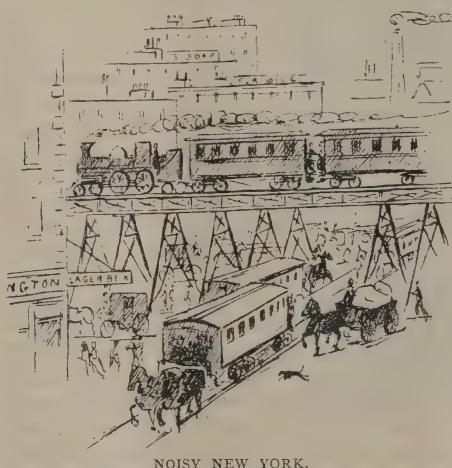
We reached New York at a quarter to seven on the morning of Friday. We sent our baggage by express waggon to the Pennsylvania R. R. depot, at the foot of Cortland street, and then proceeded, leisurely, to take the elevated railway to the same place. New York is

way. Beneath the elevated railroad are the street cars. These are drawn by horses, shod with heavy shoes made of iron of a particularly clangorous character. The street cars are arranged to follow each other so that the noses of one pair of horses shall be within two yards or so of the rear of the preceding car. There is excellent system, but great noise. The people delight in noise; it is only people who come from Algoma and other quiet places who find it a little too noisy.

At length we alighted at the Cortland street station, and we engaged a very un-American-looking boy, probably a recent importation from the Old Country, to convey our travelling-bag to the depot, and to act as our guide. That boy was not satisfactory. He evidently knew about as little and as much of New York as we did. After depositing our baggage, and getting it all re-checked for Philadelphia, we went back into the city to look about and see things. We got on to a yellow car in Broadway. Broadway is not very broad. It has a considerable number of shop signs all along, and some banners stretched across. There are no busses, but the street cars swarm. The policemen are all tall and fat, and wear blue coats. We lunched with the Rev. Dr. Wilson, who is associated with the Rev. W. B. Rainsford, in the work of reclaiming outcasts from the slums of the great city. They have an immense building—"Clergy House," they call it—attached to St. George's Church, which was built by a wealthy parishioner, at a cost of \$250,000. It consists of class-rooms, lecture-rooms, a gymnasium, and well-furnished apartments for the clergy on the upper flat. Happily, there is an elevator to go up by, as the building is six storeys high.

CHAPTER III.—INDIAN SCHOOLS.

From New York we went, on the same afternoon, to Philadelphia, and arrived at that city at 5.30 p. m., amid drenching rain. We took a cab to the Lincoln Institution, on the corner of Eleventh and Pine streets. Mr. Hughes, the superintendent, met us at the door and welcomed us in, and a number of the Indian girls were peeping around the corners at the new visitors. This institution has accommodation for 100 Indian girls, and there is another one for 100 Indian boys, called the Educational Home, about three miles off in another part of the city. Our bedroom was near the girls' dormitories, and, while unpacking our things, we could hear the quaint talk going on—just the way the girls talk to each other, in imperfect English, at our Wawanosh Home. Soon an Indian girl tapped at our



a noisy place. Just as much noise as it is possible to make is made in New York. All the streets of New York are paved with a stone of a particularly noisy character, and the stones are cut in a particular way, so as to make as much noise as possible. Overhead are the elevated railways, all made of iron trestle-work, so arranged that it will give out as much sound as possible. Little, short trains go swishing and rattling along over the trestles, about three in every minute or so one way, and three in every minute or so the other

door, and told us that tea was ready; so, following our guide, we threaded our way through the rather narrow passages and down the stair-cases till we arrived in the teachers' dining-room. The regular supper was already over, but a nice little meal had been prepared for us, consisting of stewed oysters, raw oysters, nice bread and butter, and preserved quince. Miss Whitmore, the house-mother, presided at the table, and a half-breed woman and an Indian girl waited on us. At 7 o'clock we went into the assembly-room for prayers. The school is under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the prayers used were nearly the same as our own. A young lady presided at the piano, several hymns were sung, and I, being requested to do so, conducted the prayers; after which I was asked to address the children. My heart always warms towards Indian children, and it was a pleasure to me to address those Indian girls, and tell them about our Institutions at Sault Ste. Marie, and I read to them a letter which my Wawanosh girls had written for me to read to the pupils of any Indian school I visited. After finishing the Wawanosh letter, I said that I had another one from our Indian boys; but, as this was a girls' school, perhaps it would not be quite correct for me to read it. However, there arose a general demand for it on the part of both teachers and pupils, so I drew it out of my pocket and read as follows:

To our Unknown Brothers and Sisters :

DEAR RELATIONS—We are very glad to have a chance to send this letter to you. We are all very happy at this Institution, and hoping that you are as happy at your studies as we are. Our Shingwauk Home is beautifully situated on the banks of the River St. Mary, about two miles east of Sault Ste. Marie. The Indian boys are taught in different trades, such as blacksmiths, farmers, bootmakers, carpenters, wagonmakers, &c. We study arithmetic, geography, English grammar, history of England, and so on. We like, also, to know the Bible, which tells us the way of our salvation. We hope you will never give up your studies. Whenever you want to do anything look up to God, and he will help you. In all that you do, do it unto the Lord. We boys and girls are all having a holiday to-day. They are keeping Mr. Wilson's birthday. He will be away on his real birthday, so we are keeping it to-day. The number of the boys at the Shingwauk is 50, and the Wawanosh girls are 22. Mr. Wilson is very kind to us, and gives us all that we want. I hope, by God's grace, that we Indians may rise to a great nation. Good-bye to you all.

THOMAS JOHNSON.

ALBERT SAHGUJ.

JOSEPH SONEY.

JOSEPH SAMSON.

For the rest of the school.

After this I shewed the girls my sketches and photographs, and explained to them the large map which I had brought with me. It was now past eight, and



INDIAN GIRLS GOING TO BED.

time for them to be dismissed. They all passed out of the room in excellent order, each little band headed by its captain, and each girl with her right hand resting on the shoulder of the girl in front of her. They kept their line well, and marched to a lively tune called "Silvery Waves," which one of the teachers played on the piano. Most of them smiled and said good-night to us as they passed.

Next morning we again saw all the girls assembled for prayers; and after prayers they were called off in squads for their morning's work, before school commenced. One squad went to the laundry, another to the kitchen, another to sewing, another to scrubbing and sweeping, and one little batch of small girls to peeling potatoes. And now I had business to attend to. These girls belonged to a number of different tribes; some were Dakotas, some Oneidas, some Wichitas, some Winnebagoes, &c. I wanted to get words and sentences from some of these girls in their various different dialects. I had already drawn up a comparative vocabulary of some forty or so different Indian languages, and, in the course of my travels, I wanted to be gradually adding to my stock. The authorities at Lincoln kindly offered me every facility, and three or four girls, speaking different languages, were detailed to attend on me, and to give me all the information that they could. And so, for a couple of hours or so, I was hard at work taking down various words and phrases in their different tongues. Then it was time for us to leave. We had plenty of helpers in getting our baggage down stairs; hands were shaken with the teachers, and with as many of the girls as we could get near to us, and we were off again once more on our travels.

* * * *

Our next destination was Carlisle, in Pennsylvania.

We reached Carlisle at 4.20 p. m., Saturday, and drove out at once to the Indian School.

There is a species of vehicle met with in Pennsylvania, called a "Herdic." The name "Herdic," like that of many Indian tribes, is probably of unknown origin. It is a vehicle, sometimes with two wheels, sometimes with four; it has sometimes the shape of a small omnibus, sometimes that of a coupé. It may

coat on his back, and a kindly smile on his face; he won our affection at once, and we soon became fast friends.

The captain led us to his house, which was only a few steps distant, and introduced us to his wife. She received us most hospitably, and we were soon feeling quite at home in their spacious and comfortably furnished house.

There is plenty of room in America. People are not cramped for want of space. The bedroom into which we were ushered shortly after our arrival, was one of this kind. It took quite a time to walk across it; it had three doors leading out in three different directions, and four large windows. It was heated by steam.

The drawing-room was a room of about the same size, and was interesting on account of the Indian pictures, curiosities and ornaments which adorned it on every side. Parts of the carpet were covered with handsome Navajo blankets, of bright colors, and clear, sharp patterns. On the mantel-piece and over the bookcases were specimens of Pueblo pottery, large, white clay jars of globular shape, standing fifteen or eighteen inches high, and covered with curious Indian devices in red and black paint. On one wall was a large collection of curious Indian weapons and articles of bead-work, forming quite a trophy, and from the corner of a bookcase hung suspended a splendid Sioux head-dress, consisting of a crown of eagle feathers, and eagle feathers pendant from a long strap, which extended from the back of the head to the heels. The captain put this head-dress on to show us how it looked. The Americans are great on rocking-chairs—there were three rocking-chairs proper in the drawing-room, and one rocker which worked without moving its feet. One would have to go a long way to find a more genial host and hostess than are Captain and Mrs. Pratt.

"We are having dinner rather early to-day," said the captain, "as the pupils are to meet in the assembly room at 7 p. m., for their monthly entertainment. It was to have been last night, but we put it off till tonight, thinking you would like to be present."

We were glad of this; and, a little after seven, in company with some other visitors, we entered the assembly room. It was a large, well-lighted room about 50 feet wide by 70 feet long. At one end was a spacious platform, and to the right of the platform were the members of the choir, some 30 or 40 in number, and a piano; on the other side were seats for visitors.



A SHAKY VEHICLE.

roadway. There are also windows all 'round, and a cash box to put the fare into. Some of these Herdics go steadily enough, others shake and sway terribly. It was in one of these latter that we found ourselves on the road between Carlisle station and Carlisle Indian school. We did not keep our seats long. My wife was nowhere, anywhere and everywhere; the bags and bundles were first on one side of the vehicle, then on the other; first one side up, then the reverse, and were in constant danger of falling out of the door at the back, which was only imperfectly held to by a strap communicating with the driver. We were by no means ill pleased when at length this terrific jolting came to an end, and our vehicle drew up at the office door of the Carlisle school.

We heard the captain's voice within, and in another minute he appeared at the doorway and extended us a warm welcome. Captain Pratt is a tall, powerful-looking man, about fifty years of age, stooping a little, as though he were accustomed to pass through doorways a little too low for him, wearing a black sack

The pupils, Indian boys and girls, ranging in age from 10 to 20, and upwards of 400 in number, filled the body of the building. There are nearly 600 pupils now belonging to the school, but a number of these are out on the school farm, which is some distance off, and about 150 have been placed out temporarily as apprentices with white people.

The evening's entertainment consisted in songs, readings, recitations, speeches, &c., all by the Indian pupils,—and was very creditably conducted. One young Indian gave us a temperance lecture, another took for his subject "Try, try again." Five or six little children, some of whom were white, sung an infant song, keeping time with their hands and feet. One of these was a little Apache, not long from the camp, and only about 6 years old. The little fellow was quite on his dignity and kept feeling his little stick-up collar and arranging his white cuffs. The prettiest thing of all was a something by a number of little Indian girls in dark blue dresses, white collars, and red sashes, who went through a number of evolutions threading in and out among each other to the time of the music; they each had a sort of baton with a red tuft at each end, in each hand, and sometimes they rattled their battons together; sometimes they seemed to aim them at the assembled audience; sometimes they pressed them to their breasts and put one foot forward, and leaned back, and turned up the whites of their eyes. It was all very pretty, and they were encored and had to do it again.

Then when the children's part was all over, the great, tall, towering form of the captain appeared on the platform. We expected to hear him speak in a big voice, but he didn't; he spoke rather low, but very clearly, and everybody listened while he was speaking. Then my turn came to speak, and I said a few words and read the two letters I had brought with me from the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Home.

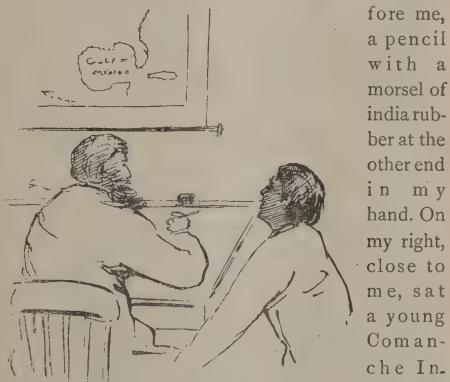
Next day was Sunday. We had purposely planned to pass a Sunday at the Carlisle School. The Carlisle school is undenominational. On Sunday morning those pupils who have been baptised and joined some Christian body, are allowed to attend whatever church they have been received into; they are detailed off into squads, and, accompanied by an Indian serjeant or corporal, go to their own place of worship. In the afternoon is Sunday school, and preaching in the assembly room, and in the evening, a service of prayer or praise, generally led by the Captain himself. The Captain and Mrs. Pratt are Presbyterians.

At 10.30, the school herdic, with two horses (not the

one we arrived in) was driven up to the door, and ourselves and several of the teachers took seats in it and were driven to the Episcopal Church. Quite a number of the Indian boys were present in their blue United States uniforms, and several of them remained with us for Holy Communion. In the afternoon, the Captain asked me to assist the Rev. Mr. Rittenhouse, Congregational minister, in conducting service at the school. It consisted in hymns, prayers, and a missionary address by myself, in which I told the pupils something of the early history of our Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, and shewed how the work had from the first been carried on, by a simple dependence upon God. In the evening, I thought I would like a walk to the Episcopal church again, and, the night being dark and the church some distance off, I asked the Captain to allow two of his boys to go with me to shew me the way. As I was given the choice, I selected two little fellows twelve or thirteen years old, their homes a very wide distance apart—Saisena Nora, a Pueblo boy, from Laguna, New Mexico, and Henry Philip, a Tsiinikit, from far Alaska. It was very interesting to hear the talk of these two bright, intelligent little fellows; they both told me about their homes, and the way in which their people lived.

* * * * *

I had come to Carlisle for business. The business began at nine o'clock on Monday Morning. It happened in the office of Mr. Cambell, the disciplinarian. (Disciplinarian, it should be explained, is an American term, meaning one who drills pupils, sees after their clothing, boots, bathing, &c., and occasionally whips them). I took my seat at the desk, a scribbling book before me,



GETTING INDIAN WORDS.

the Indian, clothed in United States uniform, in his

fore me, a pencil with a morsel of india rubber at the other end in my hand. On my right, close to me, sat a young Comanche Indian.—A Comanche

right mind. For twenty-two minutes did I ply that Comanche Indian with questions, asking him to give me the Comanche rendering of a long string of words and sentences. "What is the word for man?" "Say it again please." "Does that mean a white man or an Indian, or simply man?" "Oh, that's it, is it?" "Say it again, please."—"Te-ne-pa." "Do I say it right?" "Say it once more;" "thank you." "Now, woman."

As soon as the Comanche is finished, the Disciplinarian sends him to his work, and a Cheyenne Indian takes his place at my side. And after the Cheyenne, a Kiowa; and after the Kiowa, an Omaha; and after the Omaha, an Ondago. Seven languages are taken down now before lunch, and ten more in the afternoon. There were more taken down in the afternoon for the reason that some of the pupils had a somewhat imperfect knowledge of their own language. Carlisle had done its work, and had in some instances succeeded in driving the native tongue almost entirely out of the Indian head in the course of 4 or 5 years. One pupil only knew one word in his own tongue and that was "yes" which he said was "ya;" he did not know what "no" was, and I found out afterwards that his rendering of "yes" was incorrect.

I must now give a brief description of the Carlisle buildings and grounds:—

The present buildings consist, first of all, of a band-stand. I mention the band-stand first because the band-stand stands in the centre of the grounds. It also emits considerable sound when the fifteen performers on brass instruments, and the big drum and the kettle drum are present. When the band is absent, the band-stand is mostly occupied by a little girl with a broom; the little girl sweeps out the dead leaves, while a number of other little girls look on and laugh and joke. No little boys are allowed on the band-stand. The band-stand is also the headquarters of the editor of the little weekly paper called the *Indian Helper*. The *Indian Helper* is edited by "the man on the band-stand." And "the man on the band-stand" is supposed to be surveying from his elevated position everything that takes place at Carlisle, both indoors and out. Correspondents to the *Indian Helper* begin their letters "Dear man on the band-stand." The "man on the band-stand" sometimes complains that he has not been invited to some girls' entertainment or teachers' social, and the girls and teachers wonder, however, "the man on the band-stand" found out that they had an entertainment or social. But there are other buildings in the school grounds besides the band-stand. Captain Pratt's house

is on one side; it has two immense, perfectly round, yellow stones on either side of the entrance, brought all the way from Cannon ball canon, somewhere up in Dakota. On the same side of the quadrangle, are the other officers' houses, the little boys' quarters, the chapel, and the hospital. On another side are the girls' quarters, the gymnasium, and the large (they are now called *big*) boys' quarters, and back of them the workshops. On the other side, opposite to the Captain's house, are the dining hall for 600 pupils, with sewing room overhead, and kitchens and laundry at back—also the bakery and printing office; and on the remaining side, are the accountants' offices, the post office, and the teachers' quarters; and back of them the immense new school building, which is not yet completed. School is at present held in the gymnasium, chapel and recreation rooms. The new school will have 14 immense class-rooms, and an enormous assembly room in which to hold meetings. The oldest pupil at present at Carlisle is an Arapaho chief, about sixty-five years of age, who got left, and the youngest is an Apache baby, seven months old, born on the premises. Baby's father died of consumption, her mother (she is a girl) still lives and wheels her about in a light basket-work perambulator. The prettiest thing around Carlisle is an Apache baby.

Tuesday morning I was busy again collecting Indian words, and got a good stock—about twenty-five languages altogether. At 11 o'clock I went with the Captain through the various class-rooms and workshops, and at 2 p.m. we had to start once more upon our travels.

CHAPTER IV—WASHINGTON.

From Carlisle we went to Washington, and put up at a very comfortable, moderate-priced hotel called the 'Temple Café.' The Temple Café has advantages. It is a clean, well kept boarding house, patronized by respectable people; it is situated in a central part of the city, and it is cheap. For these various reasons, myself, wife, and belongings found ourselves at the Temple Café, number something, Ninth street, close to F. street, close also to the Patent office, and only five minutes walk from the Indian Bureau, on the evening of Tuesday, October 30th. The Temple Café has two departments; they are separated by a door with two steps; on one side of this door is the restaurant. A young lady sits at a desk receiving the very moderate sum of twenty-five cents for every full meal, and fifteen cents for every lunch. The room has two long rows of

dining tables with white cloths and chairs for four; colored men stand behind the chairs and wait on the guests. A superior colored man, in black swallow-tail coat and white shirt front, receives the guests and conducts them to their seats. On the other side of the door already mentioned, is the other department. Within this door is a staircase leading up to several suites of rooms—sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, well furnished and comfortable, and let for from \$1 to \$1.50 each, per day.

(*To be continued.*)

Elkhorn Echoes.

WASHAKADA is the name of the Girls' Home at Elkhorn; Kaosota is the name of the Boys' Home.

ALL the buildings will be completed about the first week in July.

MISS ROBINSON, the lady superintendent, was married May 21st, and has left.

MRS. VIDAL is the present lady superintendent and teacher, assisted by her daughter, Miss Vidal.

MR. MCKENZIE is still superintendent.

MR. WILSON expects to visit Elkhorn about July 10.

THE Bishop of Rupert's Land will, if possible, be present to open the new buildings.

MR. MCKENZIE writes from Elkhorn. (See letter).

Shingwauk Chips.

SHINGWAUK is an Ojibway word, meaning pine tree.

CHIEF SHINGWAUK is still living at Garden River, and is now 90 years of age. He was a boy of 12 at the time of the war in 1812.

THE Shingwauk holidays are from June 28th to August 19th.

THE Government grants are secure—\$2,500 for buildings, and \$2,200 towards maintenance. This will allow of employing an assistant superintendent and support for about twenty additional pupils.

THE following buildings are in course of erection: New workshops, new factory, cottage for foreman of factory, also a band-stand on the open space in front of the Home.

MR. J. W. MADDEN, of Thamesville, has been engaged as foreman of factory and carpenter.

A BASE BALL club has been formed at the Shingwauk Home; it is to be known as the "Buckskin Club."

THE Shingwauk brass band plays in front of the institution every Thursday afternoon at 3.30, during which time the boys have half an hour recess.

WAWANOSH. (See letter).

FRANCIS had prepared his piece to repeat at the Friday meeting of the O. U. C., and came up to the platform with beaming face, evidently expecting to make a sensation. With laughter in his eyes and on his lips, he began: "There's a good time coming, boys." Something about his very joyous tone and expression made us all laugh, and when some naughty little Indian boy in the rear seats suggested aloud, "He tell lie that one," we all went off into roars of laughter, and poor Francis and his piece suffered a complete collapse.

IT is expected that Chief Joseph B. Brant, of the Tyendinaga Reserve, will be present at the summer's prize, giving at the Shingwauk Home.

IT was a very hot morning, the school room was unusually close, and little Tommy fainted. At recess some of the boys at school were telling the workers outside of the event—"Tommy, he faint, he fall down, and Mr. McCallum, he catch him; by and by, he come to life, just like Lazarus."

To our Subscribers: If your copy of O. F. C. fails to reach you about the first of the month, please send post-card to John Rutherford, printer, Owen Sound. Any mistakes of this kind can be rectified more quickly in this way than by writing to Mr. Wilson.

Indian School Scraps.

REV. MR. BRICK, of Peace River, is trying to start a Mission School for his Indian children. "Like the sons of the prophet," he says, "we intend to go up the Jordon (the Peace) and get out the timber for our school buildings. Our plan will be to give our day school scholars a free dinner, and to take the entire charge of orphans. Miss L. A. Dixon, 29 Wilton Crescent, Toronto, will be glad to receive contributions towards Mr. Brick's Mission.

MR. BURMAN'S school, north of Winnipégi, is now in process of erection.

THE Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D.D., of Boston, has been appointed Indian School Superintendent, under the United States Government. He is said to be a man of earnestness and ability, and famous as an educator and a writer.

ALASKA proper is without roads, horses, or steam-boats. Very few of its native population have seen a horse. Not long since some donkeys were imported for mining purposes, and one of the boys of the Sitka Industrial School, on seeing them, asked if they were "Boston rabbits."

THERE are two Alaska boys at the Carlisle School, Pennsylvania.

VERY excellent printing is done by the Indian boys at the Santee Agency School, Nebraska. Their little paper, published every month, is called *The Word Carrier*.

The Cherokees have opened their new Female Seminary, at Tahlequah, Indian Territory. It is an imposing brick building with accommodation for 150 boarders, and built entirely out of their own funds.

More Help! More Help!

UR friends in Canada and in England seem scarcely yet to have realized how greatly our work has increased within the last twelve months. Instead of a Shingwauk and Wawanosh Home, with sixty-five or seventy pupils between them, we have now facilities for receiving sixty-four boys at the Shingwauk Home, twenty-six girls at the Wawanosh and about seventy pupils at the Washaka Home, Elk-horn, 160 PUPILS ALTOGETHER; and, if only funds are sufficient, there is no reason why we may not have that number of pupils under our care before next winter sets in. But the work cannot go on without funds to support it. Just at the present the collective Maintenance Fund of the Home shows a deficit of \$1,094. Government helps us very materially, but by no means undertakes the entire support of our institutions. For the Homes at Elk-horn we require at least \$2,000 per annum, over and above the government grant, and all that we have at present is \$200 per annum from the Women's Auxiliary, Montreal, and the support of four pupils by Sunday schools. Surely there must be many more Sunday schools throughout Canada that might undertake the support of an Indian pupil, and would feel much interest in doing so, if only the clergyman of the parish would propose it to the superintendent and teachers.

On Tidiness and Punctuality.

William Soney—aged 11; 2d class, says: "The white man he is a very tidiness, and he is a very smart; he will not like to see something untidiness. But the Indians are not so smart as the white man, and is not so tidy. The white man he will clean it his own house, but the Indians, I never saw him not much to clean it. I always saw the Indians to hunting and fishing, but he will not make it tidiness in his own house."

Elijah Crow—aged 10; 2d class, says: "We ought to be tidiness while we are boys, and when we are men to be tidy as can be, that is, we are not to throw away our things. We are to keep them until is very old, and it cannot be used any more; but we ought not to burn them in the fire or throw them away into bush where it cannot be seen. And anything we want to do we ought to do it at once and not to be late, and we ought not to be late in the roll call, and we must not get late at school."

Charlie Baker—aged 11; 2d class, says: "When the boys get new clothes they will throw their old clothes about and leave them until they are rotten, and when they are rotten they are very disgrace to Institution. And many boys leave their things about, and Mr. Dowler gaders them, and if a boy gets 4 marks he has to work on Saturday afternoon."

Abram—aged 16; 3d class: "Many people at present day are untidy because they were not brought up to be tidy. Untidy mothers nearly always have very untidy children and very untidy homes. Now, when children are sent to school, they are taught to keep themselves tidy, and be like gentlemen and ladies after they leave the school. And if a boy don't try to keep himself tidy, the best thing to do to him is to punish him for it till he is tidy, if he don't do it when he is coaxed."

Arthur—aged 17; 3d class: "Some boys as we know in this place are very hard to keep themselves tidy and punctual, especially those younger boys. I think Brant got about 30 bad marks on punctuality. Zosie is the second; of course, those are the youngest boys of all. But I think the bigger boys are trying to be punctual and to keep themselves tidy, by the looks of them, as far as I know."

On Kindness to Animals.

BY JOSEPH SONEY.

I think this is one of the things that many of the Indians, and some white boys, don't know. They will hurt a thing for nothing. They do this because they are fond of doing it. They like to see the things being hurt.

The Indian boys are known as always being unkind to animals and to birds. This they do because its their habit. The old Indians have left all these to the Indians that are living now; and still they are following the customs and habits. The boys like to hurt things, although they know it is unkind. The Indians are very kind to their neighbors, but not to animals.

They will help anyone if they ask him. If an Indian boy meets a dog or sees a bird, he will surely pick a stone up or a stick to strike it. Not many white boys are cruel, but very few. The boys that are cruel are the boys that have not been trained in their ways. White people teach their children well before they are big; but some white parents do not teach their children to do what is right, so they are unkind and they do bad things. God made the animals and all things. He says in the Holy Bible to be kind to the animals, and we and everybody ought to be kind to the animals, because they are dumb; they cannot speak or talk as we do.

◆◆◆
Wawanosh.
◆◆◆

The following letter, together with a gift, was presented to Mrs. Bridge, the laundress, on the occasion of her leaving.

DEAR MRS. BRIDGE:—

We, the laundry girls, have heard with much regret that you are going to leave us. We wish, before you say farewell, to present you with some little token of our regard and esteem, and at the same time to wish you in your new home all prosperity and happiness.

Signed:

HANNAH GRAY,	CAROLINE WALKER,
CAROLINE ANTHONY,	BELLA MATHEWS,
NANCY HENRY,	MARY KADAH,
JULIA KABAYAH.	

NOTE.—Mrs. Bridge came out from England with Mr. Wilson, in 1872, and had been nearly 16 years in his employ. She has now bought a lot, and built a house for herself, in the Sault.

◆◆◆
Mr. McKenzie Writes from Elkhorn.
◆◆◆

WEECHAHWAJU (Lone man), came here the other day to take his two boys away; said the Indians that passed by here told him that they were being very badly treated. He had a long talk with the boys (his two), then came to me and said he was very well pleased with what he saw and heard, and asked me if he could take one of the boys to see his folks; (he said before leaving that he had a daughter that he was going to put in school soon, but would wait until he saw the school (Roman Catholic) at QuAppelle, he has a son there). I told him he could take the boy for two or three days; he was back the morning of the third day and brought his daughter with him. I made an appointment with him for Tuesday first, at his reserve; he is the head man of the bands.

Letter from an Indian Pupil.

McDougall Orphanage, Alberta, Oct. 31, 1888.

REV. MR. WILSON:

Dear Sir,— Mr. Younans tells me to write a letter for you. We are learning how to do farm work this summer. I learn how to make an A fence, a mile of fence, but on the hill we can't get along quickly. I want to talk about our turnips and potatoes. We have not any turnips, but we had a few potatoes and they got froze. But our oats are getting along fine; when we bring in our oats we get 17 loads. We had 11 chickens, 6 roosters, 95 pullets and one hen. We have 4 milking cows and 2 calves to feed. We have one cat; first when I bring is wild, but now she is tame and now she catch mice. We can't go to school because the school is far from our house, about three miles away, so we can't go to school; but we go to school at Sunday. I am

GEORGE G. MCLEAN.

◆◆◆
An Indian in Office.
◆◆◆

THE Indian Affairs Department now employs as a clerk, Mr. David Osagee, a full-blooded member of the Chippewas, of Walpole Island. Osagee is in the accountant's branch, and at the recent Civil Service examinations passed high up. He got special mention in book-keeping.—*Toronto Mail.*

From skeletons found in South Carolina it is certain that there used to be a race of men in this country who stood from 8 to 11 feet high, and who could step over a common rail fence. They must have been "the sons of the giants."—*Indian Helper.*

AMONG recent exchanges and publications received, are:—The *Miskwinnene* (Red man), published by the Massinagan Co., Chicago. The *North Star*, published at the Indian School, Sitka, Alaska. The *Friend of Missions*, published by the Society of Friends, England. *The Indians' Friend*, published by the Women's National Indian Association, Philadelphia.

THE Indians feel a real and true affection for their children. A father had placed his little girl at school, but she soon ran away, and appeared at home. She was carried back, but at once repeated the offence, and this time her father whipped her. After the punishment was inflicted, however, the thought of it so rankled in his heart that he sought the school with a pony, as a propitiatory offering to the child.—*Ex.*

Clothing for Indian Homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MAY, 1889.

From St. John, N.B., per Mrs. Brigstocke, 2 barrels of clothing, books, boots, shoes and other articles.

From the Ladies' Working Party, Niagara, per Miss Beaven, a large box, containing 241 articles of new and valuable clothing for boys and girls, including a beautiful outfit for Louisa; also kind presents to Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and family.

JUNE.

From Mrs. John Bolton, St. Stephens, N.B., a dress, stockings and petticoat by mail for Mary P.

For Emily Nawag, from Miss Thornton, a parcel of clothing and a pretty purse.

From Mrs. Nevin, a bale of clothing for boys and girls, also little Xmas gifts.

From Miss G. Milne-Home, Scotland, a bale containing shirts, flannel jackets, Xmas gifts and other articles.

Receipts—O.I.H.

SINCE APRIL 12TH, 1889.

George H. Tinbury, \$2; Trinity S.S., St. John, N.B., for boy, \$18.75; Trinity S.S., St. John, N.B., for girl, \$18.75; Christ Church S.S., Tottenham, Lenten Offering, \$2; Mrs. Holden, Boys' Branch No. 1, W.A., Montreal, for boy, \$12; A poor widow, 10c.; Colonel Sumner, \$10; Bible Class, Emmanuel Church, London Township, \$4; Weston S.S., Self-denial, \$5.12; St. Stephen's S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$12.50; St. John's S.S., Berlin, for boy, \$6.25; L.R.F.Q., \$7.75; St. Andrew's S.S., Grimsby, \$10; St. Paul's S.S., Rothersay, \$5; Church Redeemer, S.S., Toronto, Building Shingwauk, \$25; St. John's S.S., Cayuga, Easter Offering, \$7.38; St. Paul's S.S., Fredericksburg Medicine Hat, \$12; Mrs. J. Hamer, 50c.; Mrs. Fearon (per Bishop of Algoma), 50c.; Geo. H. Rowsell, for boy, \$18.75; Mitchell S.S., for boy, \$6.25; Anonymous, Oakville, \$4; Aylmer S.S., for girl, \$6.25; St. Stephen's S.S., Thanesville, \$16.22; St. Paul's S.S., Uxbridge, for boy, \$9.37; St. Peter's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$16.25; Mrs. Holden, Women's Auxiliary, Montreal, for Elkhorn, \$39.50; Church Redeemer S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; per Rev. G. O. Troop, for Maggie, \$1; St. James Miss. Union, Carleton Place, for boy, \$18.75; Christ Church S.S., Deer Park, for girl, \$6.25; St. John's S.S., Stratford, for boy, \$6.25; St. George's S.S., Ottawa, \$50.

Receipts—O.F.C.

MAY 13TH, 1889.

Thomas Sanderson, \$1; R. Coulter, 50c.; E. M. Chadwick, 25c.; Miss Patterson, \$1; Miss B. Billing, \$1; Mrs. Noyes, \$1.51; Col. Sumner, \$1; Rev. W. A. Burman, \$1; Rev. J. Irvine, 60c.; Rev. H. B. Morris, \$1; Rev. D. W. Pickett, 50c.; Miss C. Lawson, 50c.; S. Fox, 50c.; Mrs. Hamwood, 25c.; J. C. Phipps, 50c.; J. W. Jewett, \$3; Miss Gaviller, 50c.; J. A. Youmans, 50c.; H. N. Wilson, 50c.; Miss Boulthee, 50c.; M. C. Salter, 20c.; A. Robinson, 62c.; Miss A. Miller, 15c.; Mrs. Hamer, \$2.10; "Conscience money," \$10; Miss R. Kingsville, \$1.25; R. T. Wilson, 50c.; K. J. Dunstan, 50c.; Mrs. H. Richardson, 50c.; A. Manitowassing, 50c.; Ormond Sharpe, 50c.; Miss M. Lamb, 26c.; Mrs. Davidson, \$1; Mrs. Jolly, 10c.; Mrs. Elkington, 50c.; Miss Milne-Home, 48c.; Rev. A. H. Coleman, \$1; C. W. Nichols, 50c.; H. Hale, \$1; Miss S. Murray, \$1.

LOANS TO O.F.C. PUBLISHING A/C.

Miss A. Patterson, \$100; Rev. E. F. Wilson, \$100.

INDIAN HOMES.

THE SHINGWAUK HOME, for Indian boys; THE WAWANOSH HOME, for Indian girls; both at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Also, THE WASHAKADA HOME, for Indian children, at Elkhorn, Manitoba.

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By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, 85 cents. For sale at Rowsell & Hutchison's, Toronto; E. A. Taylor, London, Ont.; Williamson & Co.; and at the Shingwauk Home.

A Church paper says of the above: "It is full of interest from cover to cover; and, though published in London, is a real contribution to Canadian literature. The history begins in the year 1868 when Mr. Wilson came to Canada, and is continued to the year 1884. It is well written, and contains much about Indian life and customs. The book is a modest monument to Mr. Wilson's life labor, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation."

The English Record says: "We recommend this little volume to the organizers of Missionary Libraries. The story of Mr. Wilson's work is interesting and encouraging in a high degree."

Another English paper says: "This volume will fire the heart of every one whose sympathies are with Christian Missions."

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, No. 5.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, AUGUST, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, No. 3.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 3.

THE MOHAWK INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



No Indian people has more been written than of the six tribes which form the Iroquois Confederacy, or in other words: the Confederacy of the Six Nation Indians. These six nations were the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, the Senecas, and the Tuscaroras. Of these the Mohawks appear to have been the original people, and the Mohawk language that from which the dialects of the other five tribes have sprung. More distantly related to them are the Hurons, the Wyandottes, the Caughnawagas, and the great nation of the Cherokees.

The ancient possessions of the Iroquois Indians were very extensive. An ancient map, made by the British Ordnance Department, about the year 1720, shows their southern boundary as running through the centre of North Carolina, west to the Mississippi; thence along that river and the course of the Illinois, to the southern end of Lake Michigan; thence through the centre of that lake to a point in Canada north of the Great Lakes; thence eastward to the Atlantic. Their neighbors in those days were the "Leni Lenapi," or Delawares. There is a tradition among the Delawares, that they and the Iroquois (or Mengwes,) came from the far West, crossed the Mississippi together, expelled the mound-builders east of it, and so eventually won their ancient seats.

The Mohawks, in common with the other tribes of the Confederacy, were called *Iroquois* by the French. Whence they derived the name of Mohawk is doubtful. Governor Pownall, in his "Treatise on the study of Antiquities," published in 1782, says that "ma" is a common term among many Indian tribes for "here,

on this side," and "aki," or "ak," is likewise a common term for people,—hence 'Mohawk' means 'the people on this side.' Another idea is that it is a corruption of the Ojebway name "Makwa," meaning a bear—the bear being one of their "totems." They do not, however, call themselves Mohawks. Their proper name is "Kanyeageh," or "Kanienga," meaning "the people of the flint."

Mr. Hale, in his pamphlet on "The Iroquois Confederation," gives a most interesting insight into the character and condition of these people, as they were first found by Europeans. Notwithstanding that their implements and weapons were made of flint and bone, their ornaments of shells, and their pottery of rude construction, they nevertheless gave evidence of being, in their own way, he says, "acute reasoners, eloquent speakers, and most skilful and far-seeing politicians. For more than a century, though never mustering more than 5,000 fighting men, they were able to hold the balance of power on this continent between France and England; in a long series of negotiations they proved themselves qualified to cope in council with the best diplomats whom either of these powers could depute to deal with them. . . . Their internal polity was marked by equal wisdom, and had been developed and consolidated into a system of government, embodying many of what are deemed the best principles and methods of political science—representation, federation, self-government through local and general legislatures, —all resulting in personal liberty, combined with strict subordination to public law."

W. C. Bryant says of these people: "Oratory was not alone a natural gift, but an art, among the Iroquois. Their language was flexible and sonorous, the sense largely depending on inflection, copious in vowel sounds, abounding in metaphor, capable of giving expression to various shades of thought—much, we may fancy—as was the tuneful tongue spoken by our first parents, who stood in even closer relations to nature. That great incentive to eloquence, patriotism, was not lacking to those Ciceros of the wilds. They were proud of their history, and their achievements; devotedly attached to their institutions, and enthusiastic at the mention of the long line of chieftains and sages, who,

from the era of Hiawatha, had assisted in erecting their grand Indian Empire."

It is sad to think how these great people of the past have lost their former glory ; they can no longer arrogate to themselves the title of Ongwe Honwe. "Their old men," says DeWit Clinton, "who witnessed the former glory and prosperity of their country, and who have heard from the mouths of their ancestors the heroic achievements of their countrymen, weep like infants when they speak of the fallen condition of the nation. The man of Europe now covers the continent. The man of America is represented by tribes and nations, feeble of themselves, and relying for protection on the man of Europe." Of the great Mohawk nation there are none now remaining in the United States. There are a thousand of them on the Bay of Quinte in Canada, at the north-eastern end of Lake Ontario, and another thousand, or thereabouts, on the banks of the Grand River, near Brantford, Canada. These latter are so intermarried with members of the other five nations settled on the same reserve, that it is impossible to say just what their numbers are. The total number of Six Nation Indians in that locality in 1888 was 3362.

It will be interesting now to trace briefly the history of these remarkable people from the earliest date of which there is any record down to the present time. All Mohawks remember the name of *Hiawatha*, that name which has been immortalized by Longfellow's poem. As Moses was to the Israelites, as Mahomet to the votaries of Islam, so was Hiawatha to the Mohawks, and indeed to the whole nation of the Iroquois. This remarkable individual rose to prominence about the year 1460. A great idea filled his heart ; that idea was to abolish war altogether and to proclaim an era of universal peace. To this end he worked and to this end he labored. He was not himself a Mohawk by birth : he belonged to the tribe of the Onondagas ; but the Onondagas rejected his proposals, while the Mohawks received them, and he was adopted into their tribe. In the Onondaga nation was a great and warlike chief named Atotarho, who was looked upon with awe and dread by all the people. This chief stood up to oppose Hiawatha, and tried secretly to kill him. So Hiawatha left the Onondagas, and went to visit the neighboring tribe of the Mohawks. On his way he crossed a lake, the shores of which were covered with small white shells. These he gathered, strung upon strings, and hung as necklaces on his breast as a token of peace ; and this is said to be the origin of the "wampum." Hiawatha's name — properly, Hayon-

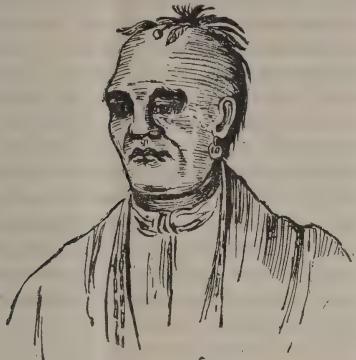
watha—means, "he who seeks the wampum belt."

So Hiawatha arrived in the country of the Mohawks, and the Mohawk chief received him graciously, fell in with his plans, and agreed to join with him in an endeavour to build up the proposed confederation. They despatched ambassadors to the neighboring tribe of the Oneidas, asking them to join with them. The Oneida Chief asked for a year to think about it. At the end of the year he and his people joined the confederacy. The next year the Cayugas united with them. The Onondagas, who had at first refused, now joined also—they were afraid that the other Confederate tribes would become too strong for them. The warlike chief, Atotarho, was gained over to the cause by a little flattery. He was told that his town should be the federal capital, where the Great Councils of the league would be held, and that he should be regarded as the leading Chief. Then the Senecas came in. Their two leading chiefs were appointed "door-keepers" of the great Council Chamber, or "Long House," (*Hode-no-sote*). Thus five powerful nations were united in one. The Mohawks were represented in Council by 9 members, the Oneidas by 9, the Onondagas by 14, the Cayugas by 10, the Senecas by 8. The proportionate numbers however, made no difference, as no measure could be passed except by unanimous consent. One remarkable thing about this Confederacy was that the names of the Great Councillors, as in the case of the English House of Peers, were handed down from generation to generation ; each newly appointed chief inheriting the name of his predecessor. As Norfolk succeeds to Norfolk, so Hiawatha succeeds Hiawatha. The great names of Hiawatha and Atotarho are still borne by Councillors now living on the Canadian reservation.

Another nation, that of the Tuscaroras, joined the Confederacy in 1712, and from that time it has been known as the Confederacy of the Six Nation Indians. The Constitution of the league bears the name of "Kayanenzh-Kowa," the Great Peace, reminding us of the "Magna Charta" of England.

Until the year 1776, the Six Nation Indians were located on the Mohawk River, in New York State, where they had fine farms and prosperous villages. Their great chief at that time was Hendrick, called "King Hendrick," who led their war parties. At the time of the rebellion they remained loyal to the British crown, and fought under the British flag. For this reason they were forced to give up their ancient possessions. They crossed into Canada and settled first at Lachine near Montreal, where they remained seven

years. Then they removed west to Cataraqui, near Kingston, where it was agreed around a council fire to dispatch their two leading chiefs, Tyendinaga, (Joseph Brant) and John Deseronto, to explore and



JOSEPH BRANT.

select a new home for them. Captain Brant went up the Lakes to Grand River, near Brantford, and chief Deseronto came up the Bay of Quinte. They returned and reported, and it was decided that the nation should divide, and accordingly fifteen families settled on the Bay of Quinte, and called their settlement Tyendinaga, after their great chief. The rest passed up the Lake and settled on the Grand River. This was in 1784. The Rev. John Stuart, D.D., who had been their missionary, on the Mohawk River, crossed the border with them, and settled with them in Canada, on the Bay of Quinte, and a church was built of oak timber, the remains of which were still in existence only a few years ago. The town Deseronto is named after the chief of that name; it means "object struck by lightning." The Mohawks of the Grand River also built a church as soon as they were settled down. The accompanying sketch of it was made in the year 1865. It is still in

existence and still used for worship, and is now the oldest church in Canada. Its bell was brought from the old church in New York State, and the large English Bible and Communion plate are the same that were presented to the

Mohawks by Queen Anne, and bear the date 1710.

A few words must be said about Captain Joseph Brant, after whom the city of Brantford is named, and whose bones lie in the graveyard adjoining the old Mohawk Church, in the square tomb shewn in the sketch. He was born in the year 1742, and was a full-blooded Mohawk of the Wolf tribe. When his father died his mother married again to an Indian whose christian name was Barnet, and so Joseph got to be known as Barnet's Joseph, corrupted afterwards to "Brant's Joseph," and so by inversion "Joseph Brant." He went first on the war-path when only 13 years of age, at the memorable battle of Lake George, when "King Hendrick" lost his life. He received an English Education at a school in Lebanon, Connecticut. Twice he visited England, first in 1775, and again in 1785. On one of these visits he greatly frightened a number of ladies by raising the war-hoop at a masquerade ball. When presented to the king he proudly refused to kiss the royal hand, saying, "I am king myself in my own country; I will gladly kiss the Queen's hand." King George took it good-humouredly. This great chieftain was unwearied in his efforts to benefit his people; he used great exertions to obtain for them a perfect title to their Canadian lands, but without avail. This was a source of great vexation to the old chief to the day of his death. Brant was greatly in favor of the Christian religion and education. It was mainly through his endeavors that the old Mohawk Church was built, and he laid the foundation for the institution which now stands beside it. It is said that when he died, the bell of the old church was tolled for twenty-four hours. Numbers of his descendants are still living on the Grand River and Bay of Quinte Reserves. One of the pupils at the Shingwauk Home, a little fellow of nine years old, named Burget Sebastian Brant, is a lineal descendant of the renowned chief.

These Mohawk Indians were never a wild people, living by hunting and fishing, as were many of the Indians. They have always, from time immemorial, cultivated the land, and raised their corn and beans and sweet potatoes. Their houses were made with upright walls and rounded roofs of elm bark, covering a frame-work of posts and sticks. Some of these houses were from 50 to 100 feet in length; the largest would have five fires and accommodate twenty families. Before the white people came their dresses were made of skins, and they ornamented their heads with feathers, and their necks and arms with chains of beads made from shells, birds' bones and the tips of horns; they



OLD MOHAWK CHURCH.

also made copper and silver ornaments, and manufactured pottery to some extent. Their canoes were made of logs or a framework covered with skins. They buried their dead in the earth in a sitting posture. Witches and sorcerers were burned alive. As a people they were never idolatrous. They always believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, and to this Supreme Being they would hold their feasts in the spring and at harvest time; and in the month of March they would offer up a white dog as a sacrifice to him. They believed also in the existence of bad spirits who would do them harm if not propitiated, and they thought that a bad man's spirit would, after death, return to his old hunting grounds and work mischief among the living. The Mohawks were divided into three clans or gentes—those of the Bear, the Wolf, and the Tortoise. The totem descended on the mother's side. Children belonging to the same totem were not allowed to marry one another.

The Mohawks have a number of old legends and traditions, but only one of them can be given here.

The Indians who dwelt near the Niagara River were all dying of disease. Hinu, the thunder god, in answer to the prayers of a maiden, revealed the cause; a great snake was hidden in the ground beneath their village, secretly causing their death. Hinu said he would destroy the snake, so he shot at it with his thunder-bolts. The Indians saw the great snake stretched out dead on the river bank, it was twenty arrow shots in length; they rolled it into the roaring waters of the Niagara. Just at Goat Island it became jammed in the river, the waters rose and broke tempestuously over it, and thus the horse-shoe falls of Niagara were formed.

Portions of the Bible and the book of Common Prayer have been translated into the Mohawk language, but no attempt has been made by Protestants, so far as we know, to prepare a dictionary or grammar of the language. The most reliable book of this kind is, we believe, a "Lexique de la langue Iroquoise," by M. J. A. Cuog, a priest of the Roman Catholic church, who resides at present at the Lake of the Two Mountains, P.Q.

GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE.

Owing to the scarcity of material on hand, it has been difficult to determine, with any certainty, the grammatical structure of the Mohawk language. According to Haines, in his history of "The American Indian," the Mohawk alphabet consists of nineteen letters—*b*, *f*, *l*, *m*, *p*, *v*, and *z* being omitted; the letter *r*, however, has something of an *l* sound. The language being

destitute of labials, the lips never need to be closed in speaking. Nouns are generally of three or four syllables, seldom of two, scarcely ever of one. The plural of the noun is formed in several ways by inflection, thus:—Ga-no'-so-te, a house; Ga no' so do, houses. The comparison of adjectives is produced by prefixing words equivalent to our "more," "most." In the declension of nouns, pronouns, as well as prepositions, are interwoven by inflection, thus: ho no' so te, his house; ha no' so te, in his house. The verb, as in other Indian languages is capable of extensive inflection; no auxiliaries are used, but prefixes and suffixes take their place. The personal pronoun, both nominative and objective, is embodied in the verb. The verbs are conjugated with great regularity, having active and passive voices, moods, tenses, numbers, persons, but the participles are wanting.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a* as in father; *e*, *ɛ*, as in they, met; *i*, *ɪ*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ɔ*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ă*, *ü*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough; *tc*, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in (Fr.) jamais; *â*, as in law; *h*, as in German *ich*.

man, ronkwe.	your hand, sehs non keh.
woman, a ko' nigh tyen.	John's hand, John rahs non keh.
boy, raghk xa' ha.	my knife, a gwahsahré.
house, kan'o sa.	I walk, hi ke'h.
boat, kahon wé ya.	I see him, wahi kenh.
river, kan yeta' r'ake.	thou seest him, wa ho kenh.
water, ogh né hka.	he sees him, wa hot ga to eh.
fire, ot si re, yetékha.	thou seest me, wa sehk kenh.
tree, kék ri te.	I see thee, wakún kenh.
horse, a ko sah tens.	he sees me, waha' kikenh.
dog, ehr hahr.	I see myself, wuh kuh tåti ken.
fish, kän tsü.	do you see him, its käskenh.
town, kanah teh.	he is asleep, rotahs.
kettle, k'hu run te.	is he asleep? rotahs ken?
knife, ah sa'bre.	axe, a do kenh.
tobacco, ho ye'nh kwah.	little axe, niwadoken shir-
day, ken, wenh te.	a'ha.
night, ha sonh tent ne.	bad axe, wadoken sera'ha.
yes, han.	big axe, wa'sero wa'na.
no, yah.	money, o wis stå.
I, Ihi.	bird, tc'itcåhra.
thou, ishe.	snake, oniya're.
he, ra'hon ha.	don't be afraid, to'sha shet-
my father, rake n'iha.	sa'nik.
it is good, yoyé nere.	give it to me, gashati'kä.
red, oneh kwen tå'r'a.	
white, ken ragh ken.	

black, kah hon gé.	I am hungry, gatun kayex.
one, ens kat.	are you sick? sanuhwa'
two, te hení.	k'taniká?
three, agh senh.	he is very sick, togashke
four, kayéri.	tciru'hnwa'ktani.
five, wisk.	it is cold, tc'iyyuto'rre.
six, yayak.	he does not sleep, yahde ho
seven, djadahk.	da's.
eight, shadékonh.	we two sleep, yonge ne da's.
nine, tyok donk.	wesleep(ex.), yon kwen da's.
ten, oyéri.	we sleep (incl.), tosha son-
twenty, te wah senh.	da's.
hundred, wan nehywi.	it is a house, nene gano'sa.
come here, kaghts.	God, Niyoh.
be quick, te sahste réhon.	Devil, One son re non.
to-day, honwa kenhwente.	heaven, ka ronya geh.
to-morrow, hen yo'h ranh ne two men, teheni yahse.	
good morning, séego.	three dogs, àseni kute ehr-
Indian, Ongwe honwe.	har.
call themselves, kanienga.	four knives, kayeri niwa sah-
my hand, kehs non keh.	rake.

I will see you to-morrow, Henyo'h ranh ne ànko'nh ken,
what is your name? naho'te isa'yats?
where are you going? kànu wagh se?
I do not see you, yahte kun kash.

The following books have been referred to in the above account of the Mohawk Indians:—The Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); Catlin; The Smithsonian Report, 1885; Hale's Pamphlet on the Iroquois Confederation; Life of Joseph Brant; Report of the New England Company; The Indian; Haines' North American Indian; Geological Survey Report (Washington); Indian Department Report (Ottawa); Pilling's Bibliography of Iroquoian Languages; History of the Indians (Boston). Special thanks also are due to Miss Mary Lazor, pupil at the Lincoln Institution, Philadelphia, and Chief Joseph B. Brant, of Tyendinaga, for further particulars sent in answer to Question Pamphlet.

Who were the Mohicans?

THE Mohicans, a name made famous in Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales," and who, as a tribe, it might be imagined from the title of that author's book had ceased altogether to exist, are still to be found—some 150 or so in number—in the State of Wisconsin; but their name has been changed: They are now known as the Stockbridge tribe. The Mohicans are of the Algonkin stock, and are related, therefore to the Delawares, Munsees, Ojebways, Ot-

tawas, and other kindred tribes. They came originally from Massachusetts and New York, and settled in their present location in the year 1857. The name *Mohican* or *Mohingan* is derived from "Ma-ingan," the Ojebway name for "a wolf," and, it is supposed, was given to them by the Ojebways on account of their savage nature. The following ancient records of Moravian Missionary work among these interesting people at the time when they were a great and powerful tribe have been culled from the pages of the "Red Man," published at the Carlisle Indian School:

"In passing through the old Moravian grave-yard at Bethlehem, Pa., the visitor cannot fail to notice the great number of Indian names recorded upon the small oblong slabs, which are characteristic of Moravian cemeteries, and which mark the resting place of their dead.

"The question naturally arises, Who were these Indians, and why were they buried here? Curiosity led me to investigate the matter, and I learned that most of them were converted from heathenism by the early Moravian Missionaries, in whom the Indians had so much confidence, that, when they were driven from their lands by the white men, many of them took refuge with the Brethren and remained with them until the close of their lives.

"Some of these converts engaged in Missionary work among their tribes, and their successful labors are duly recorded in the annals of the Moravian Church.

"The chief object of Count Zinzendorf's visit to this country in 1741, and the mission of his followers in America, was to Christianize the Aborigines,—that race whose origin is shrouded in mystery, who once lived where we now live, but who are gone,—save a remembrance of them only in names of their favorite rivers and streams, and valleys and hills, that fall upon the ear like the echo of a sound that is past."

"The records of the Moravian Church in Bethlehem show that in the interval between 1746 and 1761, a large number of Christian Mohicans and Delawares as well as representatives from other tribes, were laid to rest beside their white Brethren, and the Chronicle adds: 'And now, although a century has passed since the remains of the Delaware maiden, Theodora, were carried to their long home, these dead of another race in the white man's cemetery still tell of a time when Bethlehem was the central seat of a Mission, of which there is no trace but the hillocks that cover the mouldering bones of her Indian converts.'

"Of the many interesting accounts on record concerning the Indian converts, I will mention but one more, which I will give in the language of the historian of the Moravian Church.

"John, alias Wasampah, alias Tschoop (Job), was one of the company of drunken Indians whom the Moravian Missionary Ranch met on the streets of New York, a few days after his arrival from Europe, in July of 1740. Invited by these strangers to their village on the Shecomeco, the Missionary went thither and preached the Gospel.

"Its power was soon demonstrated in the conversion of Tschoop, who expressed a desire to become, by baptism, a member of the Christian Church. He left Shecomeco for Bethlehem in August of 1745. Here he acted as interpreter in the service held for the Indians on Sunday afternoon in the Brethren's Chapel. He also gave instruction in Mohican to a number of brethren and sisters who were designed for missionaries.

"On the organization of the refugees from Shecomeco into a Christian congregation at Frieden, shutten (the huts of Peace), on the 24th of July, 1746, John was appointed their teacher. Soon after, small-pox broke out at the Indian quarters. To this malady he fell a victim, after a painful illness of seven days, during which he gave evidence of the mighty work of grace which the Spirit of God had wrought in his heart. In the presence of his weeping countrymen who had been summoned to his bedside, and amid the prayers of Spangenberg and Ranch, the spirit of the patient sufferer was released from its tenement of clay.

"This was on the 27th of August. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 28th, a funeral sermon was delivered by Ranch, and the remains were then conveyed to the graveyard, amid the strains of solemn music.

"As the body was being lowered into the earth, Nicodemus, the Elder, knelt by the grave and offered prayer. The concurrent testimony of those who knew John shows that he was not unworthy of the name of the beloved disciple which he bore, and that this evangelist among his people was a marvellous instance of the transforming power of divine grace.

"It is believed by some that the noble traits of this Indian convert were the foundation for the character of Chingachgook, in Cooper's story of the 'Last of the Mohicans.'

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THE Uinitahs pronounce Americans "Merricats," which might be considered suggestive.

The Chippewas of Minnesota.

PROBABLY the greatest work done for any Indians in any part of Canada or the United States has been that accomplished by Bishop Whipple in his Diocese of Minnesota. The work may be said to have been begun in the year 1852, when that great and good man, Dr. Breck, amid the greatest difficulties and privations and in the face of persecution and suffering, laid the foundation of a work which under Bishop Whipple's fostering care has continued to extend and strengthen itself to the present day. At some future time we may tell about Dr. Breck's work; for the present we can give merely the following short extracts from "Indian Missions in Minnesota," explaining the accompanying portraits—"The Indians of White Earth have lately had built for them, by the efforts of their pastor and the kindness of Eastern friends, a beautiful stone church, costing \$10,000. Every year they settle down more to work; every year remaining heathenism loses its power over them. They are a simple-hearted, sincere people, rejoicing in Christ their Saviour, who found them. The Diocese assesses them annually for the support of its Missions and Bishop \$85, and they pay it. Many of them have family prayers, and their weekday devotional meetings are very frequent. But there is something better. From them has sounded out the Gospel to all the other Chippewas in Minnesota, for eight of their young men have gone forth from White Earth as the ordained ministers of Christ.

The Rev. Fred. Smith, Deacon, is now about thirty-two years of age. His father was head warrior to the celebrated Chippewa cheif, Hole-in-the-day, and a splendid specimen of a heathen man. He was killed at an early age by the Sioux, and his little children, three of whom are now Clergymen of the Church, left orphans. Fred was taken by the Rev. Dr. Breck to school, at Faribault, when he was about eight years of age, baptised and instructed, and there he remained about two years, with many other Chippewa boys and girls, learning to speak English well. Coming back to the Indian country he worked at various things for a living, married, and in 1873 began to study for the Ministry at White Earth. His studies extended over three years, and in July, 1876, he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Whipple, in the Church of St. Columba, White Earth.

The Rev. Charles Wright is the son of the head chief of the Mississippi Chippewas, and is now about thirty-two years of age. He did not have the advantage of education among the white people; all his life having

been spent among the Indians, and in his own country. When a young man he was still a heathen, and a wild and reckless one, knowing nothing different, and delighting in the wild ways of the Indians. He began to go to church for the purpose of making fun and entertaining his reckless companions afterwards with a mimicry of what he had seen and heard. But before he knew it he became entangled in the meshes of the Gospel net, cast into the deep where he sat, and found himself taken for eternal life, and so, he who had often "come to scoff, remained to pray." He was baptized with full purpose of amendment of life, which purpose he carried out, and was married in church to his wife, who had been brought up, as a girl, by Bishop Whipple, in his own family. At this time he hardly knew a letter, and no English, but having the desire for improvement, the white employees, seeing his changed life, took an interest in him and helped him in his studies. Finally he began to study at White Earth for the Ministry, and continued a student for three years, doing missionary work the while. On July 15th, 1877, he was ordained Deacon, along with his companion in study, the Rev. George B. Johnson, in the church of St. Columba, White Earth.

The Rev. George B. Johnson is a son of the well-known Rev. J. J. Enmegahbowh. When a youth he studied for some years at Shattuck School, Faribault, and became a good English scholar, speaking the language very fluently. After

coming back to the Indian country he worked at various occupations, and finally began to study for the ministry, and on the completion of his course was ordained by Bishop Whipple, at White Earth, on July 15th, 1877, along with the Rev. Charles Wright, after passing a most satisfactory examination.



The Rev. G. B. Morgan is the son of a chief of the Mille Lac band. He has been brought up wholly in the Indian country, and so, like three other Chippewa Deacons, lacks the knowledge of the English language which the two who were sent to Faribault, to school as boys, find so useful. After having been some time in the Government Indian School at White Earth, he began to study for the Ministry, and after the usual period of preparation, was ordained, by Bishop Whipple, along with three others, to the Sacred Order of Deacons, in the church of St. Columba, White Earth, on July 14th, 1878.

The Rev. John Coleman is a brother of the Revs. Fred. Smith and George Smith. He is one of Rev. Dr. Breck's boys of the Mission at Gull Lake, having been given to him by his father, though a heathen man, and by Dr. Breck he was baptized by the name of an honored Presbyter of Connecticut. Later, Mr. Coleman worked at lumbering, river-driving, etc., until with others he was removed to White Earth, where, in the almost nightly devotional and exhortatory meetings of the Indians, his ability as a speaker and knowledge of Divine things marked him out as one who would be useful in the vineyard of the Lord. He was called and prepared by three years of study, and, with the Revs. George Smith, Mark Hart and George B. Morgan, consecrated himself to the work of the Lord, on July 14th, 1878.

The Rev. Mark Hart was left an orphan at an early age, his father having been killed. Being in the Government School at White Earth, one day when a small boy and reading in his reading book the line "My name is Mark Hart; I am a good boy," the teacher said that Mark Hart should be his name, his Ojebway name, Obimweweiaash—sailing along with a thundering sound—being too formidable for a boy of his size. After leaving school and working at various employments he was seized with a dangerous sickness, and, like Hezekiah, made his prayer, asking God to spare him; that he was not afraid to die, but that he had not yet had time to show how a Christian young man should live, and asked God to give him time that he might show it. It pleased God not only to give him time, but also to make him a Minister of His Church.

The Rev. George Smith, now about thirty years of age, after being ordained, assisted for some years his brother, the Rev. John Coleman, at Old Chief's Village, Red Lake, in the church called St. Antipas, where he taught a free day-school for the Indian children, in

which many of them learned to read and write. He also taught them to sing hymns in Ojebway, of which, like all Indians, they became exceedingly fond, and one of the sights which would have touched any heart, was to hear and see that choir of poor, ragged Indian children, sweetly singing the praise of that God and Saviour who had rescued them from their darkness, made them His children and enlightened them with His Holy Spirit.

Joseph Wakazoo is an Ottawa—a kindred people of the Ojebways, speaking nearly the same language—from Michigan. He is now forty-two years of age. He was a soldier in the late war; was shot through the body in the Shenandoah Valley, and was again wounded. He is now in charge of the Mission and Church of St. Philip, the Deacon, Lake Winnibigoshish.

Traditions of the Chickasaws.

THE traditions of the Chickasaws say that the white people were the favorites of the Great Spirit; that he taught them to communicate with each other without talking; that no matter how far they are put apart, they can make each other understand; and that he also taught the white people to live without hunting, and instructed them to make anything that they want; but he only taught the Indians how to hunt, and that they had to get their living by hunting or perish, and the white people have no right to hunt. They say they got the first corn just after the flood, from a raven which flew over them and dropped a part of an ear; they were told by the Great Spirit to plant it, and it grew up; that they worked in the soil around it with their fingers. They never had any kind of tools; but when they wanted logs or poles a certain length they had to burn them; and that they made heads for their arrows out of a white kind of flint rock.

The Chickasaws, by their traditions, say that they came from the west, and part of their tribe remained there. When about to start eastward, they were provided with a large dog as a guard, and a pole as a guide. The dog would give them notice whenever an enemy was at hand, and thus enable them to prepare for defense. The pole they would plant in the ground every night, and the next morning they would look at it and go in the direction it leaned. They continued their journey in this way until they crossed the great Mississippi river, and proceeded to the Alabama river in the country where Huntsville in that state now is. There the pole was unsettled for several days, but finally it settled and pointed in a southwest direction.

They then started on that course, planting the pole every night until they got to what is called the Chickasaw Old Fields, where the pole stood perfectly erect. All then came to the conclusion that this was the promised land, and the main body of them accordingly remained until they migrated west of the state of Arkansas, in the years 1837 and '38.—*American Indian.*

A Curious Tradition.

THE Pot-to-yant tribe, of the regions of California, understood to be one of the tribes or bands of the Bonaks or Root Diggers, have the following tradition concerning their origin and existence, as given by an Indian chief of that tribe :

"The first Indians that lived were Coyotes. When one of their number died, the body became full of little animals, or spirits, as he thought them. After crawling over the body for a time, they took all manner of shapes; some that of the deer, others that of the elk, the antelope, etc. It was discovered, however, that great numbers were taking wings, and for a while they sailed about in the air; but eventually they would fly off to the moon. The old Coyotes (or Indians) fearing that the earth might become depopulated in this way, concluded to stop it at once; and ordered that when any of their people died, the body must be burnt. Ever after they continued to burn the body of deceased persons. Then the Indians began to assume the shape of a man; but at first they were very imperfect in all their parts. At first they walked on all fours, then they began to have some members of the human frame—one finger, one toe, one eye, one ear, etc. After a time they had two fingers, two toes, two eyes, two ears, etc. In all their limbs and joints they were yet very imperfect, but progressed from period to period, until they became perfect men and women. In the course of their transition from the Coyote to human beings, they got in the habit of sitting upright, and lost their tails. This is with many of them a source of regret to this day, as they consider a tail quite an ornament; and in decorating themselves for a dance or other festive occasions, a portion of them always decorate themselves with tails."—*American Indian.*

American Folk-lore Society.

THIS Society, of which Francis J. Child, Cambridge, Mass., is President, and W. W. Newell, Cambridge, Mass., Secretary, was organized Jan. 4th, 1888, for the collection and publication of the Folk-lore and Myth-

ology of the American continent. The membership fee is \$3, payable on the First of January in each year. The members are entitled to receive the organ of the Society, the *Journal of American Folk-lore*, a quarterly periodical containing from 80 to 100 octavo pages. The contents of the first volume of this periodical comprise, among other subjects, "Onondaga Customs," "Chinook Songs," "History of the Mississaga Indians," "Ponca and Omaha Myths," &c.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)



TEMPLE CAFE'. (See page 28, last issue.)

IT is easy to find one's way about in Washington. Our hotel was close to the corner of F and Ninth streets. The streets that ran parallel were named F, G, H, I, etc., one way, and those crossing them at right angles were 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th streets, etc.

After breakfast, my wife and myself started out to find the Geological Survey Building, where I expected to meet with friends interested in the Indians, who would be able to help me very materially in my work. In this I was by no means disappointed. The gentlemen of the Ethnological Department, although very busy as usual, found time one after another to have some conversation with me, and kindly answered a number of questions concerning the Indians, which I had been storing up for some time past. I was permitted to examine a most valuable wall map on which



TAKING NOTES.

were marked, so far as at present known, the original haunts of the various Indian tribes, and also to make all the notes I pleased from the many dictionaries and grammars in various Indian dialects with which their library was stocked. A little pamphlet gave me valuable information as to the various linguistic stocks to which it was adjudged the different Indian languages belonged. It was only a proof sheet, and not supposed to be entirely reliable, but still I found it of great value even in its suggestiveness. I can certainly never forget the great kindness and courtesy with which I was treated by the gentlemen of the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington—neither must I omit to mention that for two or three years past they have most kindly supplied me with copies of their many most valuable and expensive publications. I may say, indeed, that it has been the receipt of these valuable and interesting works that has spurred me on more than anything else to give a good part of my time and attention to the study of Indian languages and Indian history.

It may not be out of place here just to give briefly the reasons why I think the study of the Indian people of this continent so interesting.

First of all their origin is at present wrapped in such great uncertainty. The idea of their having come originally from Asia and to have crossed the Behring straits is, I believe, now exploded. And no more satisfactory is the theory that they have sprung from ship-wrecked sailors, belonging to the Chinese or Japanese nations. Except for the almond-shaped eyes, sometimes observable in certain of the Indian tribes, there seems to be little if any similarity between the Red Indian or

America and the Mongolian of China, whether in language, habits, or tradition. There may be Chinese and Japanese blood in some of the coast tribes, brought about by intercourse with the survivors of ship-wrecked junks; but there seems to be little, if any, likelihood that the Indians as a people, from Hudson Bay to Cape Horn, sprang from such a source. Again, secondly, these people, although so scattered, and so sparsely scattered, all over the vast continents of North and South America, bear strong evidence of having been originally but one people. An Indian is an Indian, whether you meet with him in the far north or in the far south. There is the same brown skin, the same black straight hair, the same lithe figure and generally well-cut features, the same peculiar gait and posture, the same animal instincts and animal proclivities, the same curious mixture of rude courtesy on the one hand and utter oblivion to the rules of civilized society on the other, the same keen eyesight, the same stolidity, and the same cleverness and ingenuity in providing the necessities of life out of the rudest material; the same lack of ambition and indisposition to continued effort; the same love for a wild life, the same deeply rooted communistic principle, the same strong recognition of family ties. Thirdly, there are ancient remains, the old ruins and mounds which have never yet been satisfactorily accounted for. The ancient ruins of Nineveh and Babylon and the excavations in Egypt and Palestine, bring to our view objects which we have already read about in ancient history—they go to confirm things which we have already heard about. But not so with the ancient ruins of America. Before the discovery of that continent by Christopher Columbus, in 1492, it was not even known that there was such a country; still less was it conceived that there existed a people far away across the Atlantic, who dwelt in cities built of stone, and who understood the art of weaving and working in various metals. These ruins which are found in America are unique in themselves. Large stone buildings of excellent construction are there found, built not of great quarried stones, but of small sized leaf-like slabs laid one upon another in excellent form and united in one solid block with a mortar, in the composition of which lime, although found in the locality, had no part. And these buildings had many of them arched and vaulted roofs, the arches not built on the old world principle with a key stone in the apex, but each stone in the arch bevelled with the hammer and the arch built over a solid core, which was afterwards left to consolidate by itself.

And fourthly, *the language* of these American Indians has a character of its own. No other country in the world, perhaps, has such a diversity of tongues, as has that of the continent of North America. It is estimated that there are no less than 56 linguistic stocks, and nearly a thousand different dialects in North America alone. And these languages are not rude barbarous tongues, as those who have never studied the subject might suppose, but are capable of giving expression to the most abstruse ideas. The grammar is very full and the inflections of the various parts of speech most extensive. And another interesting point is that these North American languages, although so many in number and belonging to so many distinct stocks, have nevertheless a vein of similarity running through them all, and are all of them, so far as I can gather, entirely distinct from any known European, Asiatic or African tongue. The American Indians are a distinct people, distinct from all other nations of the earth; they have a language largely differing in its construction from all other languages, and they have a history hidden in the oblivion of the past—a history which could only be begun to be studied when they as a people were discovered less than 400 years ago, and which has only within the last few years been earnestly taken up and made the subject of scientific enquiry.

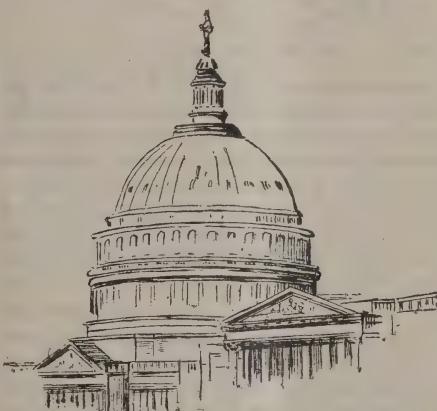
I must not dwell longer now on this subject. These chapters are intended merely to amuse and to interest the general reader; but I may say that the object of the journey which is here described, was mainly to collect information, which may at some future day be utilized in the compilation of a more important work, bearing on the history and languages of the Indians of North America.

Our last day in Washington was occupied in the morning by a visit to the Indian Bureau, where I met with the kindest reception from the Hon. J. H. Oberly, the Indian Commissioner. Mr. Oberly was in his office. I found no difficulty in getting in to see him—for the reason first that the passage was a very short one from the outside door to the office door; and for the reason, secondly, that I happened to be in America. I presented my letter of introduction from the authorities in Ottawa, and another from Captain Pratt. Mr. Oberly was a kindly old gentleman, with thin gray hair and a clean shaved face. After bidding me be seated he asked me several questions about the Canadian Indians, the prospects for their education and civilization, etc., and said he hoped I would write to the Bureau, after the completion of my journey, and give

some account of my impressions as a stranger. A lady in attendance then wrote for me a general letter of introduction to the Indian Agents, on the line of my proposed tour, requesting them to extend to me "such courtesies and such assistance in the furtherance of my object as they could render without detriment to the public interests of the respective agencies." This Mr. Oberly signed and handed to me, and the lady who had written it smiled on me and said she had already heard something about the Shingwauk Home, but could not remember where.

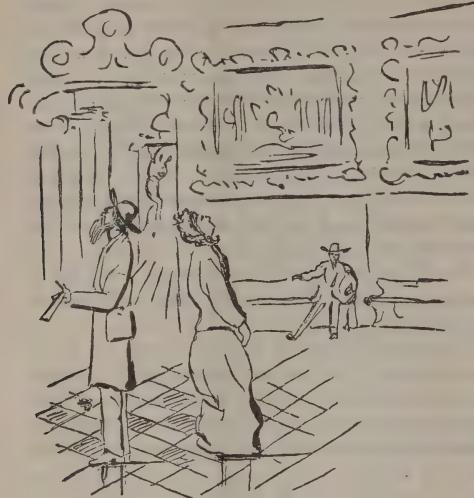
Having got through with my business, I was now at my wife's disposal. We hired a herdic and went to see the sights.

Washington is very clean. The streets are paved with asphalt. You can see long distances. Most of the public buildings are white, and have massive white stone pillars at their chief entrances. The man who drove the herdic was told to take us first to the Capitol.



THE CAPITOL.

The Capitol is white. It is approached by an immense number of white stone steps. It has a number of great massive white stone pillars both in front and rear, and an immense dome on the top with something at its apex, probably a statue of liberty, but too far off to see. The entrance under the dome when you get inside is striking. There are some aerial figures painted on the inside of the top of the dome, and the floor under your feet is polished marble. Around this central room beneath the dome, are some fine large oil paintings, representing historical scenes. "Pocahontas' Baptism," and the "Embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers," impressed



VISITING THE CAPITOL.

us as the most striking. Away to the end of the vast building was the House of Representatives, and away to the other end was the Senate House. One long wide passage extended the whole length. There were objects of interest all the way along. The massive pillars of Potomac marble were very striking; not a kind of marble that one often sees; it glistened like glass, and seemed to be a conglomeration of polished pebbles and pieces of pebbles of all shapes and sizes set in a semi-transparent compound; it looked, so to speak, like very nice brown or collared head, turned into stone, and highly polished; but we have no pretensions to geology whatever; no doubt the marble in question has a scientific name with which all persons but ourselves are perfectly familiar. We were not greatly struck with the House of Representatives; it was all upside down, in the hands of carpenters and cleaners. The Senate House, although in fair order, struck us as very plain. There was a small, common chair with a leather bottom to it and a leather back to it in the place where we expected to see the President's throne. It was painful, too, to get into the place so easily. There was no one there to stop us, not even a boy. We just went up the white marble staircase and along a corridor, and pulled at two or three doors which wouldn't open, and then pulled a door which would open; this door had 'Ladies' Gallery' written over it; and then we went inside and tripped down the steep steps of the Ladies' Gallery to

the railing, and then gazed down and round and up, took it all in—noticed that the carpet was green, that the desks had mahogany or some other red wood tops, that there was a small table with a blue top to it in front of the President's little chair, and another bigger table of the same kind a step lower, and two little common tables on the floor of the House. No doubt excellent laws are made in the Senate House, but we did not like the idea of getting into it so easily, and we thought the President ought to have a bigger chair.

The herdic-driver was told to drive next to the National Museum. Time was limited and we could only stay fifteen or twenty minutes at each place. At the Museum, the chief objects of interest to us were the Catlin pictures; we did not want to see what could be seen at other museums. The pictures can hardly rank as works of art; the Indian faces are flat, and wanting in tone and expression; but the pictures are interesting as showing how Indians looked and how they dressed in Catlin's time, fifty years or so ago.

The next place visited was the Smithsonian Institution, a dark-red sandstone building only a few steps from the Museum. This contained objects of greater interest, viz: Models of Indian pueblos or terraced villages, old Indian stone implements and weapons, Indian mummies, etc.



INDIAN MUMMY.

Close to the Smithsonian Institution was the Washington Monument. It is an enormous obelisk of white, glistening marble. Two little black eyes away up at the top were probably windows where people look out to view the city; they are hoisted in an elevator, and they say it takes six minutes to go up.

Our next visit was to the President. It was dreadful

to get into the President's house so unceremoniously. There was no sentinel at the gate. The herdic drove in the grounds without asking any permission, drove under the great white portal supported by eight massive white stone pillars; then we alighted, walked up the



WE VISIT THE WHITE HOUSE.

stone steps, entered the house of the greatest man in America for the time being, asked no questions and were asked none, were not even searched for dynamite, were not even looked at—passed on to the left where we saw some other people going, entered a large but not gorgeous apartment carpeted with a soft rich but faded carpet; walked round this apartment, looked at the full length oil paintings of President Lincoln, Washington, and three or four other noted men; looked up at the chandeliers shrouded in dust cloths, passed out again to the hall, asked if there was anything more to see; and finding that this was all that was open to the public, re-entered our herdic and drove away.

My wife was now tired. The sight-seeing had been done rather in a hurry, but it could not be helped. A general idea of Washington had been impressed on both our minds, and that idea was a pleasant one. My wife said, "I should like to live here."

(To be continued).

Notice.

PARTICULARS about clothing for either Home will be furnished by Mrs. Wilson, Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., to whom all boxes are to be addressed. Please put list of articles, and by whom sent, inside each box. Christmas-tree gifts always acceptable.

Shingwauk Chips.

OUR PICNIC TO ROOT RIVER.

(Written by Wm. Riley, Ojebway boy).

MMR. WILSON told us that we were going to Root River on 24th of May. On 23rd of May, Mr. Wilson and three Indian boys started for Root River, to get everything ready. Next morning about four o'clock a good many of the boys started on foot. We had rain in the morning. The rest of the boys and other folk of this Home started off as soon as the shower was over. The Band boys had the nicest waggon. They played some tunes as they went along. Boys and girls were playing around when we reached the place. We had our dinner about half-past one. After dinner we had a game of base ball, and it lasted about two hours. We had a horse race. Mr. Wilson scrambled one hundred coppers and a few silver pieces. The Band boys played one or two of their pieces before we had our supper.

THE Brass Band plays every Thursday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, at the Shingwauk.

"THE BUCKSKINS." — The "Buckskin Base Ball Club" has played two matches this season, and in each instance the Shingwauk boys came off victorious.

On the 28th of June, there were 27 girls and 53 boys at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes—80 pupils in all; since then a number of them have left for the summer holidays. School re-opens August 19th.

BUILDING AWAY.—The foundations of the new sash and door factory at the Shingwauk have been laid; the new carpenter's cottage is in course of construction; and the band stand is nearly completed. New workshops will be the next thing.

Elkhorn Echoes.

THE Bishop of Rupert's Land has kindly consented to attend and open formally the Washakada and Kasota Homes at Elkhorn, Manitoba, the first week in August.

MR. C. D. MCKENZIE continues to act as local Superintendent of these Homes, Mrs. Vidal is the lady matron, and her daughter Miss Vidal, and John A. Maggrah, late pupil at the Shingwauk, are the teachers.

A Bit of Wild Life.

HOPE RED BEAR, who was with the first party of Sioux pupils who came to Carlisle school when it opened, in 1879, and who is with us yet writes as a school composition the following bit of her experience while in camp:

"When I was in Dakota, about eleven years old, my parents were wild and did not like to live with white people or make friends with them.

We belonged to Ta-tan-ke-yo-ta-ke, or Sitting Bull's Band.

I used to get very much afraid of the white people.

The Indians often move from one place to another in search of buffaloes and other wild animals.

One day a party of Indian men came home from hunting and said that a party of soldiers were coming to fight us.

So the Indians, both young and old men, put on their war-robés and painted their faces and were ready to fight against their enemies.

My father and uncle were among these Indians.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the white people came upon our camp.

The women did not go to the fight, but they all rode upon wild ponies, and were ready to get away if the enemy should overcome our heroes.

It was said that if the enemy should conquer, the women would be taken away as slaves.

I have never in my life been so frightened as I was in that terrible fight which took place on the big-horn river.

One thing the Indians were glad of was that General Custer and all his men were killed.

Some of the Indians, captured some horses, cows, wagons, sugar, crackers and some other things from them, and that was the first time I ever tasted a cracker and sugar in my life.

At that time the Indians did not know what sugar and flour were for.

The chief, Sitting Bull, now lives with the white people in one of the Agencies, as if he had never done anything so painful against them."—*Indian Helper.*

Clippings.

EIGHT Omahas have dedicated the potato crop of an acre each next year to help build their new chapel and school-house. Our missionary is teaching them self-help, and to work for the common weal as well.—*Indian's Friend.*

A SIOUX chief is learning to ride a bicycle, and the final extermination of the original race is now only a question of time.

THERE should be a blackboard in every shop. Wonder how many of the boys can spell the names of the tools they work with. Some of them don't know how to pronounce them.

WE see by the *Pipe of Peace*, published at the Genoa Nebraska Indian School, that, "Spotted tail, the grandson of the famous chief, is the latest addition to the printing office."

"WHAT'S the matter?"

"Why?"

"What are all the boys running so for?"

"Oh, the girls are coming back on the four o'clock train, and as it is raining, the boys with umbrellas have permission to go to the station to meet them."

"Oh."—*Carlisle.*

A PLEASANT letter from Carlos Montezuma, our educated Apache friend who is studying medicine in Chicago, and clerking in a drug store to pay his way through College, expresses gratification to hear of our success in raising money for the new buildings going up here this summer. Says he, "I hope the time will come when all of the buildings will be donated by wealthy Indians."—*Indian Helper.*

ON Sunday morning, one of the late arrivals from Dakota, failed to put in an appearance at the kitchen, his place of work for the month. A young Apache cook was despatched to discover the whereabouts of the new-comer, and to escort him to his place of duty. On finding him the boy remonstrated and the following colloquy ensued:

Apache: "Yes, you come."

Sioix: "Nup."

Apache: "Yes, you must. Come on, quick."

Sioix: "Me no work Sunday."

Apache: "That's all right. Then you no eat."

It is needless to say that Mr. Sioux saw force in the argument, and without recourse to more severe measures, repaired to the kitchen, where he has since done excellent duty.—*Indian Helper.*

PLEASE send me "*Our Forest Children*," commencing with the June Number, for which I enclose the sum of fifty cents. Cut this out and send it to Rev. F. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

SIXTY-SIX INDIAN TRIBES,AND SEPARATE PORTIONS OF TRIBES, WITH A POPULATION OF
ABOUT 66,668.**STILL WITHOUT MISSIONARIES.**

NOVEMBER, 1886.

	POPULATION		POPULATION
ARIZONA.		KANSAS.	
Mohave	797	Pottawatomie	470
Chimehuevis	202	Kickapoo	241
Yumac	800	Sac and Fox of Mis-	
Hualapai	728	souri	84
White Mt. Apache.	1687	Iowa	143
San Carlos Apache.	767	MONTANA.	
Apache Yuma.	268	Blackfeet, Bloodand	
Apache Tonto.	867	Piegan	2026
Apache Mohave...	667	Assinaboine	894
Coyatero.	310	Yankton Sioux....	2023
Warm Springs and		NEBRASKA.	
Chiricahua Apache		Ponca of Dakota ..	207
<i>Indians not under an Agent:</i>		NEVADA.	
Mohave	700	Western Shoshone.	380
Suppai.....	214	Indians of the Piute	
		and Pah-Ute Re-	
CALIFORNIA.		serve.....	3200
Hoopa	422	Indians wandering	
Klamath	400	in Nevada.....	3300
Serranos	481	NEW MEXICO.	
Dieguenos	855	Mescalero Apache ..	417
Coahuila	667	Jicarilla Apache...	785
San Luis Rey.	1093	Navajo	17358
Tule and Tejon.	141	Moquis Pueblo....	1919
Wichummi, Keweah		OREGON.	
and King's River		Klamathand Madoc	806
Indians in various		Snake.....	166
counties on ranch-		Indians roaming on	
es not under an		COLUMBIA RIVER.	800
Agent.....	540	TEXAS.	
COLORADO.		Alabama, Cushata,	
Muache, Capote and		and Muskokee ..	290
Weeminuche Utes	978	UTAH.	
IDAHO.		Tabequecha Ute ..	1252
Bannack	460	Uinta Ute.....	481
Shoshone.....	984	White River Ute..	572
Shoshone, Bannack,		Pah Vant	134
and Sheep-eater.	557	Goship Ute.....	256
Pend d'Oreille and		WASHINGTON TERRITORY.	
Kootenais (scat-		Makah	523
tered)	600	Quilllehute.....	258
INDIAN TERRITORY.		Quinaielt	107
Apache	332	9 other small Tribes	316
Caddo.....	521	WISCONSIN.	
Comanche.....	1592	Winnebago	930
Delaware	41	Pottawatomie (Prai-	
Kiowa.....	1164	rie Band).....	280
Keechie.	182		
Towaconie.....	133		
Waco	30		
Wichita.....	187		

An International Language.

THE American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, has, through its President, addressed a letter to all learned bodies with which it has official relations, asking their co-operation in perfecting a language for learned and commercial purposes, based on the Aryan vocabulary and grammar in their simplest forms; and to that end proposing an International Congress, the first meeting of which shall be held in London or Paris.

In a report of the Committee, accompanying the President's letter, the view is maintained that "inflections are relics of barbarism, and that an uninflected language is better adapted than an inflected speech for the expression of thought." The proposed new speech is "made acceptable and easy to the speakers of English, French, German, Spanish and Italian, . . . its alphabet will comprise no sounds, and its grammar no inflections which are not found in every one of these five languages. . . . The whole grammar will not occupy more than two or three pages of the handbook, and its acquisition by an intelligent person will not require more than an hour or two of application.

OUR present number of subscribers is 596 copies; sent gratis, 142. Total issue, 2000. Any new subscribers can have back numbers commencing with the new series, June, 1889.

A wag of a friend is sending sample copies of our magazine to some of his acquaintances, marked "No family happy without one."

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

THREE boxes from England, per Mrs. Martin, containing clothing and other gifts, from the following kind friends and other members of the various working parties:—Miss Jeaffreson, Stoke, Newington; Miss Greaves, Dover; Mrs. Halson, Isle of Wight; Miss Pinder, Bath; Miss Robson, Newcastle; Miss A. Wilson; Mrs. Leakey, Leicester; Mrs. Thorpe; Scrap book, made by a little girl of 3½ years. From Ladies' Aid and G.F.S., St. George's, Kingston: A complete and new outfit for Nancy Henry, and a quilt. From Picton, per Miss Twigg, a box of clothing, containing toys and quilt. A parcel of woollen things, from Mrs. Debbage, P.Q. From the W.A., Inverness, Glen Murray, P.Q., a nice supply of dresses, socks, stockings, shoes, aprons and other articles.

Receipts—O.I.H.

SINCE JUNE 8TH, 1889.

Trinity Church S.S., St. Johns, N.B., boy and girl, \$37.50; All Saints' S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$25.00; Miss Sweeny's Class, \$1.50; Perth S.S., for boy, \$37.75; St. Luke's S.S., Montreal, for boy, \$22.84; Inverness Branch Women's Auxiliary, Glen Murray, P.Q., \$11.00; Memorial Church S.S., London, Ont., for boy, \$18.75; Mrs. Forbes, Liverpool, N.S., for girl, \$41.00; Miss Thornton (to pay freight), \$1.25; D. T.

Thomson (per A. Cameron), for boy and girl, \$17.50; Geo. Buskin, \$1.00; Easter offering, St. Mary's S.S., Summerside, \$12.16; Miss Veal's Boarding School, for girl, \$30.60; Mrs. McWilliams, for boy, \$20.00; N. Hoyles, Esq., \$6.11; L. R. Marsh, \$5.00; Port Dover S.S., for boy, 13.00; Trinity S.S., Durham, \$13.00; Trinity S.S., Galt, for boy, \$6.00.

Receipts—O.F.C.

JUNE 8TH, 1889.

D. J. Brewster, 48c.; Miss Beaven, \$1; Mrs. Bolton, \$2; Mrs. Coldwell, 51c.; Mrs. Tilton, \$1; Miss Reed, 50c.; J. W. Jewett, \$2.50; Miss Pigot, 5c.; S. G. Holley, 50c.; Mrs. Murphy, 50c.; E. Rapelje, \$1; Miss K. Sadler, 50c.; J. C. Phipps, 51c.; N. W. Hoyles, \$5; C. H. Hall, \$5; G. H. Wilcox, 50c.; Miss F. Beaumont, 25c.; Miss Barlow, \$3; R. Coverdale, 50c.; Miss Peebles, \$1.25; Miss Lamb, 40c.; Bella McIver, 25c.; Mrs. Noyes, 50c.; Miss Burgess, 51c.; W. Owen, 50c.; C. Handyside, 50c.; Miss Crouch, \$1.20; Mrs. Hamilton, \$1.00; Miss Bacon, \$2; Miss Thornton, \$1; A. F. Chamberlain, \$1; W. McCue, 50c.; J. H. Coldwell, 50c.; Rev. L. H. Kirkby, 50c.; G. Wankay, 50c.; Mrs. C. A. Stitt, \$1; Rev. F. Frost, 50c.; Miss Browne, 50c.; Mrs. Tippet, \$1.20; Miss Anderson, \$1; Miss Brown, 50c.; Miss Cox, 50c.; Mrs. Parson, \$3; Mrs. Medley, \$1; Mrs. Gibbs, \$1; Miss McCarty, 50c.; Mrs. Sanven, 25c.; Mrs. Duncan, 50c.; Rev. J. Gilfillan, \$1; H. Browne, 50c.; Rev. T. R. Davis, \$1; Rev. W. R. Blackford, 50c.; L. R. Marsh, \$1; Mrs. Ramsey, 51c.

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By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, \$1.25. For sale at the Shingwauck Home. This little book appeared in 1874.

A Toronto paper of that date said about it: "The arrangement is simple and comprehensive; and the explanations clear and lucid. We doubt not the Manual will be found most useful in clearing away many of the obstacles that beset the path of the Missionary."

Missionary Work among the Ojibway Indians.

By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, 85 cents. For sale at Rowsell & Hutchison's, Toronto; E. A. Taylor, London, Ont.; Williamson & Co.; and at the Shingwauck Home.

A Church paper says of the above: "It is full of interest from cover to cover; and, though published in London, is a real contribution to Canadian literature. The history begins in the year 1886 when Mr. Wilson came to Canada, and is continued to the year 1884. It is well written, and contains much about Indian life and customs. The book is a modest monument to Mr. Wilson's life labor, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation."

The English *Record* says: "We recommend this little volume to the organizers of Missionary Libraries. The story of Mr. Wilson's work is interesting and encouraging in a high degree." Another English paper says: "This volume will fire the heart of every one whose sympathies are with Christian Missions."

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A Beautiful Photograph of the SHINGWAUK PUPILS who went with Mr. Wilson to Montreal and Ottawa, mailed 50c. The two BLACKFEET BOYS, mailed 30c. WILLIE and ELIJAH (who went with Mr. Wilson in 1886,) mailed 25c. SHINGWAUK, WAWANOSH, CHAPEL, CEMETERY, each 30c. " " " (carte de visite size) each 10c. JUBILEE DAY PROCESSION, Wild Indians on Horseback 25c.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

EDITED BY THE
REV. E. F. WILSON,
SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO.

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

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SHINGWAUK HOME, OCTOBER, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 5.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 5.

THE DELAWARE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



T the time of their first discovery by the white people, the Delawares were living on the banks of the river Delaware, which divides Pennsylvania from New Jersey and New York. Their original name was Lenni Lenape, meaning "the original people." They were also called by the western tribes

"Wapenachki," "the people of the rising sun." When the name "Delawares" was given to the tribe by the whites, they at first resented it; but being told that they, and also their chief river, were thus named after a great English warrior—Lord De la Warre—they were satisfied, and willingly adopted the name. Their lands, at that time stretched from the Hudson River to the Potamac. There is an ancient tradition among these people that they and the great nation of the Iroquois, came from the far west, crossed the Mississippi together, expelled the mound-builders east of it, and so won to themselves their ancient possessions. At that time, they say, there was a tribe called the Allegewi or Allegans, occupying the eastern portion of the Ohio valley. With the aid of the Iroquois, they succeeded in driving the Allegans out of the Ohio valley to the Southward. It has been suspected that these Allegans were the Cherokees, those people having a tradition among themselves that they once occupied the Ohio valley. When Hendrik Hudson anchored his ship, the *Half Moon*, off New York Island, in 1609, the Delawares stood in great numbers on the shore, to receive him, exclaiming in their innocence, "Behold the gods have come to visit us." More than a hundred years later, the traditions of this event were still current in the tribe. The Rev. Albert Anthony (a Delaware) speaking at a public meeting in 1884, said, "Our traditions affirm that at the period of the discovery of America our nation resided on the island of New York; we

called that island Man-a-ha-touh, a place to procure wood for our bows and arrows. At the lower end of the island was a grove of hickory trees, the wood of which our fathers used for their bows and war clubs. When we were driven back by the whites, we became divided into two bands, one was termed "*Minsi*" (Muncey), meaning "a great stone," the other was called *We-naw-mien*, "down the river." We called the Alleghany mountains *Allick-e-wa-ny*, meaning "he is leaving us, and may never return," the reference being to departing hunters and warriors.

The Delawares were a noble-spirited and powerful people, it is estimated that formerly they must have been about 15,000 in number; they belonged to the great Algonkin stock, and so were related to the Ojebways, Abenakis, Pottawatomies, Blackfeet, Crees, Micmacs, Cheyennes, and other branches of that very numerous family. No tribe has been more celebrated in song and story—it has been the stock subject of border romances. The very sound of their name used to carry terror wherever heard in the Indian wilderness. Little parties of eight or ten would visit some remote tribe, perhaps a thousand miles distant, bring away eight or ten scalps, and have their way home again through a hostile country.

But notwithstanding their ancient grandeur, no tribe has perhaps suffered greater reverses than have the Delawares; they have been driven and jostled about from place to place; they have been devastated by wars, wasted away by removals, decimated by small-pox and whiskey, massacred in cold blood by heartless invaders. Their history, if fully written, would indeed be a sad one. A small remnant of the tribe only now remains, and, as though to hide the shame of their humiliation, their name has, in most instances, been changed. There are 780 of them now living in the Indian Territory, in the country of the Cherokees; these have been adopted into that nation, and bear their name. And in Canada there are "the Moravians of the Thames," 288 in number; these are Delawares; and the "Munsées of the Thames," numbering 131, who are of the same stock and speak the same language. The only Delaware Indians mentioned in Indian Department Reports under their own name are 79 in-

dividuals living in the Kiowa Agency, Indian Territory. Thus there would appear to be about 1280 of the Delaware Nation still in existence.

We have spoken of their first introduction to the white people, in the year 1609. In 1616 the Dutch began trading with them, maintaining friendly relations most of the time, and buying so much of their land that they had to move inland for game and furs.



PENN'S TREATY.

In 1682 William Penn arrived, and made with these people his famous Treaty. This was the first instance on record of substantial recognition by the white man of the rights of the Indians on this continent; and all subsequent treaties which aimed at justice to the Indians, have kept in view as a precedent this famous and equitable treaty of William Penn.

There is an amusing anecdote of Charles II and William Penn, which we clip from E. M. Haines' book;—The king enquired of Penn whether he did not feel some uneasiness for his safety in going upon the wild lands granted to him in America; to which Penn responded that he intended to cultivate amicable relations with the Indians, and as he intended to buy their lands from them he did not think he would be molested. "Buy their lands!" said the king, "why, is not the whole land mine?" "No, your Majesty," said Penn, "we have no right to their lands; they are the original occupants of the soil." "What?" continued King Charles, "have I not the right of discovery?" "Well," said Penn, "just suppose that a canoe full of savages should, by some accident, discover Great Britain, would you vacate or sell?"

The Indians say of William Penn's Treaty that it was the only Treaty that was never sworn to and never broken.

During William Penn's humane administration of the affairs of Pennsylvania, the Delaware Indians were his devoted friends, and they called him "Mignon," elder brother. Unpleasantly in contrast with the Pitt Treaty was that of their first treaty with the United States, which was made at Fort Pitt, in 1778. The promises of that treaty were profuse, and its terms liberal; but it never probably was intended to be kept by the Americans, and certainly it never was kept. It provided that the Delawares should hold their ancient possessions for all time; that they should invite other Indian tribes to join with them in a great confederacy, of which they should be the head, that they should thus form a State and send a delegate to Congress. Their great Chief, at that time, was Captain White Eyes, who had always been friendly to the Americans, and inclined to side with them against the British, although his people were all loyal to England. When it came to the point of his going with his warriors against the Americans, or remaining at home in his

wigwam, he spoke as follows: "If you insist on fighting the Americans, go—and I will go with you. I will not be like the bear-hunter, who sets his dogs on a wild animal while he remains at a safe distance. No; I will lead you on; I will place myself in the front; I will fall with the first of you. Do as you choose. But as for me, I will not survive my nation."

Just a year after the making of the above named treaty with the United States, occurred the terrible "Guadnhetten Massacre,"—not a massacre of white people by wild infuriated Indians, but a massacre of innocent unoffending Christian Indians, by brutal devil-hearted white people. First of all these poor people were driven away from their humble homes, their little farms and holdings, their school, and their church on the Muskingum River—driven away 125 miles to the north, and left there in the wilderness to shift for themselves. Then, when a party of 100 returned secretly in the Spring, to their old haunts, to try and secure the corn which still stood ungathered in their fields, and to carry it to their starving families, a party of Americans surrounded them, enticed them into two buildings that were near, and then fell upon them, one by one, and slaughtered them like cattle. Ninety-six Christian Indians, members of the Moravian Church, magnified the

name of the Lord at that time, by patiently meeting a cruel death. They were struck down with clubs and then scalped by these brutal wretches professing to belong to a Christian nation. Two young boys, each about 14 years of age, were the only ones that escaped to tell the terrible tale.

In the year 1793 a great council was held, to which came the Chiefs and headmen of the Delawares, and representatives of 12 other tribes, to meet the Commissioners of the United States. The records of this Council are profoundly touching. The Indians reiterated over and over the provisions of the old Treaties which had established the Ohio River as one of their boundaries, they calmly insisted on their rights ; but the days went on, the Commissioners would not yield ; the Indian speeches grew sadder and sadder ; finally they proposed to the Commissioners that all the money which the United States offered to pay them for their lands be paid to the white settlers to induce them to move away and leave them at peace. But it was of no use. The Indians must go and the white people must stay. And the Indians had to go. Of the ancient records of this interesting tribe very few now remain, most that we know of them is simply tradition handed down from generation to generation. There is said to have been an ancient art practiced among them, called the "Ola Wampum"; it appears to have been a sort of chart to assist the memory, when recording their traditions. Schoolcraft mentions the discovery of an ancient map drawn on stone, with intermixed devices, on one of the tributaries of the Susquehanna River, in the area occupied by the Delawares. The "Walum-Olum" or Bark record is also spoken of as a means made use of by the Delawares for preserving their traditions. The Delaware Indians at one time had a village in the northern part of Green Township, Asland County, Ohio; it was still occupied by them when the first white settlers arrived in 1809. An examination of ancient graves, in that neighborhood, brought to light the fact that in some cases the dead were buried in stone cists; in others, small, round, drift boulders were placed around the skeletons.

Among Chiefs of distinction may be mentioned Non-on-daa-gon, who lived about 60 years ago, and whose portrait was painted by George Cattin. He wore a silver ring in his nose; his dress was made of material of civilized manufacture, and on his head he wore a turban of vari-colored handkerchiefs ornamented with feathers. Another great Chief was Captain Pipe, who fought under the British flag against the Americans,



CHIEF NONONDAGON.

in the year 1801. In a memorable speech, delivered before the British Commander and the assembled troops, he denounced the white people in general for driving the Indians into their wars, for their own selfish purposes. "The cause," he said, "is yours, and not ours. It is your concern to fight the *Long Knives* (Americans); you have raised a quarrel amongst yourselves, and

you ought to fight it out; you should not compel your children, the Indians, to expose themselves to danger for your sakes." Another prominent Chief was Captain White Eyes, who has been already mentioned. A descendant of this Chief is at present a pupil at the Shingwauk Home.

The following remarks by John Bartram, who visited a camp of the Delawares in 1743, will give some little insight into the habits of those people, when in their primitive condition : "As soon as we alighted," he says, "they showed us where to lay our luggage, and then brought us a bowl of boiled squashes, cold; this seemed but poor fare, but it showed the kind feelings of the people, and later on they set before us bread and flesh. This form of hospitality seemed to be in marked accordance with the simplicity of ancient times: the weary traveller is offered whatever is ready to hand immediately on his entrance within the dwelling, and later on is provided with a more substantial repast."

That the Delawares were a people of superior intelligence, may be judged by the code of laws which they adopted, when, after having been driven from place to place, they at length became settled on a Reserve in 1866. These laws provided for the punishment of horse-stealers; for fining or otherwise punishing those who should take and ride a horse without consent of owner; for building or keeping up fences to a proper height; for branding cattle; for returning lost articles or strayed cattle, for preventing the sale of liquor, for the making and carrying into effect of a person's will, for paying a man's debts after his death; the laws also dealt with offences against the person, such as assault, murder, and adultery, and defined the punishment of miscreant who should wilfully set fire to a house.

The Delawares are now, as a people, almost without exception, in an advanced stage of civilization ; they nearly all speak English, have comfortable frame houses and well cultivated farms. Those living among the Cherokees in Indian Territory have adopted the laws of that nation and become one people with them. Those living in Canada for the most part till the soil ; they have churches, and missionaries living among them ; one of their own number, the Rev. A. Anthony, is a clergyman of the Church of England ; their children attend the day schools on the Reserve, and some go to the High school in a neighboring village ; they have also an agricultural show every year, which is usually very successful.

GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE.

The grammatical structure, as far as we can ascertain, appears to be in the main similar to Ojebway, Ottawa, and other dialects of the Algonkin stock. The same rules that were laid down for the Ottawa language in the June No. of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" will probably apply in most points to the language of the Delawares. From the foregoing vocabulary it will be seen that there are reflexive and reciprocal forms of the verb. The interrogative particles appear to be 'mat' or 'mata' prefixed and 'we' suffixed, and the interrogative particle 'ha' suffixed. The personal pronoun, both nominative and objective, is evidently incorporated in the verb ; this is the case in almost all American Indian languages.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father ; *e*, *ɛ*, as in they, met ; *i*, *ɪ*, as in pique, pick ; *o*, *ɔ*, as in note, not ; *u*, as in rule ; *ă*, *ū*, as in but ; *ar*, as in aisle ; *au*, as in bough ; *āt*, as in church ; *dj*, as in judge ; *j*, as in (Fr.) jamais ; *â*, as in law ; *h*, as in German *ich*.

man, *lín noh*.
woman, *oh kwe*.
boy, *ska' hens zo*.
house, *wikwa m.*.
boat, *a'muh hol*.
river, *si poh*.
water, *beh*.
fire, *tin de*.
tree, *mi tukh*.
horse, *nä nai yu'n gës*.
dog, *mwa'kane* ^o.
fish, namez ^a.
town, *ote'nä*.
kettle, *tí höz*.
knife, *püh ksh'ikän*.
tobacco, *kusha'te*.

thou walkest, *k'püm se*.
he walks, *püm'iso*.
we walk, *kilo'n püm s'ina*.
they walk, *püm'isowäk*.
I see him, *ni né wau*.
thou seest him, *kik néwau*.
he sees him, *ené wa'u wäl*.
he sees it, *ené amin*.
thou seest me, *kihák inéwe*.
I see thee, *ni ki né a wil*.
he sees me, *nekä néwok*.
I see myself, *niné wän ha'kai*.
we see each other, *ki né-wati' ina*.
do you see him ? *ki hák-i-ne'wa?*

day, *kiskwig*.
night, *píske* ^o.
yes, *a*.
no, *ma'tä*.
I, *ni*.
thou, *ki*.
he, *nän*.
my father, *no'h wa*.
it is good, *kela'u lit*.
red, *ma'h ke* ^o.
white, *wa' pe* ^o.
black, *zik ke* ^o.
one, *gütte*.
two, *nish a*.
three, *n'ha*.
four, *ne'wä*.
five, *na'län*.
six, *gu'ttash*.
seven, *nishash*.
eight, *ha'ash*.
nine, *noli*.
ten, *wimbüt*.
twenty, *nishanik*.
hundred, *gu'ta p'ohk* ^a.
come here, *yo ha'l*.
be quick, *aka' we à il*.
to-day, *kwai kishkwig*.
to-morrow, *wa pängi*.
good morning, *sègo*.
Indian, *linapé*.
call themselves, *leni lenape*.
my hand, *ni nahk*.
your hand, *kik'nahk*.
John's hand, *John o nahk*.
my knife, *n'bükski'kän*.
I walk, *n'bü'm se*.
did John see the horse ? *John ha néwawol nänaiyu'nges*.
I will see you to-morrow, *wa'päng getskane'wol*.
What is your name ? *kwe'ka kti shin zi?*
Where are you going ? *tä kita'*?
I do not see you, *ma'ta kiné'wullo'we*.
John saw a big canoe, *John memhwa'tci amuhol*.
I shall not go if I see him, *newaketc ma'ha'ta da'we*.
If he goes he will see you, *nahatc ate kine'wokwi'tc*.

he is asleep, *ga'wiyu*.
is he asleep ? *ga'wiyu ha* ^o.
axe, *tima' he'kän*.
little axe, *tcangi timahe'-kanish*.
bad axe, *matci timahe'kän*.
big axe, *hw'atci timahe'kan*.
big tree, *hwa'tci mitukh*.
black kettle, *sikki tehoz*.
money, *shil päl*.
bird, *awile'shush*.
snake, *ah'kuk*.
don't be afraid, *tcivi'sha se'wi*.
give it to me, *yulin'ni*.
I am hungry, *ngüt to'p wé*.
are you sick ? *kihák kw'ina mälsä*.
he is very sick, *a'howi'nä mälsö*.
it is cold, *kilöt ha'kame*.
I sleep, *nin ga'wi*.
I slept, *gawi' hump*.
he does not sleep, *m'ata gaw'iyu we*.
donotsleep, *tc'igaw'iyu we*.
it is not cold, *mäta tah kame'we*.
God, *Pa'tamowas*.
Devil, *Mata'nito*.
white man, *shwà naak* ^o.
two men, *nijowäg linnowäg*.
three dogs, *n'ha mwa'kane'wag*.
four knives, *nèwanol püh-ksh'ikanol*.
I will see you to-morrow, *wa'päng getskane'wol*.
What is your name ? *kwe'ka kti shin zi?*
Where are you going ? *tä kita'*?
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If he goes he will see you, *nahatc ate kine'wokwi'tc*.

THE following books have been referred to in the above account of the Delaware Indians : The Century Dishonor, by H.H.; Smithsonian Report; Catlin; Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); Indian Bureau Report (Washington); Indian Department Report

(Ottawa); The American Indian (Haines); History of the Indians (Boston); Geological Survey Report (Washington); Races of Mankind; The vocabulary was procured mainly from Absalom Fox, a pupil of the Shingwauk Home.

Indian Syllabics.

THIS Rev. E. R. Young, for twenty years missionary to the Cree Indians north of Lake Winnipeg, at a recent meeting in England, spoke of the advantage of the "Syllabic system" in teaching Indians to read. He said, "I will give you an instance showing how easily the system is acquired. It has been my practice to go among the tribes to teach them to read the Word of God by that means. I would go down, say to Nelson River, or to some place in the interior, where a missionary had never gone. There we built a school-house, and lived entirely on the game of the district. This having been done, I took a burnt stick, and on the side of a rock marked out the syllabic characters, "Ma ne too," and so on. I got together a band of Indians, from the old man of eighty down to the little child of from six to eight, and we gradually got over those characters, just as a little child in this country would get over the alphabet. I would go through those characters with the Indians while they smoked their pipes on the grass. After a little while they would get impatient, but they would put down their pipes and repeat, all together, with me, watching the characters I had made,—"Ma-ne-too." That was the name of the Great Spirit!—and it came upon them as a revelation. There it was on the rock—God, the name they were accustomed to revere, made with a burnt stick on the side of the granite rock. Oh, how interested they became then! And then I would go on to join together words in the open Bible, and in a few days they would be reading the Word of God.

One day I was sitting in my room, and on turning round I saw about ten or a dozen Indians. An Indian never knocks at the door. If he does not find the door of a dwelling open, he will put his fingers on the latch and go in without knocking, and if you don't get up early in the morning you may find him coming into your bed-room after you. On that occasion I rose up and shook hands with them, and said, "What cheer? what cheer? what do you want with me? I don't recognize you; what place do you come from?" They replied, "Very far away." I said, "How far?" and they replied, "Thirteen nights!" The Indians esti-

mate distance by the number of nights that they sleep away from their homes. These fellows had travelled all day and slept all night, and they had, it appeared, been travelling fourteen days. I said, "It must be something of great importance that has brought you so far?" They replied, "We have come for you." I looked at them, and they were such stalwart fellows that I thought within myself, "If you have come for me, I had better surrender," for I should have certainly had no chance in resisting them! I said, "Why have you come for me?" They said, "We have got a great book, but we don't know what it means; can you read the book?" I replied, "Oh, yes;" and I took down my Indian Bible. I was incredulous when they told me where they lived, for I felt pretty certain that no missionary had ever gone to that land. I opened my Indian Bible, and I read, "Jesus said I am the way, the truth, and the life," and I found that they had heard of this before. I was amazed, and said, "Why, you have had a missionary down in your land?" They replied, "You are the first missionary that we ever saw." I said, "You have had a teacher." They replied, "We never saw a teacher—what is a teacher?" I got interested at hearing these people reading the Word of God and at their telling me their story, and I asked, "How did this happen?" They said, "A hunter came down to our country to hunt for marten, beaver, and other animals, and we used to go to him and talk with him. We found that he had with him a great book, and as we lay round the camp we listened to what he read, and the words were very sweet. We went to him one day when he was not hunting, and he read to us from the book." On hearing this I said, "Would you like to read the Bible for yourselves?" and they replied "Yes." I then got some burnt bark, and taught them to read "ma," "ne," "too"—God—and before they left us they could read pretty well.—*Bible Society Reporter.*

Dora's Letter.

WAWANOSH HOME, SAULT STE. MARIE,

MR. WILSON—As my father wrote to me to ask you please could you pull my tooth out, it is growing over another 'one, so my father said if I did not get it out he would take me to the doctor when I go home, and I thought that you would not hurt me, so I ask you, please, Mr. Wilson.

I am, DORA JACOBS.

Send in your Subscriptions for OUR FOREST CHILDREN.



WASHAKADA HOME.

The Washakada Home.

THE Washakada Home, Elkhorn, Manitoba, the opening of which was described in last month's issue, is built on two acres of land, close to the C. P. R. railway track, and quite near to the village. This is an advantage for several reasons,—the stores are close at hand for procuring goods; the church is near for the children to attend; a boot-maker has his shop in the Institution and teaches the boys his trade without any expense being incurred; other trades will by-and-by be started in the same way,—and, apart from these and other such advantages, we believe it best for the Indian children to be brought into actual contact with the white people, to have white people around them and with them every day. Prejudices will, we believe, be broken down in this way on both sides, and the children will be more readily weaned from the old life than they would be if the Institution had been built in some sequestered spot. The worst place for an Indian Institution, we believe, is on an Indian Reserve; the next worst place is near to a Reserve; the next worst place is some isolated position away from any town or village; and the best place, we believe, is in the immediate neighborhood of some town or city, where active work is going on all around. Our Elkhorn Buildings are three in number. They consist of the Washakada Home for girls, the Central Buildings where both girls and boys meet for school above and meals below, and the Kasota Home for boys. This, we believe, is the best arrangement possible for an Indian Institution. If we succeed in establishing another Institution at Medicine Hat, we shall erect our buildings

in the same way. And indeed we purpose to do the same thing with our Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, so soon as funds will admit of it—make the present Shingwauk Home simply a boarding-house for boys, erect a new Central building to the east of it; sell our present Wawanosh, which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles off, and put up a new Wawanash Home to the east of the Central.

The Elkhorn Buildings are all very nicely finished; Mr. Broadley, the contractor, so far from shirking any part of his work, has put almost more in than we had expected of him, and has tried in every way to give satisfaction. Very little paint has been used in the inside finishing; the wainscoting and ceilings are for the most part pine, oiled and varnished, and this, with the clean, white, smoothly-plastered walls, gives a very cleanly, fresh-looking appearance to the inside of the buildings. In connection with the Institution, a farm of 640 acres of prairie land has been secured. This was a free grant from the Government, and cost us nothing; but we shall want about \$2,000 for putting up the necessary buildings and the purchase of stock. The farm is four miles distant from the Institution, and this we consider an advantage. Our idea is to build a comfortable farm house, with accommodation for a farmer and his wife, who will board about 6 of our boys at a time, and employ them in the farm work. The boys will take turns going out to the farm, and it will be a nice change for them.

We trust that our friends, now that we have these Elkhorn Homes actually in operation, will come to our aid, and do what they can to help us. Beyond the kind help offered by the Womens' Auxiliary of

Montreal, very little really is at present being done in Canada towards the support of the Washakada Home, and nothing whatever has been guaranteed from England. The Government grant being only "per capita," it makes it very difficult to make "both ends meet," especially just now at the beginning, when a good deal of money has to be expended in going round picking up pupils; and often when we get to a distant Reserve, we find no parents willing to part with their pupils, so that we have had the journey for nothing. Any Sunday schools that are willing to help, can have an Indian protege allotted to them for their support at \$50 per annum; or if they cannot manage \$50, they can have half a pupil at \$25; or if they are too poor for that, we will be glad of whatever they can give us.

Ancient America and Ancient Egypt.

N the *Weekly Times* (English) of July 26th, was an interesting article headed "Mr. Petrie in the Fayum." We make the following short extracts:—"The second block being extracted, there appeared a bed of mixed sand and stone flakes, about a foot in depth, and below this again a mass of smashed pottery, four pavis of sandstone corn rubbers, eight bronze knives, &c." A little further on,—"Here we have the constant element of the corn-rubbers." In the next column,—"Flint-flakes; curious pottery, with incised patterns of basket work, of a style hitherto unknown, . . . the stocks of two bow drills, one with the socket head." Again in the fourth column of the page,—"The pottery of the Illahun settlement, as already stated, is *sui generis*, and decorated with patterns imitating basket work . . . The characters incised upon them are neither hieroglyphic nor hieratic: in a word, they are not Egyptian." In the Autumn of 1888, the editor of this magazine visited some ancient ruins in New Mexico, and among other things brought away with him five stone axe heads, such as the Indians formerly used; about three-parts of a broken "sandstone corn-rubber"; and a quantity of broken pieces of pottery—a good proportion of it being of "basket work pattern." Indians in New Mexico and Arizona still make pottery quite extensively, and decorate it with black and red paint on a white ground, but the "incised basket work pattern" is of ancient date, and no longer employed by modern Indians; "corn-rubbers," for grinding the Indian corn, are still extensively used by the Pueblo Indians; the rubber is a sort of large whet stone, about 18 inches long, by 5 inches wide, and from an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. The grains of corn are put

on a sloping slab of sandstone in a square wooden trough or box, and are ground to flour by being rubbed up and down between the sloping slab and the corn-rubber; the Indian woman kneels to her work, grasping the corn rubber in a horizontal position, with both hands, and her action while grinding is like a laundress with a wash-board. It would be interesting to know whether these ancient "corn rubbers" discovered in Egyptian ruins in any way resemble those above described, or were used in the same way. It would also be interesting to know whether the "basket work pottery" of Egypt in any way resembles the ancient basket-work pottery of America.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Y wife pictured to herself her dear husband returning to the dépôt in search of her and finding that she was not. And then the supper. Her husband, she knew, would never eat his supper alone. What should she do? What should she do? It seemed there was only one thing she could do, and that was to get out of the Pulman as quickly as possible; and this she did. But oh! whither should she fly? It was an enormous station, thousands of people thronging and crowding in



MY WIFE BEHIND BARS.

every direction, whistles shrieking, steam hissing, bells clanging, station men shouting the departure of trains. A station guard saw her, went to her, enquired her errand. "It is my husband, she gasped," "I am in search of my husband, oh whither, whither shall

I go?" "Better stay here, ma'am, by the gate, is the only gate the gentleman can come in by," and aside, to a fellow-official, "Guess he went to get his own supper and left her in the train." It was a sad sight for me, when, at length, I did return. A station official touched my shoulder and said "Sir, a lady there is, I think, beckoning to you." Yes, it was too true, there, behind the iron bars was my wife, the loved figure of her whom I had promised to keep for better, for worse,—there she was—alone, unprotected,—and wanting her supper. So we went together to the Railway Restaurant and had an uncommonly good supper.

The following morning we reached St. Louis at 7 a.m. One of my wife's fondest ambitions was to go in a Mississippi steamboat, on the Mississippi River, and see cotton growing in the fields on either side, and alligators basking in the sunshine on the banks. These hopes, however, were doomed to be disappointed. It was not the time of year for excursion boats down the river, and only an occasional boat was running northward, and there would be no alligators or cotton-fields up north.

St. Louis is a large city of 350,522 inhabitants ; it has manufacturing, mercantile, and commercial interests. It is the converging point of nearly 15,000 miles of steamboat navigation. The above was extracted from the Railway Guide, so cannot be vouched for. We can only vouch for what we saw, heard and smelt. We are not prepared to contest the assertion that the steam-boats assembled at St. Louis docks represent a waterway

duce the soupy condition of the far-famed river. The Mississippi not only looks dirty, but it smells. I dipped my hand in the fluid and found that there was a decided odour about the water, and not a pleasant one. The river appeared to be about half a mile wide, and is crossed by an immense iron bridge of only three spans, through which rattle the trains, and over the top of which creep, like flies, the wagons, street cars, and other vehicles. The Mississippi rises and falls considerably in the course of the year. There was evidence of this in the long, sloping, paved embankment, which led from the line of houses to the water's edge, and the long, rusty, iron chains by which barges and floating landing-stages were moored to the bank. St. Louis is a fine city, but the streets are dirty, and there are bad smells. It is a great place for street cars. Street cars seemed thicker here than in New York. They are run by horse-power, mule-power, and by electricity. Those run by electricity are in pairs, two cars coupled together, one of these does the work, the other simply follows. We did not like St. Louis, so we left the same evening.

Having travelled all night, we reached Monett at the hour of 7:15 a.m., Nov. 5th. Monett is a place of no consequence. It was merely the stopping place for breakfast. That breakfast forever deserves to be placed. The people at Monett evidently had the idea that people coming from the East were great eaters. Myself and wife had enjoyed liberal breakfasts before, but never one equal to the breakfast at Monett. We were not asked what we would have, but the things were simply put down before us, and when the space before each of us was literally covered with dishes, so that not a speck of the tablecloth could be seen, other dishes were put on the top of the first lot ; there was enough there to last two ordinary mortals for a week, and all of it well-cooked tempting-looking food. We would not like to have our word doubted, therefore we give herewith in detail the various viands with which we were each personally served at that breakfast at Monett. We each had put before us a large white bowl full of stewed oysters ; and a cup of coffee—very good and fragrant ; and a fat, chunky-headed, veal cutlet ; and two limbs of a tender chicken ; and a mutton chop ; and a juicy piece of beefsteak—size 3 by 3½ inches surface measure, and ½ an inch thick ; and a dish of fried potatoes ; and a dish containing two fresh tempting looking poached eggs ; and a plate of bread ; and a plate of buckwheat pancakes,—each of these things here enumerated was set down before my wife, and



SMELLING THE MISSISSIPPI.

of 15,000 miles. It must require an area of about that distance in order to collect sufficient material to pro-

each of these here enumerated was set down before me, and each of these things here enumerated was set down before a man on my right hand, and each of these things here enumerated was set down before a married lady on my wife's left hand; and each of these things here enumerated was set down—we think, but are not quite sure—before a baby in the married lady's arms. Besides these things, there were also on the table, glass dishes full of oranges, glass bowls full of celery, and other tempting things, and on a side table were two immense glass jugs full of delicious looking yellow custard. We were afraid there was another course coming on, so we paid our money and left.

CHAPTER VII.—INDIAN TERRITORY.

That same day, at 10:30 a.m., we entered Indian Territory.

Indian Territory is, as its name implies, the land of the Indians. It is about 350 miles long, from east to west, and about 200 miles wide, from north to south; having the State of Kansas as its northern border, and Texas as its southern. Within the Territory are congregated 76,000 out of the 248,000 souls which forms the Indian population of the United States. They are divided into many tribes, and speak a number of different languages; Chief among them are the Cherokee Nation, numbering 22,000 persons; the Creeks numbering 14,000; the Choctaws numbering 16,000; and the Chickasaws numbering 6,000; these tribes are in a civilized condition, and occupy the eastern part of the Territory. In the centre part are the Kaws, Osages, Tonawas, Poncas, Otoes, Missouries, Pawnees, Sac and Fox, Iowas, Kickapoos, Seminoles, and Pottawatomies; and in the western portion are the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Wichitas, Kiowas, and Comanches.

There is no mistake about Indian land. The chângé is noticeable directly a stranger enters it. The train goes rattling along as before,—but there is a quiet, a peace, a calm, an absence of rush and bustle,—the prairie rolls away to the horizon, without a village, a house, or even a hut in sight; the soil is unbroken, it is one great unfenced field, a few trees here and there, a solitary rider perhaps cantering along in a quiet satisfied manner on his pony, a few cattle grazing on the prairie and a boy watching them. We had entered the Territory from the east, so we were now in the land of the Cherokees, and our destination was Vinita, their principal commercial town.

We were curious to see Vinita. We had heard that it was a civilized Indian town; that it had hotels, and

stores, and insurance offices, and telegraph offices, and newspaper offices, all kept and managed by Indians. We had seen, indeed, a Vinita newspaper; owned, as we had been led to suppose, by an Indian proprietor, and edited by an Indian editor; and in this newspaper we had seen advertisements of lawyers and doctors and dentists and butchers and milliners and hotel-keepers—all Cherokees;—yes—here is an example or two of the advertisements in the Vinita *Chieftain*:

Peoples' Cheap Harness Shop.—Don't wait to be pitched about—will endeavour to build upon a square foundation—Would save the country if I could; can't be done with leather, but will do your *Boot and Shoe repairing*, neatly and substantially. ☰ A share of your patronage solicited. Special attention given to *Cow-boy Saddles, Hides &c.* T. W. M., Manager. East of track.

Here is another: ‘To the Public.’—*G. W. Green, the well-known merchant*, wishes to make the following announcement, and the people are requested to verify the same:—I have a better line of goods than were ever before brought here. Customers who are difficult to please and hard to fit are my delight; I want them to call on me. My dry goods stock is worthy of especial words of praise. My boot and shoe stock is a monster and no mistake—complete in every particular. *Come while the stock is full.*

In the ‘Personal’ column we read the following: T. A. Camp, who accidentally broke some of his ribs a short time ago, has recovered.

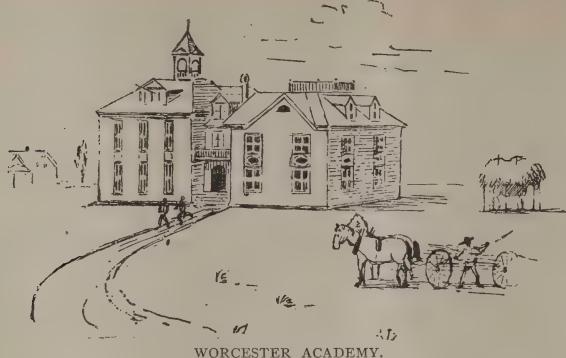
Miss Kinnison, after a week’s visit with her aun., Mrs. H. Smith, went home last Thursday.

Moses Keokuk of Sac and Fox, passed through Tuesday; he was suffering from rheumatism.

Frank Hubbard, the popular editor of the Muskogee *Phoenix*, was in the city Monday.

All the above items of interest, and the foregoing advertisements, we read in the Vinita *Indian Chieftain*, of November 1st. We were looking over the paper in the train, and wondering what the place would be like, when we reached it. The advertisements and other notices seemed to us to smack so very much of the American,—indeed it was a marvel to us—knowing as we did so well the Indian character—that Indians of whatever tribe could have been led so far to forget their ancient traditions as to adopt not only the dress and the language, but also the swagger and the greed of the white race. At length we reached Vinita.

Now we would see for ourselves what it all meant. The people at the station seemed to be white people.

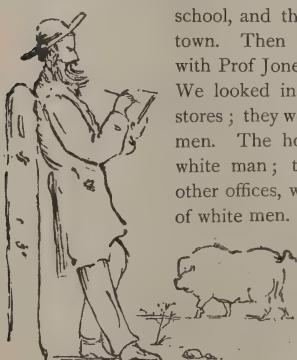


WORCESTER ACADEMY.

But then the railway was, of course, owned by an American Company, and employed American officials, so that was all right. The Worcester Academy, where we were to stay, was quite close, so we walked to it. A boy just inside the entrance door, seemed to be a white boy, and spoke good English. He had light hair and grey eyes. We asked him for the Principal, Professor Jones, and he showed us into the professor's room. Professor Jones soon came in. He did not seem to have much of the Indian about him. Indeed he said he had none. He came from somewhere in the Eastern States. At dinner time we met all the other teachers and employees; they were all, or nearly all, white people. The pupils had, all of them, far more white blood in their veins than Indian blood. A large proportion of them seemed to be entirely white, and shewed their white character by their behavior; some few were partly Cherokee; of full blood Cherokees there were none.

After dinner I made a sketch of the school, and then I sketched the town. Then I went for a walk with Prof Jones, to see the place. We looked inside several of the stores; they were all kept by white men. The hotel was kept by a white man; the telegraph, and other offices, were all in the hands of white men. The doctor was a

white man. The newspaper was owned by a man who had one-fourth



I MAKE A SKETCH.

part Cherokee blood in him, but it was edited by a white man. They said there was a full-blood Cherokee dentist; but we did not see him. I asked of Prof. Jones an explanation: I had been told, I said, that Vinita was a Cherokee town, belonging to the Cherokee Nation, and that no white man was permitted to hold property or to remain within the Territory, and yet I saw white men in all the stores and offices; and white men seemed to have all the business of the place in their own hands. Prof. Jones replied as follows:—"What you were told in regard to Vinita is true. All the land on which

town is built is Indian property; it belongs to the Cherokee Nation, and no alien is permitted to build or to hold property in it.—BUT—there is nothing to prevent a white man from marrying a Cherokee squaw, if he and she be willing; and there is nothing to prevent their children from marrying again into white families; and there is nothing to prevent the children of their children, and their children's children, from continuing to intermarry with white people. And all these cases of intermarriage are recognized by law as an introduction of the adventurous individual into the Cherokee Nation. All these grey-eyed, brown-bearded, red-bearded, sandy-bearded men; and all these blue-eyed, golden-haired children, which you see about are, in fact, Cherokees, members of the great Cherokee Nation; entitled to hold Cherokee property, and to have a vote in the Cherokee elections,—not because they have Cherokee blood, but because they have been united in marriage with some one having a slight taint of Cherokee, or the offspring of such marriage.

(To be Continued).

Shingwauk Boys' Letters.

To a friend, from one of the new boys, just arrived:

I WRITE you to inform you that about telling you that it is a very pleasant so far when I came here I am very much pleasure to say that about that matter, very beautiful place here and happy ground, the boys here give all free privileges, all everything free, and I believe all this boys here be very good education, and very good kind people.

PETER MEGIS.

From an old boy, to his friend:

I NOW write you a letter so as to tell you all I know about Shingwauk Home. During last summer

vacation some of the boys stayed at Shingwauk, but some of us went home. When the school was opened again, Chief Brant, of the Mohawks, gave us a speech the day after we arrived at the Shingwauk. He said that we are having a splendid opportunity to get a good education. It is a very pleasant place up here. We have now a nice level ground for playing base ball and some other games. Some boys have started playing the brass instruments. They are getting along nicely. There are about sixty boys here at present. Some are learning trades, such as farmer, carpenter, shoe-maker, tailor, engineer, telegraphing, and also to be school teachers. We have a very good teacher. Mr. Wilson is very kind to us. He gave us clothing and everything that we need. I am now in Fourth Class, studying to be a school teacher.

ARTHUR MISKOKOMON.

My dear Father and Mother:

I am writing to you this morning to tell you that I am quite well and I hope you are the same, all of you. Shingwauk Home is a nice place and everything around it is looking nice and there are lots of cattle and lots of hens and I am learning carpenter here now; I work in the afternoon at the carpenter and go to school in the morning, and I also learn telegraph I learn that in the evening, and we have now a nice brass band and they play band every evening and they are learning very well. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain your son.

ALEXANDER ASSANCE

By a little Mohawk boy, 9 years old.

DEAR SIR; I am writing to you to tell you that I am getting along very well. It is a very good place here. We have a base ball ground here now. We are going to have a match on Saturday. Also we have a brass band. The boys are learning to play well. We all like going to school here and we want to get good education. Very respectfully,

BURGET SEBASTIAN BRANT.

From a 12 year old Ojebway:

My dear mother, I am well at present hoping you are the same. I am third base in the base ball club. I can swim good now. I made Santa Claws yesterday and scared all the boys. We have a good brass band here but I don't play in it. I enjoy playing marbles and jumping. I am sorry to say we have one boy in our jail, but I never go yet. We have a good teacher here now. I had a good time in the holidays here at Shingwauk, and I made a little pocket money. I also

went out picking blue berries; once I caught a young rabbit, and I was on the raft and I fell in the water. Love to all. From your loving son. LOUIS ISSAC.

From a 12 year old Pottawatami.

My dear friend, once more I write thanking you for your support, I will try my best I can to write this very few little letter. They was a very few boys last winter, but this time there are 60 boys in the Shingwauk Home. They have playing ball. We have now a very level ground for playing base ball. We are getting better now playing base ball. I dont thank I will tell anything alas.

ANANIAS SAMPSON.

From a 17 year old Ojebway, in his 5th year.

My dear friends: We had a pleasant time during the summer holidays here at Shingwauk. We had nearly 2 months of holiday. The school re-commenced three weeks ago. There are 54 boys in school now, and more are coming. The boys are getting along well with their studies. We have a base ball team. The name of our club is "Buckskin." Our base ball ground is nice and tidy. We are building a sash and door factory. Everything around the Shingwauk is getting on well and looking nicer as time goes on. I thank you very much for paying for my education.

Very respectfully. WILLIAM J. RILEY.

♦ ♦ ♦

Indian Girls' Letters.

WAWANOSH HOME, August 22nd, 1889.

DEAR FATHER,—We are all very happy here. It is almost like home. Our teacher and our matron are both very kind to us and helps us to get on in our lessons and also to learn to be neat and tidy in doing house work and other things. My brother Isaiah was glad when I saw him on Sunday. We all want you to send us some apples, one barrel. Caroline says for you to ask her uncle to send her some money of her own, what the Agent gives her to pay for the apples to come here, for they have hardly tasted an apple all summer. The apples what I was going to give my sister Lizzie got bad before I got here so she did not have any. I got here on Sunday morning last week all right, the lake was not very rough except on the night when we left you. I was sea sick, but I just got up and walked about and I was all right soon after. I remain your daughter,

DORA JACOBS.

WAWANOSH HOME, August 20th, 1889.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am glad to hear from you a

week ago, and I like to stay here. They are twenty-six girls and we have kind teacher, and Mr. Wilson comes and hears us our Bible class. Please will you send me one dollar to spend in the winter, and sometimes I am quite lonesome, and Jenny is getting along very nicely. Our matron likes her very much because she is very good girl. And I am trying to be good girl too. And I enjoy myself in the holidays. We began school on August 19th. If you send me some money I will take my picture send you. So I think this is all for this time. Tell my mother that I send my best kisses to her and my sisters. I am your loving daughter.

MARY TURKEY.

THE Rev. J. A. Gilfillan, of White Earth, Minnesota, writes : August 29th, 1889.

DEAR MR. WILSON,—I enclose this letter, it is from Jacob Hudson; an Indian young man 18 years of age, of one of our Indian schools. It is his own composition, without any prompting; the first letter he ever wrote. He forgot to put his name to it, but that does not matter :

LEECH LAKE, MINN., CASS COUNTY, August 10th, 1889.

THE old Indians life away. They use to live on wagwams they live on houses and they move round every a few days. Chief the name, brave men and young men. The time they fight to Sioux they cut head of them, after that have war dance. And the Indians they worship everything, Rocke, trees and Lake, everything we could see on earth.

When churches came, they were change they mind, now they worship but nothing God. They sent children to school. The church works here and getting along nicely, the Indian people here they likes to go to church. The Government school his been started to long ago. Contract school who is started Mr. Gilfillan the children he was eighty-two in this school boys and girls too and he had a shoe-maker.

Leech Lake is on the State of Minnesota.

Notice.

"OUR FOREST CHILDREN" is a monthly periodical published by Rev. E. F. Wilson at the Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, for the futherance of education among the Indians. It is in quarto and contains illustrations, some of a burlesque kink. It is edited on sound principles, as it introduces the readers into the real conditions and peculiarities of the Indians, which must be understood by the educators thoroughly before they can think of educating or improving their

cinnamon-colored pupils. Instead of this we find in most of the "Indian journals" political leaders, official figures, temperance and total abstinence twaddle, devotional splurges and baby-talk. Mr. Wilson presents to his readers travels among the Indians, ethnographic and even linguistic articles, interesting correspondence and other *sound* reading matter. An article on p 8, entitled *The Races*, reminded us very much of the definition given to us by a Comanche Indian about the "civilized" and the wild Indians; the former, said he, have *heap sense* and the latter *no sense*. He could have established a third class, to which most of all men, whether black, yellow, red or white, belong to; we mean those who have *horse-sense*.—*American Antiquarian.*

An Indian Girl's Funeral.



AST night I witnessed for the first time the sad, but interesting, sight of an Indian girl's funeral. Mary —, who was about 16 years of age, died on Sunday, at the Wawanosh Home, of rapid consumption. She was a gentle good girl, and a great favorite with her young companions, and well spoken of by all who knew her. The hour for the funeral was fixed for 7 o'clock; punctually at that time the bell of the chapel began to toll, and in the distance one could see the procession approaching. Which consisted of two vehicles, in which were Rev. E. Wilson, the lady superintendent, matron, and some of the smallest girls from the Home; these were followed by a wagon drawn by 2 horses, in which was the coffin, covered with a black cloth. The little chapel was lighted, and almost filled with the boys and girls from the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, looking very neat in their uniforms. As the coffin was carried in and laid on tressels in the chancel, every one seemed moved; and Mr. Wilson told the girls, that if they wished, they might lay the flowers, which they all carried, on the coffin. One of his daughters left her seat and laid a lovely little wreath of white flowers and ferns on the coffin, which was polished black wood with silvered handles; her example was soon followed by other members of Mr. Wilson's household, and all the Indian girls, until the lid was covered with lovely flowers.

The hymn, "Days and moments quickly flying," was then sung. After the first two verses were sung, Mr. Wilson gave a short address, and while they sang the last verses, 4 Indian boys with black scarves tied across their tunics, carried the coffin out of the chapel to the Cemetery. It being now almost dark, the road, which is exceedingly pretty, was lighted by torches, placed at regular intervals, and the long procession of boys and girls, winding their way through the trees, was a sight long to be remembered. After the funeral, girls and boys returned to the Home, but two little girls waited until the grave was filled in, that they might place flowers on the mound.

J. W.

Shingwauk Chips.

OUR school has been honored by a visit from Chief Brant, a lineal descendent of the famous Captain Joseph Brant, who fought under the British flag in 1776, and to whose memory a monument has been erected in the city of Brantford. Chief Brant has a little son, 9 years old, in our school, by name Burget Sebastian Brant; he came to see his little son, and also brought half a dozen more young Mohawks, as pupils. The Chief seemed very pleased with all he saw, both at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes; and in an address which he delivered in our schoolroom, he urged upon our scholars to make the most of their opportunities and learn all they could. He brought out a magic lantern with him, which he exhibited; and he also wore his Indian dress and the silver medals which he had inherited from his father.

OUR Indian pupils of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes recently sent \$30 to the Uganda mission, in Africa.

A WEEK or two ago we were favored by a visit from Mr. A. J. Standing, Captain Pratt's assistant superintendent at the great Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania. Mr. Standing was on a tour through the State of Michigan, in search of pupils, and had already sent down a batch of 78. He was with us on Sunday, and in the evening addressed the pupils in our schoolroom; and exhibited a number of beautiful photographs, illustrating the work which is going on at Carlisle.

THE Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes are both full, and in a few days we expect to be over full, as 10 or 12 more pupils are expected. We are preparing for this, by the erection of a new stone building to correspond with our hospital. Eventually this building will be used for workshops, in which various trades will be taught; but at the present, it must be fitted with dormitories to take the overflow from the Shingwauk.

OUR furniture factory is approaching completion. Mr. Wilberforce Wilson, brother of the editor, a civil engineer, happily happens to be on a visit, and has been rendering valuable assistance in setting up the engine and boiler, and getting the machinery into place. Charles Gilbert, an Ojebway lad of 20, who has been learning blacksmithing the last three years, will be placed in charge of the engine, and will also do what blacksmithing may be required; a small portable forge having been erected. It is purposed to turn out a number of curious and attractive articles in the way of furniture and fancy work, of a distinctive "Shingwauk make," and we hope visitors will purchase.

WE regret very much to record the death of one of our Indian girls, Mary Kadah, of Sheshewaning; she died of consumption, at the early age of 16; Mary was one of the best girls at the Wawanosh Home, and last summer received the Bishop's prize for general good behaviour. She was very gentle and kind in her manner, and loved her bible.

WE heard recently from David O. Sahgee, that he is getting on well at Ottawa, in the Indian Department.

MISS PIGOT has returned from her trip to Lac Seul and the Neepigon, and is again in charge of our hospital.

OUR schools were visited by school Inspector McCaig, on Sept. 9th. He reports very favorably of the progress made by our pupils, at both schools; the only fault he has to find is that our buildings are becoming too crowded. Next summer we must build—build.

WE want to put up a ten thousand dollar "Central Building" next summer, to the east of the present Shingwauk.

NUMBERS of visitors keep coming to visit our Indian Homes; and all who come are pleased and say they will come again.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS ARE RECOMMENDED TO COMMENCE WITH THE JUNE NUMBER (1889). Arrangements will be made for indexing and binding the volumes at the end of the year.

Fire at the Shingwauk Home.

A FIRE broke out at the Shingwauk Home, at 7:30 a.m., Thursday, September 12th. In a few minutes the school master's bedroom, and the large front dormitory, were filled with a rolling cloud of thick smoke, and flames were seen bursting up through the floor. Buckets of water were quickly brought into play, and the Shingwauk fire brigade, employees and boys, all worked like Trojans, breaking up the floor and partitions with axes, and pouring in pails of water. Mr.

Wilson despatched a boy on horseback to the Sault for the steam fire brigade, and then finding that the fire was gaining headway, all hands that could be spared were called on to move out the furniture and valuables from the building. A great many articles were carried over to the hospital, and others of less value were piled up on the grass away from the building. At length, happily, word was brought down that the fire was under control; and the work of carrying things out was stayed for the time being. Meantime inquiries were made as to the origin of the fire, and it became clear that it began at the lock-up, in which a refractory boy was at the time confined. A short examination proved conclusively that the fire was this boy's work. So another messenger was despatched to the Sault, to stop the fire engine and to bring out a constable. A considerable amount of damage altogether was done; the floor under the school master's bedroom, part of the dormitory floor, and the partition connecting with the lower storey, were completely gutted; it was a wonder indeed that the building was saved, and a cause for great thankfulness that the results were not more serious. The boys were given a holiday and a small gratuity each on account of having worked so well. The building is insured in the "Guardian Insurance Co." (England).

Other Indian Schools.



HEN passing through Winnipeg, in July, we visited the "Rupert's Land Indian School," now in course of erection; the walls were then up to the top of the second storey preparatory

to placing the roof. It appeared to be a substantial structure, built of white brick, an arched door-way in centre; 18 windows in front—8 on the lower flat and 10 above. A covered passage at the back connects with a frame laundry, and beyond are stables and cow-house. The Institution is to be opened this fall, and then there will be accommodation for 80 pupils. The support will be furnished by the Indian Department

and the Church Missionary Society, supplemented by general contributions.

On reaching Regina, we visited the new Government Institution for Indian children, which is being built 4 miles west of the town. It is to be under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, and will probably be the finest and most expensive institution that has yet been built. The main building is 180 feet long by 37 feet wide, and a wing runs back 73 feet. The first floor will contain general assembly room, class rooms, officers' quarters and sewing room; and dining-room, kitchen and laundry in the wing. The upper floor will have dormitories, for both boys and girls. In the front there will be 3 doors and 20 windows to the lower floor, and 23 windows to the upper floor. It is expected that the building will be roofed-in this winter, and will be completed by September, 1890. The accommodation will be for 200 pupils.

We see by the Battleford *Herald*, that the Government Indian school (church of England), at Battleford, is being enlarged; a wing 40 by 42 feet being added on the east side. The ground floor of this addition will contain dining-room, and sewing-rooms for girls; and the upper floor, dormitories. There will also be bath-rooms and a kitchen attached, and a cellar 12 x 18 feet underneath. Stoves, throughout the building, are to be done away with, and the whole institution will be heated by a hot air furnace. There is also to be built a laundry, and reading and recreation rooms for the children. All the buildings are frame. As a means of fire protection a large tank is to be constructed in the attic, the water supply being raised by a wind-mill.

Another Government Institution, we hear, is to be built at Red Deer Lake, somewhere between Calgary and the Peace River, to be under the auspices of the Methodist Church.

Indian Remains.

ANCIENT FORT EXCAVATED BY CURATOR DAVID BOYLE
—SKELETONS AND RELICS FOUND.

MR. ARCADAL BLUE, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, who has been in the County of Kent investigating an outbreak of disease among hares in that locality, has just returned. He was accompanied in this trip by Dr. Bryce, of the Provincial Board of Health. After attending to the object of their mission the two gentlemen visited the remains of an old Indian fort, which has long been known to exist in that part of the country. Many curiosity-seekers have found relics there, but the place was never thoroughly explored until it was visited

by Mr. David Boyle, curator of the Canadian Institute. He recently brought from there eight Indian skulls and a case filled with bone implements, broken pottery, pipes and other relics.

Mr. Blue made the following statement to a representative of the press, who called on him yesterday — The fort is situated at the head waters of Clear creek, near Clearville, on the farms of Messers. Bury and Ridley. The creek forms its northern and western boundaries, and a small ravine runs along the south. The site was very well chosen for purposes of defence, the creek supplying plenty of water, just outside the walls. The springs were at one time very strong, but are now nearly dried up. The walls are elliptical in form, and the circumference is about 400 yards.

"The country was occupied during the period of the Huron mission by the Attiwanderon or Neutral Indians, so-called because in the war between the Iroquois and Hurons they took neither side. They were, however, very warlike, and exterminated a tribe west of Lake Michigan. After the close of the Iroquois-Huron war they were in turn utterly destroyed by the Iroquois. This was about 1650. They occupied about forty towns.

"There are two parts to the fort, an upper and lower plateau. The latter is probably artificial, as Mr. Boyle found it to consist of earth and ashes. He dug down four or five feet. Nearly four feet down he found coarse old pottery and implements, and below this found a bed of ashes an inch thick. "When we arrived and found that Mr. Boyle had dug up the upper plateau," continued Mr. Blue, "we tackled the lower one. There is an artificial embankment on the north side of the fort, running southward from the wall 60 or 70 feet. Noticing a deep impression on the crown, where the grass appeared very green, we suspected that a body was interred beneath.

"We made an opening about one and a half feet deep, and struck a skeleton. After considerable more digging we unearthed two, lying side by side, about a foot apart, face upwards, but inclining eastward at an angle of 15 degrees from the perpendicular. The bodies lay very nearly north and south. We measured both, one being 5 feet 9 inches, and the other 5 feet 5 inches.

"They were apparently the skeletons of a male and a female. They were very perfect in their parts, but so brittle that, in spite of the most careful handling, they were more or less broken in the lifting. The skull of the male was long and narrow, but that of the female was finely shaped.

"We found the root of a walnut tree, two inches in

diameter, grown through the head of the male. The stump stood fifteen feet away. The root had penetrated the skull through the right ear, and passed out through the lower angle of the left jaw. The upper jaw was completely destroyed, but the lower was well preserved. The root passed under the cerebral vertebrae of the other skeleton, and down under the spine, leaving it in a much disturbed and decayed state.

"We measured the stump, finding it 4 feet 6 inches in the clear. Counting the concentric circles, we estimated the tree to have been 250 years old when it was cut down 40 years ago. It is almost certain that the tree began to grow subsequent to the interment of the bodies, and it is safe to say the skeletons are at least 300 years old. Mr. Boyle says they may be 500. We found a few pieces of broken pottery and a portion of a deer's antler fashioned into some sort of an implement."

An Indian Pot-latch.

An election to chieftainship is purchased by a "pot-latch," or giving away of presents of goods and money. These are common to the native tribes on the Pacific coast from Puget Sound to Alaska.

An ambitious young man will work hard for years and save his earnings that he may make a pot-latch. If unable to accumulate a sufficient sum of himself, his relatives will add to his collection. When the time arrives the Indians are invited for hundreds of miles around. It is a season of dancing and other festivities, during which the entire accumulation of years is given away, and the giver impoverished.

He, however, secures position and renown, and soon recovers in the gifts of others more than he gave away.
—Sheldon Jackson.

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Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE, AUGUST, 1889.

FROM the G. F. S. and W. Auxiliary, St. Luke's Church, Waterloo, P. Q., per Rev. D. Lindsay, a nice box of clothing for the Boys' and Girls' Home ; also a quilt.

From Captain Pratt, Carlisle, Penn., two photographs—one containing a collection of small photographs of all the Carlisle Indian School Buildings, and the other containing portraits of the graduating class of 1889—14 in number, and all Indians.

From the G. F. S. of St. Matthew's, Hamilton, per Miss K. Swansy, a parcel of clothing.

Receipts—Our Indian Homes.

FROM AUGUST 6TH TO SEPT. 8TH, 1889.

Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd, \$2; St. Peter's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Grace Church S. S., Bradford, for boy, \$18.75; Emmanuel Church, London Tp., \$4; Miss Thornton, for girl, \$75; St. Paul's S.S., Rothesay, \$2.50; Visitors \$1.50; Trinity S. S.; Galt, for boy, \$75; Miss K. Swansy, \$5; Geo. H. Rowsell, for boy, \$18.75; St. John's S.S., Tilsonburg, \$8.85; St. Paul's S. S., London, for boy, \$60; St. James S. S., Gravenhurst, \$3.35; St. George's S.S., Montreal, for boy, \$75; Dr. and Mrs. Beaumont, \$3; Memorial Church S. S., London, for boy, \$18.75; Church of Redeemer S. S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Jehu Matthews, for girl, \$75; Per J. J. Mason, \$78.82; Holy Trinity S.S., Yarmouth, N. S., for boy and $\frac{1}{2}$ girl, \$10.

Receipts—O.F.C.

AUGUST 10TH, 1889.

J. Munro, 50c.; T. A. Patterson, 50c.; General Tripe, \$1; E. H. Osler, 50c.; Magness Begg, \$1; Miss L. A. Brown, 50c.; Rev. R. C. Crockett, 50c.; Hill Gregory, 50c.; E. Kendrick, 50c.; Mrs. Febiger, 50c.; Miss M. Carrie, 50c.; Mrs. Hamwood, \$1; G. H. Hale, \$1; E. Broadbent, 50c.; Mrs. A. Kirkland, \$1; Miss T. Carruthers, 50c.; Mrs. Reed, 50c.; Miss McClaren, 50c.; J. A. Naftel, \$4.50; Miss E. Rogers, 50c.; E. A. Taylor, 50c.; Joseph E. Squireman, 50c.

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PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, No. 8.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, NOVEMBER, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 6.]

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 6.

THE MANDAN INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



EING a small tribe and unable to contend on the wide prairies with the Sioux and other roaming tribes, who are ten times more numerous, the Mandans have very judiciously located themselves in permanent villages, which are strongly fortified, and insure their preservation. By this means they have advanced further in the arts of manufacture; have supplied their lodges more abundantly with the comforts and even luxuries of life than any Indian nation that I know of. The consequence of this is, that this tribe has taken many steps ahead of other tribes in manners and refinements, and are therefore familiarly and correctly denominated by the traders and others who have been amongst them, "the polite and friendly Mandans." So speaks George Catlin, of the Mandan tribe, in his interesting history of the North American Indians, written fifty years ago. At that time, he tells us, they were a small tribe of 2,000 souls, living in two permanent villages on the river Missouri, 1800 miles above its junction with the Mississippi, and they occupied dome-shaped, earth-covered lodges; their villages being surrounded by a fence of strong pickets eighteen feet high, and a ditch. From some of their old men Catlin gained the information that formerly they lived fifteen or twenty miles further down the river, in ten contiguous villages, the marks or ruins of which were yet to be plainly seen, and that at that time they numbered about 15,000. Lewis and Clarke, who visited them in 1804, say that forty years before that time, viz., in 1764, the Mandans were occupying nine villages, eighty miles below their present site—seven on the west and two on the east side of the Missouri. Catlin attempts to trace their original haunts back to the Ohio and Muskingum rivers. Mr. Catlin also suggests the

novel and curious idea that these Mandans are a mixed race, having Welsh blood in their veins; he believes them to be the remains of a *Welsh Colony*, the followers of Prince Madoc, who, history tells us, sailed, in the early part of the fourteenth century, in ten ships, from North Wales, to colonize a country in the Western Ocean, and never returned. This Welsh expedition, it is believed, landed somewhere near the mouth of the Mississippi, and Catlin suggests that they ascended that river, formed a colony, somewhere near the junction with the Ohio, intermingled and intermarried with the Mandan Indians then occupying those regions, and taught them the art of fortifying their villages, and several other civilized customs. In support of his theory he adduces the following: (1) That the Mandan Indians differ very materially from other Indian tribes in their complexion and the color of their hair and eyes; a large proportion of them, he says, had light-colored, grey, and even white hair, while still young, and numbers of them had grey and blue eyes; (2) They dwelt in settled villages instead of roaming about the country like other Indians; (3) Their canoes were almost an exact imitation of the Welsh coracle, and were propelled in the same way, by dipping the paddle forward and drawing it in towards the paddler; (4) The name Mandan corresponds with the Welsh word Mandon, a species of madder used as a red dye; or it might be a corruption of the Welsh word Madawgwy, meaning a follower of Madoc; at any rate, Mandan is not an Indian word; (5) The fortifications, the ruins of which still exist on the banks of the Ohio River, could never have been the work of a wholly savage people; (6) Several words in Welsh correspond with those used in the Mandan language, e.g., head: Mandan, *pan*, Welsh, *pen*; the Great Spirit—Mandan, *Maho peneta*, Welsh, *Mawr penaethir*. It is also asserted that when, in the year 1781, Captain Lord was in command of the troops at Detroit, some Mandan Indians who visited the post were able to converse intelligently with his Welsh soldiers.

These people, whose history seems so curious, call themselves *See-pohs-kah-nu-mah-kah-kee*, meaning "the people of the pheasants." This seems a strange name for them, as there are no pheasants to be found in their

present haunts, or indeed, anywhere within hundreds of miles either to the east or the west of them. Their origin is involved in mystery. According to their own tradition they were the first people created in the world, and the lived originally inside the earth in a great cave. They have the story of a vine which grew in their cave up through a hole in the earth overhead, that a number of them climbed up this vine and so were introduced to the surface of the earth; then the vine broke and the rest of their Nation were left below. They say that they can still hear their people talking under the earth at certain times and places; and on important occasions they consult with them for their opinions and advice.

The Mandans are a branch of the great Siouan Stock, to which belong the Dakotas, the Omahas, the Poncas, the Osages, the Crows, the Assiniboinies, the Kaws, the Otoes, and several other tribes. Their numbers are now very greatly reduced. This was brought about mainly by the small-pox, which visited their two villages on the Missouri River, in 1838, and left scarcely a soul remaining. In 1884 they numbered 311; in 1885, 410; in 1887, 286. They are still living in the same neighborhood as formerly, on the west bank of the Missouri, near Fort Berthold, in Dakota Territory. It was some time before the American Government could induce them to give up their village life, and to adopt agriculture as a mode of gaining their livelihood; now, however, many of them have their own farms and comfortable frame houses to live in, and quite a number of their children attend the Fort Stevenson Industrial School, which is seventeen miles distant from their Reservation. Their immediate neighbors are the Arickaree and Gros Ventres Indians, tribes of a different language to themselves.

In former days, these people lived mainly by hunting buffaloes; buffalo meat and berries was at that time their main food; they also cultivated the ground to some extent, and grew maize, squashes, pumpkins and tobacco; they also ate a species of wild turnip found on the prairies.

In stature, the men were rather below the average standard, but they were well-proportioned and graceful in their movements; the men banged their hair on the forehead and wore it long on the sides; the women parted the hair in the middle and rubbed the parting, as do many Indian tribes, with vermillion. Their dresses were made of skins; their leggings and moccasins embroidered with colored porcupine quills and fringed with scalp locks; their head dresses were ornamented with the tail feathers of the war eagle—two

horses would be the price asked for a handsome head-dress. They would also ornament the head with a mat of ermine skins and tails; the tails and strips of skin falling as a thick fringe, like the mane of a buffalo, about their face and shoulders. As a people, the Mandans have always been friendly to the whites; they were never of a warlike disposition, and are very hospitable to strangers; the pot in the lodge is always kept boiling, and food is kept ready to place before the visitor. The women are spoken of as particularly modest and chaste in their behaviour.

At the time when Catlin visited them in 1832, he found them living, as has been said, in two large villages on the banks of the Missouri; the appearance of these villages he thus describes. "The groups of lodges around me present a very curious and pleasing appearance, resembling in shape, so many potash kettles inverted. On the tops of these are to be seen groups of people standing and reclining, whose wild and picturesque appearance it would be difficult to describe. In the centre of the village is an open space or public area 150 feet in diameter, and circular in form, which is used for public games and festivals; and in the middle of the circle is an object in the form of a large hogshead eight or ten feet high, made of planks and hoops, containing their medicines or mysteries, and called by them their "big canoe." They hold this object in the highest reverence, and once every year they have a high festival in commemoration of the flood."



MANDAN VILLAGE.

The dome-shaped houses in which these people used to live were from forty to fifty feet in diameter, sunk two feet in the ground, and about fifteen feet high in the centre. The outside circular wall was formed of upright posts about six feet high, and on the tops of these rested the butt ends of long poles all sloping towards one common centre, where a hole was left for sky-light and chimney; the roof was supported by beams

and five or six large posts inside the building, and was covered completely with a thick mat of willow boughs and prairie grass, then two or three feet of earth, giving it the dome like shape, and then clay which became hard and made the dwelling waterproof; the door was on the side, and was protected by a short passage in the manner of the snow houses of the Eskimos. The houses were so closely grouped together that there was barely room to walk or ride between them, and above them rose a bristling array of spears and scalp poles. The Mandans were still living in these dome-shaped houses so lately as the year 1877.



MAH-TO-TOH-PA.

A great chief among the Mandans was Mah-t-toh-pa. Mr. Catlin took his portrait in 1832. The following story is related of his fighting a duel with a Cheyenne chief. Armed with their guns the two chiefs rode furiously at one another firing at each other as they passed. Mahtotohpa's powder-horn was struck and his powder spilled, so he threw his gun away, and his adversary did the same. Then each balanced his shield on his arm, drew his bow from the quiver, and an arrow, and came on again to the fray; like two great eagles in the air they made circuits round and twanged their bows as they rushed past each other and screamed their war-whoop. Mahtotohpa's horse fell to the ground with an arrow in its heart. Both warriors, already badly wounded, then dismounted and approached one another with drawn knives; one of the knives was dropped

a deadly struggle ensued for the other one, and finally Mahtotohpa wrested it from his enemy and plunged it to his heart. Mr. Catlin dined with the great chief in his lodge, and saw a rude picture of the fray, which Mahtotohpa had drawn on a buffalo robe; the chief also shewed him the scars on his hands, caused by the knife when trying to wrench it from his foe. Mahtotohpa died of small-pox in 1838. He sat in his lodge and watched his family die one by one; then he walked around the village weeping at the destruction of his tribe; then, drawing his robe around him, he went away to a little hill some distance off, and despite the solicitations of the traders, literally starved himself to death.

Mr. Catlin gives an amusing account of the arrival of the first steamboat among this people. It so happened that there had been a long drought, and a noted medicine man named "White buffalo's hair," was on the roof of one of their houses, trying by his incantations and by shooting arrows at the sky to bring the rain. Instead of the rain he brought the steamboat, and the same evening there came a thunder shower, and so "White buffalo's hair" became a great man among his people. Mr. Catlin relates also the great cruelties which these people inflicted upon themselves at their annual feasts and dances. As many as forty or forty-five young men underwent torture at those times. First, they had to fast for four days; then they were laid on the ground and slits made with a knife in their breasts or backs through which wooden skewers were forced, and to the skewers were tied ropes, and the ropes were drawn upward to the ceiling of the great medicine lodge until the feet of the victims were dangling in the air ten or twelve feet from the ground; then after a time they were lowered and were obliged to wrench themselves free from the rope by jumping backward until they tore the skewers out of their flesh. From the description given it would seem to have been a performance very similar to that which is still in vogue among the Sioux, Cree and Blackfeet Indians, and which is generally called "the Sun Dance." These people also would cut off the first joint of one or more of their fingers and offer it as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, just as the Blackfeet Indians do still. In their great medicine lodge, Mr. Catlin says, were four strange-looking objects in the form of turtles lying on their backs, which they beat as drums during the dances. They were said to contain water; and on Mr. Catlin enquiring about them, he was gravely told that the water in them came from the four quarters of the globe,

and that it had been in those bags ever since the settling down of the waters after the flood. Their time for holding the great dance is when the willow leaves are in full leaf, for they say that their fathers came to this country in a large canoe, and after having been many days on the water, a bird flew out to them with a willow branch having fresh leaves on it.

Another of their annual celebrations is the buffalo dance. To perform this, a number of men wear buffalo hides and buffalo heads, and go through the motions of a herd of buffaloes. It is supposed to have the effect of making them successful in the chase.

The Mandans believe, like most other Indians, in a Great, Good Spirit and a Great Bad Spirit; but they say that the Bad Spirit was in existence long before the Good Spirit, and is far more powerful; they believe that people will be rewarded or punished in a future state, but their idea of hell is that of a region in the far north, where the unfortunate victims are all perished with cold.

They bury their dead always above ground, on scaffolds seven or eight feet high. Their cemetery, Catlin tells us, was only a short distance from their village on the open prairie; when a person died they would dress the body in its best attire, soak some robes in water until they were elastic, and then wind them and tie them tightly around the corpse, and place the corpse on the scaffold with its feet towards the rising sun. When the scaffold's decayed and fell to the ground, the relatives would collect the bleached bones and bury them—except the skulls; these they would preserve,

and place them in large rings on the prairie, the faces all turned inwards, and a medicine pole twenty feet high and two buffalo skulls in the centre. Each living person would remember his own dead relative, and attend to the preservation of the skull; and often, women might be seen sitting by the skull of a husband or child, talking to it, offering it food, or placing some fresh, sweet-scented sage-grass beneath it.

We must not omit to add that these curious and interesting people were acquainted with the art of making pottery. Nearly all the utensils used for cooking, fetching water, &c., Mr. Catlin tells us, were made by themselves. The Rev. C. L. Hall, of Fort Berthold, says that they used hand-moulded, earthenware pots, and made "bull-boats" of hide stretched upon willow frames. He affirms also that they believed in the existence of two Gods—one on one side, the other on the other side of the Missouri River; that they believe the earth to have had no beginning, but that the things on the earth were made by the Creator; also that when they die they go back to the lower earth from which they originally emerged. Mr. Hall says further, that the people gamble with plum-stones and cards; that they believe thunder to be a great bird flapping its wings, and that when there is an eclipse the sun dies. They grind their corn, he says, in a large pestle-and-mortar made of elm-wood, cook it in an earthen pot, and serve it in a wooden bowl with a horn spoon. Everyone who comes in is fed.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The following letters of the alphabet are wanting: *c, f, g, j, l, q, r, x.*

The language is guttural, like others of the Siouan stock, and has many syllabic terminals.

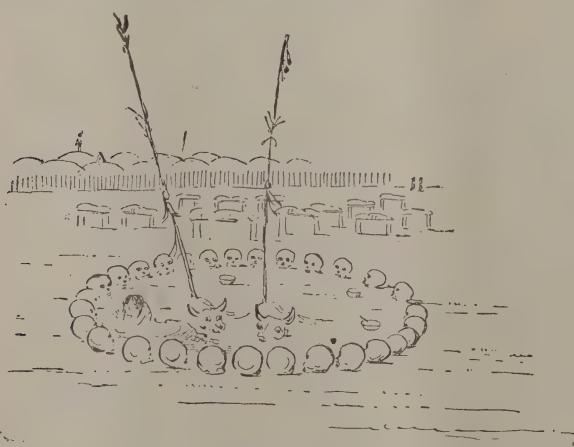
The personal pronouns are incorporated in the verb, as *makaska*, he binds me.

The personal pronoun is inseparable from the noun in terms of relationship, as *mats*, my father; *dat*, your father; *kots*, his father.

There are two first persons plural; (1) exclusive of the party addressed, as *und'hos*, we go; (2) inclusive, as *unnahenis tos*, we go.

There are dubitative, causative, and reflexive forms of the verb.

The plural ending of the noun is *edes*, or *kedes*.



SKULL CIRCLE.

Certain particles, prefixed to the verb, indicate the mode in which the thing is done.

Sosh at the end of a noun signifies that the object is past, dead, or out of date.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *ĕ*, as in they, met; *i*, *ĭ*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ō*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ă*, *ū*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *ti*; as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in jamais (Fr.), pleasure; *â*, as in law; *h*, as in German *ich*; *g*, a guttural *ghr* sound.

man, numak'.

woman, mi'he.

boy, suk numak'

house, ti'.

boat (or canoe), mináki.

river, pat sak.

water, mini.

fire, ma'dade.

tree, ma'na.

horse, min'i se.

dog, miniswe'dute.

fish, po.

town, miti'na.

kettle, medehe.

knife, ma'hi.

tobacco, mana'she.

day, hanpe.

night, ishtunhe.

yes, hun.

no, mikosh'.

I, mii.

thou, ni.

he, e.

my father, tate'.

it is good, shish.

red, shesh.

white, shotush.

black, psish.

'one, ma'hana.

two, nup.

three, na'mini.

four, top.

five, kihün'.

six, ki'ma.

seven, ku'pash.

eight, te'to kish.

nine, mah pe.

thou seest him, dahe'ish.

he sees him, he'ish.

he sees it, he'ish.

if I see him, mahe'kin.

thou seest me, ma'nahesh.

I see thee, mini he'ish.

he sees me, mahe'ish.

I see myself, mi'ki hesh.

we see each other, no'kiki-

hesh.

do you see him? da he'isha?

he is asleep, ha'nadosh.

is he asleep? ha'nadosha?

axe, o'manate,

little axe, o'manat ha'ma.

bad axe, o'manat hi'kos.

big axe, o'manat ehte.

big tree, manah te'na.

black kettle, me'deh psi.

money, ma'tashe.

bird, ma'dek sük.

snake, maki du'h ka.

don't be afraid, maka da'-

nih ta.

give it to me, maku'ta.

I am hungry, mama'du'tesh.

are you sick? nake'na'dosha?

he is very sick, akena'mi'-

kash.

it is cold, shi'niosh.

a hand, ma un'kena.

a father,

a son,

the, hank.

I sleep, maha'nadosh.

I slept, maha'nasosh.

I shall sleep, maha'nahtos.

ten, pi'da kosh.

twenty, nopa pidak.

hundred, suk ma'ha.

come here, u'ta.

be quick, dit sa'ta.

to-day, maha'pauk.

to-morrow, mat'ki.

goodmorning, mapitsatishish.

Indian, a'ki nu'makaki.

call themselves, natskeka'-

da tos.

my hand, mun'ke

your hand, nun'ke.

John's hand, John un'ke.

my knife, pta ma'hi.

I walk, mani nosh.

thou walkest, dani nosh.

he walks, di dosh.

we walk, no di'dosh.

they walk, ni'ke desh.

I see him, mahe'ish.

he is a man, numakosh'.

it is a house, ti'ish.

God, Maho pinite'.

Devil, maho pinihiks.

heaven, ha'de.

white man, mashi'.

two men, nu'make nup.

three dogs, miniswe'dute

na'mini.

four knives, ma'hin top.

Did John see the horse? John m'inishe dahe'sha?

I will see you to-morrow, Matki minihé' ktosh.

What is your name? Dida'tse matewe hedo'sha?

Where are you going? Tewe'ta dade'hosha?

I do not see you, Ma'mini ha'kish.

John saw a big canoe, John minakihte'ra heish.

I shall not go if I see him, Mahe'kin maomda'hinihosh.

If he goes he will see you, De'kin o'ni he ish.

The following books and papers have been referred to in the above account of the Mandan Indians:—Catlin's Works; *The Morning Star*; Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); Geological Survey Report (Washington); Indian Bureau Report (Washington); History of the Indians; Study of the Mortuary Customs of N. A. Indians (Dr. Yarrow); The American Indian (Haines). For the vocabulary I am entirely indebted to the kindness of the Rev. C. L. Hall, Fort Berthold, Dakota.

CARLOS MONTEZUMA, an Apache Carlisle pupil, graduated this year from the Chicago Medical College, and has opened up a physician's office in that city.

THE harness-makers this week completed the order for one hundred and fifty-four sets of harness, which will be sent to the Crows, Blackfeet, Gros Ventres Assinaboinies and Sioux.

Our Elkhorn Homes.**VICE-REGAL VISIT.**

THE following is clipped from the Manitoba *Free Press* of October 2nd:—

ELKHORN, Oct. 1.—The Governor-General's train arrived at 10 a.m. On the platform a number of citizens were assembled to meet the party. Dr. Rolston was interviewed, and asked His Excellency to visit the Indian homes near the station. His Excellency kindly consented. Mr. Mackenzie, superintendent, and Rev. R. Stevenson, chaplain, were then introduced. The Governor-General and suite walked over and were conducted by the superintendent over the school buildings and the Kasota Home. The Washakada Girls' Home was visited, where Mrs. Vidal, lady superintendent, and Miss Vidal, teacher, were introduced. His Excellency was very much pleased with the excellent furnishing and arrangements of the dormitories, school rooms, dining and other departments. He conversed freely with the different officers; was pleased with the progress the children had made, and expressed the hope that the homes would soon be filled with pupils. His Excellency spoke to the boys and girls, and asked the superintendent to give them a holiday, with which request he cheerfully complied, to the great delight of the children. The Homes were beautifully decorated with flags. A large national ensign was flying from the flag-pole on the grounds. The visitors' book was signed by His Excellency and suite, and W. Whyte, C. P. R. superintendent. His Excellency then returned to the station and as the train moved off three cheers were given for the Governor-General, who acknowledged the salute.

Mr. Mackenzie, our Local Superintendent at Elkhorn, adds:—

"The following names were entered on our visitors' book: Stanley of Preston, C. H. McMahon, Edward Stanley, Frederic Villiers, J. A. Grant, Colonel Villiers, W. Whyte. We ran up the large Union Jack on a scantling pole, and put the smaller flags along the verandah, etc. Mr. Whyte drew attention to our work-shops, and the fact that trades were to be taught. His Excellency asked a number of questions about the children and their progress, etc."

THE Carlisle Indian school in Pennsylvania teaches its pupils to make tinware, harness, shoes, waggons, &c., which are distributed afterwards by the government to the various Indian agencies, to be used by their parents.

Chief Brant at the Shingwauk Home.

CHIEF Brant writing to the *Tribune*, Kingston, says:—

"Where is the Shingwauk Home? is a question which has been repeatedly asked me since my recent visit to that place. The Shingwauk Home, an industrial school for Indian Boys, is situated in a beautiful pine grove on



the shore, one mile east of the town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. In July, 1871, Chief Little Pine, of Garden River, accompanied Rev. E. F. Wilson to Toronto and other places, and addressed the white people, asking that a teaching wigwam might be built for his people. This was the beginning of the Shingwauk Home. In 1872 Chief Buhkwujjevene, an Ojibway, accompanied Rev. E. F. Wilson to England to plead the cause of his people, when about £800 was collected, and with this sum the first Shingwauk Home was erected. On Sept. 22nd, 1873, the first Shingwauk Home was opened with fifteen pupils, boys and girls. On Sept. 28th, 1873, the first Shingwauk Home was burned to the ground—six days after the opening. On July 30th, 1874, the foundation stone of the new Shingwauk Home was laid by his excellency, Lord Dufferin, Governor-general of Canada. On August 2nd, 1875, the present Shingwauk Home was publicly opened by their lordships, Bishop Hellmuth and Fauquier; and since that time the Wawanosh Home, with twenty-six girls, was opened, in 1879, two miles from the Shingwauk Home. The Washakada Home was opened in 1888, for forty girls, at Elkhorn, Manitoba. The Kasota Home, for forty boys, was opened this year. The Manager of all these schools is Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. These Homes are all for Indian children, and are supported by voluntary contributions, supplemented by government grants. Some of the children are provided for by weekly collections made in Canadian Sunday schools. It is the intention to extend the Shingwauk Home so that it may receive two hundred pupils. They are now building a new factory, 60 x 40 feet, which will also have in connection a blacksmith shop. They have already work-shops, a farm cottage, shoe shop, etc. Last year they turned out one hundred pairs of boots and shoes for the Indian homes in Manitoba. The boys remain in school for half the

day, and learn their trades during the other half. They are paid for their work, and one half of the wages is deposited in the savings bank to their credit. They have a fine new brass band and a handsome band-stand in front of the Home.

The hospital is in charge of Miss Pigott, (service voluntary); Mr. Dowler, asst-supt., and Mr. McCallum, teacher. All are well liked by the pupils. Their aim is to make the Shingwauk Home happy and homelike.

The Bishop Fauquier Memorial Chapel is a beautiful edifice, built of red and white stones, and it is attached to the Shingwauk Home. The Wawanosh Home for girls, north of the Shingwauk Home, is a large stone building, and I found everything clean as a new pin. Some of the girls are very small, but all seem to be contented and happy. The big girls are taught to sew, cook, wash and iron, and do other domestic duties, so that in after life they may get along in the world. Mrs. Seale, the matron, takes great pains in teaching the girls how to work. These homes are not merely schools but Christian homes for the Indian children, and are in every respect deserving of support. They have already educated school teachers, mechanics, &c., and one former pupil is in the office of the Indian department at Ottawa. The Shingwauk Home is now the key to education among the Northwestern Indians. The Indians in Ontario, who are now enlightened and many of whom are well to do, should aid our brethren in the northwest by their donations, and should thank the Almighty God that the Christian people and the governments of Canada and the United States are now extending the work of civilization and education among the uncivilized tribes of America. According to the report of 1886 there were 66 Indian tribes, having a population of 66,668, who are still without missionaries."

Five Great Linguistic Groups.

 M. Haines, in the *North American Indian*, says: "The Indians of North America, exclusive of the Esquimaux, are usually classified into five great original stocks or groups. These five linguistic groups are the Algonquins, Iroquois, Appalachians, Dakotas and Shoshonees."

The most numerous of these groups was that composed of the people who became known as the Algonquins, whose country extended from the Roanoke river on the south, to Hudson's Bay on the north, and westward from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi river, with the exception of a limited portion of country on the north and south of Lake Ontario, which was

inhabited by a people who became known as the Iroquois, known also as the Five Nations, and after the addition of the Tuscaroras, as the Six Nations.

On the south of the Algonquins, and east of the Mississippi river, was a people which have been called the Appalachians. On the west of the Algonquins were the Dakotas, or the Sioux nation, so called by the French. To the westward of them were a stock of people covering a wide extent of country, classed, according to Mr. Schoolcraft, as the Shoshonee group.

These are the five linguistic or generic groups who were found at the invasion of the white man, inhabiting what is now comprised within the territory of the United States. Some have extended the classification of these groups to seven in number, some contend for a still larger number, whilst others insist that the classification may properly be comprised in three generic, linguistic groups, the Algonquins, the Iroquois and the Dakotas. In this last threefold classification, the Appalachians would be assigned to the Iroquois, and the Shoshonees to the Dakotas.

Significator of Names.

 HE tribe first known to the French as the Algonquins, was called by the Mohawks, *Adirondacks*, meaning "bark eaters," from the circumstance, it is said, of their eating the bark of the trees, supposed to be the bark of the slippery elm.

The *Mohegans*, an Algonquin word, pronounced also *Mohicans* and *Mohingans*, meaning "wolves," was a name given them, it is supposed, by some other tribe of the Algonquin stock, as descriptive of their savage nature.

Ojibway, or *Chippeway*, as commonly spoken, was a name given this people by some neighboring tribe, meaning "puckered shoes," or "people who wear puckered shoes or moccasins gathered about the instep."

Ottawa is a name given by some other tribe, signifying "traders."

Menominée, also a tribe of the Algonquin group, and a name given by some neighboring tribe, signifies "people who eat wild rice,"

Winnebago or *Winnebeego*, the name of a tribe of the Dakota stock, is a word in the Algonquin language, given by some neighboring tribe, signifying "people of the dirty waters."—*The American Indian*.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER VII—*Continued.*

THIS seemed to clear up the mystery. But it did not seem a very satisfactory clearing up. It would have been more satisfactory to have found a veritable Indian community, unmixed with white blood, casting off, voluntarily and determinately, the old Indian way of living, and adopting the customs and the mode of living of white men.

Prof. Jones laughed at the idea of *Indians* ever becoming so civilized as to live like white people. “*There are the Indians,*” he said contemptuously pointing to a wagon load of those individuals, just come in from the country. Yes, there they were,—blankets over their shoulders, long black straggling or plaited hair, moccasins on their feet.—Yes, those were Indians, they were full-bloods unmistakably. “But those are not Cherokees,” said Prof. Jones, “those are Pawnees or Poncas, come in for marketing. The Cherokees are nearly all civilized, and have nearly all more or less intermarried with white people. There are said to be about 22,000 of them altogether; and they own 2 million acres of land. If you want to see how they manage things, you should pay a visit to their capital—Tahlequah—where the Governor lives. Their parliament, I understand, opens to-morrow.”

So I settled I would go to Tahlequah. One little incident I must mention here, which happened to my wife, one time when she was left alone with a family while I was engaged elsewhere. The family belonged, I think, to the Methodist persuasion. My wife, although accustomed to read the bible and talk with her own children, had hitherto had no experience of what is called in other denominations a “prayer-meeting.” Her hostess informed her that there was to be a “women’s prayer-meeting” in her parlor in the afternoon, and hoped that she would “give her experiences.” This put my wife into a state of trepidation, and she protested to her hostess that she had never spoken before strangers, and would be unable to take any part. Now, we have no desire to depreciate any of the means resorted to for the advancement of religious life by others of the brethren who differ from us on some matters, but we think it was a little hard for a lady, who, from her childhood had been brought up in the Church

of England, to be asked to take part in devotions to which she was unaccustomed. When the appointed hour arrived our hostess entered the room with bible and commentary, and took her seat. The first visitor to arrive was a buxom lady, in a green dress, and an expression on her face which did not give one the idea of inward peace; next came a pleasant-faced young mother, with a wakeful baby; the others who were expected did not put in an appearance. “I think we will not wait any longer,” said our hostess, “something, I think, must have detained our other friends,—Mrs. W. will you lead?” Mrs. W. was not quite prepared to lead, and asked to be excused. “Then will Mrs. X. lead,” said our hostess, applying to the lady with the baby. (The latter was just at this time very wakeful). “Oh, my,” was that lady’s response, “my baby would not let me read if I took the book in my hand.” “Then will Mrs. Z. here lead us,” said our hostess, applying to the lady in the green dress. “Oh, no indeed,” said that lady, “I never did such a thing in my life.” My wife then suggested that it might be convenient and suitable if their hostess would herself lead,—and she was rather surprised to hear that lady exclaim, “Oh, no, I have never led, I couldn’t lead, I have never done that.” The lady with the baby then rose to leave; the baby had become uproarious and required fresh air, so the mother said good afternoon, and departed. The other three ladies looked at each other. My wife then said—“Although I have never taken part in any public exercises, nor would wish to do so, I shall nevertheless be glad, if you so please, to show you some photographs, and tell you a little about our work.” All present entered readily into the proposal, and thus the meeting ended quite pleasantly.

CHAPTER VIII.—CIVILIZED INDIANS.

To get to Tahlequah (Tally Kwah) I had to rise at the uncomfortable and inconvenient hour of 3:30 a.m., and it was a quarter to one in the afternoon before I



STAGE TO TAHLQUAH.

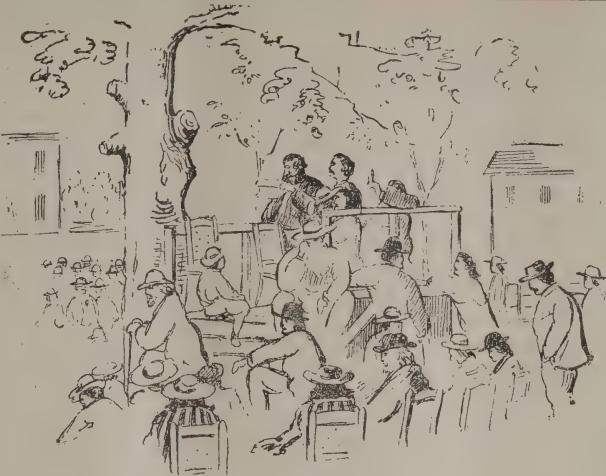
got there. This fact alone shows that the Cherokee Territory is extensive. I travelled first by rail to a place called 'Waggoner'; then by rail again on a branch line to Fort Gibson; and from Fort Gibson I took the stage 22 miles to the Capital of the Cherokee nation, Tahlequah.

The ride was interesting. It was a new country to me, and I looked about me and listened to the conversation of my fellow-passengers. The country through which we drove was, for the first ten miles or so, open prairie. Then we got into the woods,—not large trees, but scrub oaks, with stems eight or ten inches in diameter. There were also a few cherry and a few walnut trees. The oaks, as we neared Tahlequah, were larger, and many of them were adorned with large bunches of mistletoe. The country was, for the most part, wild and uncultivated, but we passed here and there a Cherokee farm, with Indian corn standing in the field in shocks; we also passed several cotton plantations, with the white cotton full ready for harvesting. Near the station at Fort Gibson I picked several cotton pods in a field,



PICKING COTTON PODS.

from home about a year, and was now returning; and a Cherokee boy, of 16 or so, going to attend the Seminary at Tahlequah. The Cherokee lady had a good deal to say to the Cherokee driver of the stage. She appeared to be well versed in Cherokee politics. The Cherokees not only have their own Governor and their own parliament, but they have also their own political



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

parties; and they fully understand and appreciate the difference between being "in power" and being "out in the cold." The two great parties in the Cherokee nation are the "Nationalists," who are similar to the American Republicans, and the "Downings," who answer to the American Democrats. The Nationalists had been in power for some time past, but at a recent election they had been defeated, and now the Downings were at the top of the tree, and their favored candidate, Mr. Mayes, was now the Governor. The next day was to be the opening of Parliament, and the newly elected Governor would deliver his message. All this I learned from the Cherokee lady in her conversation with the Cherokee driver. I learned, moreover, that potatoes and fruit were cheap in the Territory; but that everything else was unusually dear. "My," said the Cherokee lady, "but 15 cents for eggs is a price! and turkeys, they tell me, are worth \$1 apiece, and chickens 40 cents a couple!"

My fellow-passengers in the stage were a Cherokee lady, who had been absent

I ventured to moot the question,—what proportion of the Cherokee nation might be full-blood? The opinions expressed by the passengers and driver were a little varied. One-sixth of the whole population is full-blood, said one; about thirty per cent, said another.

We reached Tahlequah, as I have said, at a quarter to one. There were two hotels at Tahlequah. Prof. Jones had given me a letter of introduction to Senator Foot; so I asked the driver at which hotel Senator Foot boarded, and finding it was the 'National,' I went there in preference to the 'Bate's House.' I had din-

ner. It was not very cleanly or nicely served, and the bedroom they gave me up-stairs was of a decidedly third class character ; they said, however, that the place was overcrowded on account of the opening of Parliament. After dinner I sought out Senator Foot. They said he was having a nap, so I thought I would see him by and by, and I went out to see what was going on. In the square, near to the hotel and opposite to the entrance of the Parliament House, was a large gathering of Cherokees, and I dropped in among them. There were several large locust trees with overhanging branches in the middle of the square, and under this shade a platform had been erected,—and, just as I joined the throng, a stout comfortable-looking gentleman, of about 60 summers, mounted the platform, followed by three or four satellites. This was a signal for a round of applause. The gentleman who had mounted the platform was the Hon. J.B. Mayes, the newly-elected Governor, and his object in mounting the platform was to deliver his message to the assembled Senators, Councillors, and general public. The Governor was not very much Cherokee. I was told that his mother was half Cherokee and his father was a full-blooded Irishman.

The election of Governor, it appears, takes place every fourth year. In the upper house are 18 Senators, and in the lower house are 38 Councillors ; all are elected every second year. The Territory is divided into 9 electoral districts. Each district is entitled to be represented by two Senators, and by from three to eight Councillors. Laws are read three times in the lower house and three times in the upper house, and then have to be approved and signed by the principal Chief or Governor. The executive Council consists of the Governor and three Councillors ; they hold office for four years. It costs about \$150,000 a year to run the Government.

I took a good look at the motley throng assembled under the trees. I was glad to see so many dark faces, and so much of the pure Indian element among them. True, there were a good many American-looking beards and American-looking eyes and noses, but the great bulk of the assembled throng was Indian, or at least half-breed ; a goodly proportion might even have passed for full-bloods. The Chief read his message in English and the interpreter translated it sentence by sentence into Indian. The subjects dealt with were : "Our financial affairs," the leasing of "the Cherokee strip" to American cattle-men, the judiciary, education, orphan asylum, &c.

While the Chief was speaking I drew out my sketch book and made a sketch of the assemblage.

I had just finished and was walking back to the hotel, when Senator Foot, who had awakened from his nap and had come to hear the tail end of the Governor's speech, accosted me. He was a fat, comfortable-looking, easy-going half-breed. He took me under his wing and showed me round, and introduced me to a number of the people. Among those I was introduced to was a Mr. Baker, the interpreter. Mr. Baker had grey hair and a white beard, and, as he himself admitted, was entirely destitute of Cherokee blood, but he had married a Cherokee wife, and was thus a member of the nation. Mr. Baker invited me to tea, and had some of his friends to meet me. I had the honor of sitting between two Cherokee judges—Judge K. and Judge S. The Cherokee authorities have full power over their own people. A Cherokee judge can condemn a Cherokee, or other Indian offender, to any term of imprisonment in the Cherokee penitentiary, or he may condemn him to be hung. The Cherokee penitentiary, at Tahlequah, has at present 34 inmates, serving terms of from three months to ten years. Later in the evening I went to visit the penitentiary. Senator Foot gave me an order on the Sheriff. It was against rules for visitors to go in the evenings, but the Sheriff seemed quite willing to make an exception in my case, and he showed me every part, even his own bedroom. The Cherokees do not believe in treating their prisoners with unnecessary severity ; they give them good food, plenty of meat, and let them eat all they want ; the men sleep together in one large dormitory, in the basement, instead of in separate cells,—their friends bring them pipes and tobacco, and they are allowed to smoke ; they are also permitted to enliven the dull hours of captivity by playing the fiddle and dancing. There were two negroes in confinement besides the Indians, and they were funny fellows,—they said the Cherokee prison was much better than a U.S. prison. All the convicts were in prison dress,—striped black and yellow. By day they are employed out in gangs, doing road work and other public improvements. The gaol is in charge of the Sheriff, who is a half-breed ; and a turnkey, who appeared to be nearly a full-blood. There are also ten guards, who act both as wardens and as constables. Indian prisoners are easily kept. It is said that even if the door is left open they will not run away.

After the Sheriff had shown me everything, he asked me if I had yet been introduced to the Governor, and on hearing that I had not yet had that honor, he offered

to go with me to his house and introduce me. So we arrived at the Governor's residence. The Sheriff, being an Indian, and also a relative of the Governor's, did not knock at the door, but went right in, and, not finding the Governor in the down-stairs rooms, he bade me follow him up-stairs, and we poked into several bedrooms, but could not find him. The Sheriff said he thought the Governor must have gone over to the Council House; so we went over in search of him. We found the Governor there, holding a caucus of his close friends and adherents. I had the honor to be admitted into the august assemblage, and was allowed to say a few words, explaining the object of my visit. They treated me very civilly and courteously. Afterwards I saw the Gov'rnr privately, and in the course of conversation he told me that the Cherokee people were quite satisfied with their present condition, and desired no change; they did not desire to hold their land in severalty; they had adopted white man's methods up to a certain point, but beyond that point they did not wish to go.

The next morning, before the stage started for the return trip to Fort Gibson, I visited the newspaper office, ordered the "*Telephone*" to be sent to me for three months; and also went to see the new Female Seminary, which is at present in process of erection. This latter is a fine imposing structure, such as any city in the country would feel proud of. It is being built at a cost of \$63,000,—and by the time it is completed and furnished they say it will cost \$100,000. It is all paid for with Cherokee money. The Cherokees, in addition to their immense estate and an invested capital of between three and four million dollars, have a block of five million acres in the west, which is called the "Cherokee Strip." The Cherokee Strip is all valuable grazing land, and is rented to American ranch men, at 2 cents an acre per annum. This brings them in an income of \$100,000 a year. So it can be seen that there was no great difficulty in getting an appropriation set apart for the building of their Female Seminary. The building was of red brick, had a frontage of 226 feet, and a wing running back 146 feet. Eighty-two windows were visible in the front, and two high turrets, one of them 96 feet high, gave an imposing appearance to the structure. It was expected there would be accommodation for two hundred pupils and their teachers.

The Male Seminary I caught just a glimpse of, on my way out in the stage. It was about a mile from town, and would accommodate 150 young men and boys.

There were forty-five windows and sixteen chimneys in sight, as we drove past, and a colonade of eight pillars on one side, and eleven pillars on another side at right angles, which gave it a fine appearance. About one-third of the students, I was told, were full-bloods, the rest half-breeds, and no whites. In their studies they were taken as high as geometry. There was no consumption or scrofula among them, but a good deal of ague and chill fever.

At 9 a.m. I took the stage back to Fort Gibson; thence train to Vinita; and at 10:30 p.m., that same night, my wife and I were crawling along in a slow train northward to Chetopa.

CHAPTER IX.—UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCES.

My wife and I had passed a very bad night. We expected to change cars at 11:37 p.m., but just before getting to that place, the engine broke down; which detained the train an hour and a half; so that it was 1 a.m. when we reached the station. The train, into which we were to transfer ourselves, was also late, and would not be in until 3:10 a.m. It was cold, blowing a hurricane, and drenching wet. The station—or 'depot,' as it is called in the States, was not a nice one. The waiting-room was not nice,—it was nasty. It was crowded with men, smoking, chewing, and spitting. The few seats on the sides were mostly occupied by worn-looking mothers, of the emigrant type, and dirty little children. My wife gathered her skirts around her, drew close her mousey-brown cloak, and sat in one of those seats—the picture of desolation. The stove in the middle of the room was red hot, the atmosphere stifling; the odours mixed; the spitting incessant; the conversation not choice. My wife felt unwell. I took my umbrella, and went out on the soaking platform, to see if there was any place of a more desirable kind, to which I might convey my wife. Across the track, some distance off, I could see a dim light in a window. I thought I would make tracks for this house, but was prevented; three or four steps, ankle deep in mud, convinced me that to convey my wife to that house, where I saw the light in the window, was not practicable. I saw another dim light;—this time it proceeded from one of the wooden buildings, attached to the station. I pressed the latch of a door, and pushed it open. The sight inside was cheering;—a bright little coal fire in an egg-shaped stove, a number of boxes and things piled up, and a lantern hanging from the roof. A man roused himself from a temporary bed, among the boxes, as I looked in. This was the "Express office," and

the man was the Express man. "Would you mind my bringing a lady in for a little time, till the train comes? She feels quite sick in the waiting-room, where the men are smoking." "Oh, certainly," said the Express man, "the lady is quite welcome in here." So I went back to the waiting-room for my wife; a child, on the next seat, was kicking its legs on her lap, and she was very nearly gone; I bundled her up as quickly as I could, and led her out into the fresh air, and along the dripping platform to the express office. The express man did all that he could in a very civil, gentlemanly way, to provide for her comforts; and my wife recovered. At length the cars arrived. But there was no sleeping-car; so we had to sit up for the remainder of the night. At 7 a.m. we were roused from a drowsy stupor, by the voice of the conductor saying, "Thirty minutes here for breakfast,—any who wish breakfast, this way at once, please!" I persuaded my wife that it was very desirable to have breakfast; although she, poor, tired out woman, was very averse to going to it. I had got my boots off, and was obliged to pull them on again; and when we arrived outside on the station platform, a 'bus was just driving off. "Are you for breakfast?" asked the black porter,—"Heigh! heigh!—hold on there; here's two more,"—and so we were shuffled into the 'bus, and the black driver whipped up his horses, and the 'bus went rattling and swaying along over the dripping streets. "Whither, oh, whither are we going?" was the thought in both our minds; for we were scarcely yet roused from our drowsiness. Before we could, either of us, arrive at any conclusion on the matter, the 'bus backed up to the sidewalk, with an appetising thump, and we, with its other occupants, were hustled into the dining-room of a hotel. The breakfast was not a bad one,—but neither of us had an appetite, and before we could do much more than look at the food provided, the 'bus was round again, and we were flying, once more, back to the depot.

At 10:40 a.m. we reached Arkansas City, on the southern border of Kansas. From here we were to dip once more into the Indian Territory, and visit the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other wild Indian Tribes.

I was a little doubtful about taking my wife, again, into Indian Territory, and I advised her to remain at Arkansas City, where there was a comfortable hotel, "the Gladstone," until my return.

We were all day in Arkansas City, as the train for the south did not leave until night,—and by 9:30 p.m. I had prevailed on my wife to do the wise thing, and had got her comfortably tucked up in bed, at the hotel.

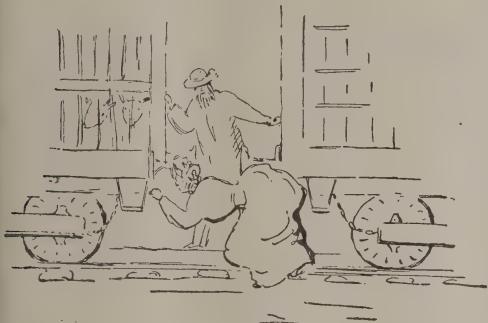
However, this little plan was defeated. Changes had been made in the trains, which would upset everything. The only way would be for my wife to go along with me; otherwise, we might get separated, and never find each other again. The very bare idea of such a collapse as this, made my wife skip out of bed, in double quick time; and just ten minutes before the advertised time for the train to leave, we were both down at the hotel office, baggage and all, ready to jump into the 'bus, and go to the station. Our hurry, however, was unnecessary. The train was two hours late. That night was another very bad night.

All the afternoon it had been raining,—raining hard; and the rain was succeeded by a tempestuous wind, and with the wind came a blizzard and a snow storm. Now, my wife and I had not come prepared for snow; we had come to bask in the sunny south; we expected the fields to be green, and birds to be warbling in the trees, and dust blowing in the streets;—the snow, therefore, took us by surprise. Our train arrived two and a half hours after time—namely, at one o'clock in the night. Alighting from the 'bus, we plodded through snow and slush to the ticket office, and procured our tickets. Then, leaving my wife sitting in the waiting-room, I went in search of our checked baggage, which had come in with us on the morning train, and had been left at the depot,—but I searched in vain. I had imagined, indeed had been told—wrongfully—that this was a union station, but it turned out not to be a union station, and my baggage, I was informed, was at another depot, about a mile away. As the hour was 1 a.m. and the train by which we were going was already at the station ready to start, it seemed impracticable to go in search of the missing baggage. The difficulty was solved, though not very satisfactorily, by giving my checks and a dollar to a hack-man, and asking him to get and send on the baggage to Oklahoma by the next train, which would be 24 hours after. My wife and I then got on board the train, just as it was moving off; and we were gratified to find that there was a 'sleeper' attached, where we could repose, for at any rate, a part of the night.

Happily the storm kept up, and the train went slowly. If the storm had not kept up, and the train had not gone slowly, we should have reached Oklahoma at the uncomfortable hour of 5 a.m. As it was, we reached Oklahoma at 7 a.m. Oklahoma is not a city in the proper sense of the word; neither is it a town; neither is it a village. Oklahoma consists of the railway depot and a shanty boarding-house, across the track, and two

or three other small buildings, with wide stretches of muddy land between them.

It seemed desirable to get breakfast. The only place where breakfast could be procured was at the shanty across the track. There was an inactive cattle-train, without an engine, blocking up the line; it was necessary to crawl either under, or through, or over this train, in order to get to the shanty. I left my



UNDER A CATTLE-TRAIN.

wife in the little waiting-room, while I went to investigate. There was considerable mud and slush to be waded through, in order to reach the shanty. Entering it, I found a small room with a dirty floor; a hot stove in the centre; six or seven rough-looking men, standing round it smoking; and a Kickapoo Indian, crouching in the corner. On one side was a swing



KICKAPOO INDIAN.

mosquito door, leading into another apartment. I entered this other apartment. It appeared to be a dining-room, for a table was spread with all manner of

viands. An open door, on one side of this room, led into a lean-to cook-house, in which was a cook-stove, a shelf or two covered with dirty newspaper, some pots and pans, a cat, and two women, cooking. "Have you a room here where a lady could remain for the night?" I asked, "it is, I think, too stormy to go on to-day, by the stage to Darlington." "Yes," replied one of the women, "there is a room up-stairs." "Can you kindly show it to me?" The woman wiped her hands on her apron, shuffled past me up-stairs, and showed me the room. "Could you be so kind as to lend me a pair of overshoes?" I asked,—"our baggage is unfortunately left behind, and I fear the lady will get her feet very wet coming over here, as she did not keepout her overshoes."

(To be Continued).

Cordon's Indian School.



THE Rev. Owen Owens, who has a school for children at a place called Kutawa, in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, writes:—

"I have, as you very likely know, a Boarding school for ten pupils, and Day school for about 30 more. So I find my hands full, and so does Mrs. Owens. While I am now writing, she has a class of girls knitting, 3 cooking, and 2 at house work. I find that there is no comparison at all between the Day school and the Boarding school. As our school is in its infancy, we do not yet teach trades to our boys. Wood-chopping, stable-work and gardening is the only out-of-school occupation possible. Seeing the probable—nay, I should say the *certain* advantage to the government of these schools, I think they should provide more liberally for them; and if the Indians are to become self-supporting within the next 20 or 25 years, they must see to it that Boarding schools are established and carried on on all Reserves. Then such schools as yours will find their proper work in caring for the homeless and friendless, and one of them might be made to give better education to promising cases, like David Osahgee, and others. But this is only a dream. Still who would have thought that so much would have been done by your individual efforts. Whatever some others may claim as the origin of these schools, you certainly have demonstrated their usefulness beyond doubt."

THE little boy who set fire to the Shingwauk Home, has been sent to the Reformatory at Penetanguishene for one year.

Shingwauk Chips.

THE Shingwauk Home was honored last month by a visit from four representatives of the New England Company, London, England, viz.: Mr. W. L. Carpenter, Mr. Duncan Milligan, Mr. Lister, and Mr. W. Marshall Venning. These gentlemen were on a tour of inspection, visiting the Missions and Indian schools supported by that company in Ontario and British Columbia, and they kindly called in to pay us a visit in passing. They expressed themselves very much pleased with the appearance of our boys, and especially so with their singing in the chapel.

DAVID OSAHGEET, writing from the Indian Department, Ottawa, says: "I will try and tell you what I do with myself day after day. I get up about 7 o'clock and dress myself, and then take up a book, such as 'English Literature,' 'Philosophy,' etc., and study till 8.30 and go to breakfast. After breakfast I work on Algebra or Arithmetic. About 9.30 I start to the office and work till 1 o'clock, and then go to lunch. At 1.30 I start to work again and stop at 4 o'clock. I then go out into Cartier Square and practice football till 5.30. Then I go home and have a bath, and to dinner. Dinner over, I take a walk around the city for a while, and then come in and read or study till 10 o'clock and then go to bed."

JOHN A. MAGGRAH, former pupil at the Shingwauk Home, and lately assistant teacher at the Washakada Home, Elkhorn, has entered as a student at St. John's College, Winnipeg. This advantage was secured for him by the Bishop of Rupert's Land, who kindly made application on his behalf to the Church Missionary Society, and it is hoped that he will at some future time become one of their missionaries.

WE have 646 subscribers at present to O.F.C. This number must be more than doubled before the Magazine will pay its own expenses. The expense is very great of providing fresh cuts for each issue. Will not some of our present subscribers try to help us by increasing our circulation among their friends. New subscribers should send for back copies, commencing with June, 1889.

THE Shingwauk furniture factory is now in operation.

THE new workshops at the Shingwauk Home are in course of erection, and will be completed by the first week in November; they are built like the hospital, of stone set in a framework of timber.

MRS. BLIGH leaves the Wawanosh Home November 1st, and Miss Champion takes her place as Lady Superintendent.

IT is earnestly hoped that more Sunday Schools will come forward to undertake the support of pupils at the Shingwauk, Wawanosh, and Washakada Homes. The work is increasing, and we want more help.

Appeal for Clothing.

MRS. WILSON, Shingwauk Home, is sending copies of the following letter to her lady friends in Canada and England, who have hitherto kindly helped our work by holding "working parties" during the winter months:

"DEAR FRIEND,—I am most anxious to enlist your help this winter, on behalf of our boys in the Shingwauk Home. The cold weather is coming on, and our clothing stores are *nearly empty*, we have between 50 and 60 boys of all ages from 21 to 7 years. Some kind friends, I know, are helping us, but we still need many more, and I will gladly write or give any particulars that are required to new helpers. For the boys, we want at once, trowsers, flannel shirts (for boys between 7 and 10), undervests and drawers, mufflers, socks, mitts, tuques, boots, everyday coats and waist-coats, and netted sashes. The girls are just now more in need of warm dresses, stockings, boots, blankets and mitts; their present supply of cotton underwear is fairly good. Printed directions are enclosed as a guide to any who will kindly work for us during the winter; but we shall be most thankful for any help before the severe weather sets in. I might also add that our two Homes in the North-west are equally in want of clothing—the Washakada for girls, and the Kasota for boys. Any clothing sent for either Home to my care, will be forwarded; but if friends prefer sending direct, the address would be: Care of Mrs. Vidal, Washakada Home, Elkhorn, Manitoba. The same uniform is worn in all our Homes, and we are short of Summer uniforms for next year.

Any help, in the way of gifts for the Xmas trees of the three Homes, will be most thankfully received.

Yours truly, E. FRANCES WILSON."

Six thousand articles of tin-ware were packed and sent this month to the Utes, Wichitas, Sioux, Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, Cheyenne and Arapahoes and Assinaboinies. The balance of the tin-ware will be shipped this fall. The wagon shop has eight waggons ready to ship with the harness and tin-ware.

Directions for Providing Clothing.

Each Boy requires One Winter Uniform—Coat and Tuque, 2 pair of Pants (grey preferred), 3 Shirts, 2 Undervests and 2 pair Drawers for winter, 1 warm Muffler, 1 Winter Cap, 4 pair Socks, 1 pair of warm Mitts, 2 pair of strong Boots or Shoes, and a Coat or Jacket and Waistcoat of any style or pattern, for every day. In Summer



BOY'S SUMMER JACKET.

BOY'S WINTER UNIFORM.

the medium sized and small boys wear loose Garibaldi Jackets, of dark blue serge trimmed with scarlet braid, small brass buttons down the front and tight waist bands, and a scarlet netted sash is passed twice round the waist and then tied at the side. A dark felt hat is also worn. The big boys wear dark serge coats of the same pattern as in winter.

MEASUREMENT.

Big Boys of from 15 to 17—Length of Coat 27 in., Sleeve 22 in., Waist 32 in.; Trowsers 39 in.; Cap about 7; Boots No. 6 or 7.

Medium Boys of 12 to 14—Length of Coat 25 in., Sleeve 20 in., Waist 28 in.; Trowsers 36 in.; Cap about 6½; Boots No. 4 or 5.

Small Boys of 8 to 10—Length of Coat 21 in., Sleeve 17 in., Waist 26 in.; Trowsers 32 in.; Cap about 6¼; Boots No. 2 or 3.

Each Girl requires per annum, 1 Uniform Dress, dark blue serge, trimmed with scarlet braid, and dark Straw Hat, trimmed with ribbon to match; 2 other Dresses of any pattern, 2 Petticoats, 1 warm Hood for winter, 2 pair boots, 4 pair Stockings, (2 cotton, 2 woollen), 3 Chemises, 2 Night Dresses, 1 Shawl, 2 Undervests, 4 pair Drawers, 4 Pocket Handkerchiefs, 1 Cloud, 1 pair Mitts, 2 Aprons or Pinafores, 1 outdoor Jacket.

MEASUREMENT.

Big Girls of 15 to 17—Skirt 37 in., Sleeve 22 in., Waist 27 in., Neck 16 in.

Medium Girls of 12 to 14—Skirt 32 in., Sleeve 20 in., Waist 24 in., Neck 14 in.

Little Girls of 8 to 10—Skirt 25 in., Sleeve 16 in., Waist 22 in., Neck 12 in.

N.B.—Cast-off Clothing, if in good condition, is acceptable, especially Boy's Trowsers and Overcoats.

Send in boxes, bales, or barrels,—and please put a list of articles inside, and say from whence they come.

Address MRS. WILSON, Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

New Subscribers.

GENTLEMAN, writing from Goderich, says: "I am glad to be able to send you the names of nine subscribers to O. F. C., which my wife has obtained for you, together with a P. O. D. for their subscriptions, \$4.50."

A GENTLEMAN in Buffalo, N.Y., writes: "Please find enclosed \$1, for two years subscription to OUR FOREST CHILDREN, commencing the present volume. Be so good, also, as to send a prospectus, or sample copy, to the Secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society. I think we can easily obtain a score or two of subscribers in this city."

A. M. STEPHEN, writing from Apache Country, Arizona, says: "I receive OUR FOREST CHILDREN regularly, and esteem it a great treat."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN, Toronto, writes: "I beg to thank you for the specimen number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, which you were kind enough to send me, and which is full of interest to one who like myself has devoted considerable attention to Indian Philology, Ethnology and Folk-lore. I shall gladly become a subscriber."

H. HALE, of Clinton, writes: "I am greatly pleased with OUR FOREST CHILDREN; your narrative of your Southern trip is very interesting. The illustrations are particularly good. I like your account of the Ottawas."

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE, OCTOBER, 1889.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following articles of clothing:—

From the little "Gleaners" of St. Paul's Church, Innisfil, Diocese of Toronto, aprons, mitts, socks, stockings, girls' underwear and a jacket.

Receipts O.I.H.

FROM SEPT. 8TH TO OCT. 5TH, 1889.

HOLY TRINITY S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$12.50; and for Wawanosh, \$2.50; "Churchman," \$5.00; Boys' Auxiliary No. 1, Montreal, for boy, \$12.00; St. Stephen's S.S. Montreal, for boy, \$25.00; Women's Auxiliary, Montreal, 3rd instalment, towards support of Elkhorn Homes, \$44.50; Cathedral S.S., Kingston, for girl, \$10.00; Trinity S.S., St. Stephen, for girl, \$15.00; J. S. Fullerton, \$4.50; Trinity S.S., St. Thomas, for boy, \$12.50; St. John's S.S., Berlin, for boy, \$13.22; E. Lambert, \$10.00; All Saints' S.S., Windsor, for boy, \$12.00; Trinity S.S., St. John, N.B., for boy, \$18.75; for girl, \$18.75; St. John's S.S., York, for boy, \$75.00; St. John's Evangelist, London, for boy, \$10.00.

CORRECTION.—Mr. N. W. Hoyle wishes us to note that the sum of \$6.11, acknowledged under his name in August No. of O. F. C., was sent by his daughters Ethel and Jean, as the result of their own savings and collections. We thank our kind helpers very much and regret the mistake.

Receipts O.F.C.

SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1889.

MISS FRITH, 50c.; Miss Peebles, 50c.; Mrs. Walker, 50c.; Miss Champion, 50c.; H. C. Harris, \$1; J. S. Fullerton, 50c.; Mrs. Öster, \$1; Mrs. Lett, 50c.; W. C. Bryant, \$1.

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A Church paper says of the above: "It is full of interest from cover to cover; and, though published in London, is a real contribution to Canadian literature. The history begins in the year 1868 when Mr. Wilson came to Canada, and is continued to the year 1884. It is well written, and contains much about Indian life and customs. The book is a modest monument to Mr. Wilson's life labor, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation."

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OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, No. 9.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, DECEMBER, 1889.

[NEW SERIES, No. 7.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 7.

THE SARCEE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

THE Sarcee Indians belong to the great Athabascan or Tinneh stock. This stock has attracted much attention from ethnologists, partly from the peculiar character of its members, and partly from its wide diffusion, in which respect, it may be compared with the Aryan and Semitic families of the Old World. It occupies the whole northern portion of the American continent, from Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains, except the coasts, which belong to the Eskimo. Tinneh tribes also possess the interior of Alaska and British Columbia. Other scattered bands—Umpquas, Tlatskanais, and Kwalhioquas—are found in Oregon. The Hoopas and some smaller tribes live in Northern California. Thence, spreading eastward, Tinneh tribes, under various designations—Navahoos (or Navajos), Apaches, Lipanes, Pelones, Tontos, and others—are widely diffused over Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and the northern provinces of the Mexican Republic.

The Sarcees were formerly a powerful nation, but are now reduced to about three hundred. Their reserve, which consists of a fine tract of prairie land, about a hundred square miles in extent, adjoins that of the Blackfeet, in Alberta, a little south of the C.P.R. line, and seventy or eighty miles east of the Rocky Mountains. Although friendly and formerly confederate with the Blackfeet, they bear no affinity to that people; they belong to a distinct stock and speak an altogether different language. They are divided into two bands—the Blood Sarcees and the Real Sarcees.

These people call the Blackfeet 'Katce,' the Crees 'Nishinma,' the Sioux 'Kaispa,' and themselves 'Sotennā.' The Indians of their own stock, as I understand, they call 'Tinnätte.' These two last names seem certainly to connect them with the great 'Tinneh' or Athabascan nation. Sarcee (or rather Sarxi) is the name by which they are called by the Blackfeet.

Their chief 'Bull's Head,' (Il-gat-si), is a tall, powerful man, about sixty years of age. The author of this paper had the honor of meeting him in the summer of 1888, and interrogated him as to their traditions, etc.

'Formerly,' said 'Bull's Head,' 'the Sarcee territory



CHIEF "BULL'S HEAD."

extended from the Rocky Mountains to the Big River (either the Saskatchewan or the Peace River). Our delight was to make corrals for the buffaloes, and to drive them over the cut bank and let them fall. Those were glorious days, when we could mount our swift-footed horses, and ride like the wind after the flying herd; but now the buffalo is gone, we hang our heads, we are poor. And then, too, we used to fight those liars, the Crees: we engaged in many a bloody battle, and their bullets pierced our teepees. Thirty battles have I seen. When I was a child the Sarcees were in number like the grass; the Blackfeet and Bloods and Peigans were as nothing in comparison. Battles with the Crees and disease brought it among us by the white man have reduced us to our present pitiable state.'

Another Indian told us how the Sarcees were at one time one people with the Chipewyans, and gave us the myth which accounts for their separation. 'Formerly,' he said, 'we lived in the north country. We were many thousands in number. We were travelling south. It

was winter, and we had to cross a big lake on the ice. There was an elk's horn sticking out of the ice. A squaw went and struck the horn with an axe. The elk raised himself from the ice and shook his head. The people were all frightened and ran away. Those that ran toward the north became the Chipewyans, and we who ran toward the south are the 'Soténnä' or 'Sarkees.'

'The Chipewyans,' said 'Bull's Head,' 'speak our language. It is twenty years since I saw a Chipewyan. We call them 'Tcohtin.' They live up north, beyond the Big River' (probably the Peace River).

'There was a time,' said 'Bull's Head,' 'when there were no lakes. The lakes and rivers were occasioned by the bursting of the belly of the buffalo. It was when the belly of the buffalo burst that the people divided; some went to the north and some to the south. For years and years I have been told that the Creator made all people, and I believe it. I have heard my mother and other old people speak of the days when there were no guns and no horses, when our people had only arrows, and had to hunt the buffalo on foot; that must have been a very long time ago.'

The Sarkees have a tradition similar to that of the Blackfeet about men and women being first made separately, and then being brought together through the action of the mythical being 'Napiw.'

They have also a tradition of the flood, which accords in its main features with that of the Ojibways, Crees, and other Canadian tribes. They say that when the world was flooded there were only one man and one woman left, and these two saved themselves on a raft, on which they also collected animals and birds of all sorts. The man sent a beaver down to dive and it brought up a little mud from the bottom, and this the man moulded in his hands to form a new world. At first the world was so small that a little bird could walk round it, but it kept getting bigger and bigger. 'First,' said the narrator, 'our father took up his abode on it, then there were men, then women, then animals, then birds. Our father then created the rivers, the mountains, the trees, and all the things as we now see them.'

It seems dubious whether the Sarkees are sun-worshippers; but, like the Blackfeet, they call the sun 'our father,' and the earth 'our mother.' They also engage each summer in the 'sun dance.' They depend also for guidance in their actions on signs in the sky and on dreams. They think they know when there is going to be a fight by the appearance of the moon.

The Sarcee Indians are at present all pagans; they appear to have no liking for the white people, and the

white people seem to have little liking for them, and would gladly deprive them of their lands and drive them away farther into the wilderness, were they permitted to do so. But the paternal Government, as represented by the Indian Department, takes care that they are not imposed upon. There is an Indian Agent stationed on their reserve, who twice a week doles out to them the Government rations, consisting of excellent fresh beef and good flour; and there is also a farm instructor, who has charge of the farming stock and implements, and does what he can to induce these warriors and hunters to farm.

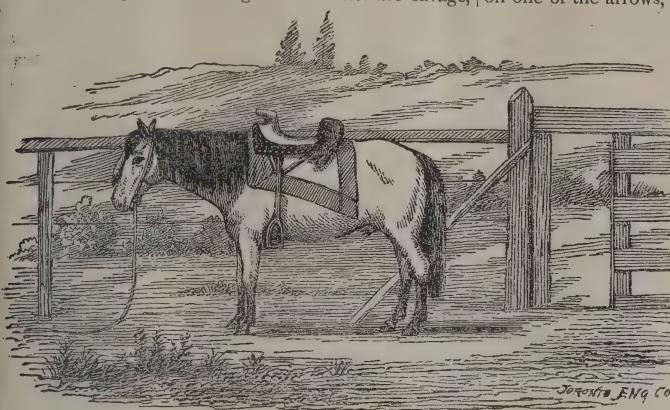
They have also residing among them a missionary of the Church of England, who visits them in their teepees, and does his best to collect their little blanketed children to school, giving two Government biscuits to each scholar as a reward for attendance. But the people are evidently averse to all these things, which are being done for their good. Their only idea of the white man seems to be that of a trespassing individual, who has more in his possession than he knows what to do with, and may therefore fairly be preyed upon.

The dress of these people consists, as with other wild Indians, of a breech-clout, a pair of blanket leggings, beaded moccasins, and a blanket thrown loosely, but gracefully, over one or both shoulders. They wear their long black hair in plaits, hanging vertically, one plait on each side of the face, and one or more at the back. Some of them knot their hair on the top of the head; and some, I noticed, wore a colored handkerchief folded and tied round the temples. This, I believe, is one distinguishing mark of the Navajo Indians in New Mexico. Very often the leggings and moccasins are dispensed with, and the man appears to have nothing on except his grey, white or coloured blanket. The women wear an ordinary woman's dress of rough make and material, and short in the skirt, next to the skin, leggings and moccasins, and a blanket round the shoulders. Ornaments are worn by both sexes, but chiefly by the men. They consist of brooches and ear-rings of steel, necklaces and bracelets made of bright-colored beads, bones, claws, teeth, and brass wire; and finger-rings, also of brass wire, coiled ten or twelve times, and covering the lower joint of the finger. Every finger of each hand is sometimes covered with these rings. Both men and women paint the upper part of the face with ochre or vermillion. The people live in 'teepees'—conical-shaped lodges, made of poles covered with tent cotton, in the summer, and in low log huts, plastered over with mud, in winter. They depend

for their subsistence almost entirely on the rations supplied by Government. They keep numbers of ponies, but seem to make little use of them beyond riding about. They keep no cattle or animals of any kind beyond their ponies and dogs. The latter are savage,

in his left hand, an arrow in his right; the other one has only an arrow. The play is to roll the wheel and deliver the two arrows simultaneously, all aiming at the mark which has been set up. If the wheel falls over on one of the arrows, it counts so many points, according to the number of beads on the wire spoke of the wheel that touches the arrow. Nothing is counted unless the little wheel falls on one of the arrows. The articles for which they play are valued at so many points each. A blanket is worth, perhaps, ten points, a pony fifty, and so on.

Another method by which these people gamble is as follows: Two men squat side by side on the ground, with a blanket over their knees, and they have some small article, such as two or three brass beads



SARCEE PONY.

and are said to be descendants of the wolf and the coyote, with which animals they still often breed. They seem to have no manufactures; they make no canoes, baskets, etc., but they know how to prepare the hides and skins of the animals they kill, and they make their own clothing, saddles, bows and arrows, and moccasins. Some of the women do very excellent bead-work. Bridles they do not use; a rope or thong fastened to the poney's lower jaw takes the place of a bridle; their whips are a short stout stick, studded with brass nails, and provided with two leathern thongs as lashes at one end, and a loop for the wrist at the other. Their bows are of cherry-wood, strung with a leathern thong, and their arrows of the Saskatoon willow, winged with feathers, and pointed with scrap-iron, filed to a sharp point. The shaft of the arrow has four shallow grooves down its entire length.

tied together, which they pass from one to another under the blanket; and the other side, which also consists of two persons, has to guess in which hand the article is to be found—very much like our children's 'hunt the whistle.'

The Sarcees use also the English playing cards, but it is a game of their own that they play with them. Whoever gets the most cards is the winner.

The Sarcees are polygamous, the men having two, three or four wives. The time of moving camp is generally looked upon as a propitious time for love-making. The camp is in the form of a ring, with the horses picketed in the centre. Early in the morning the young men drive the horses to a swamp or slough to water them. They are thinking, perhaps, of some young squaw whom they wish to approach, but they are ashamed to speak to her. Then, as soon as all is ready for the move, the chief gives the word, and the callers summon the people to start on the march. The chief goes first and leads the way. Now is the opportunity for the bashful young swains; they drop behind the rest and manage to ride alongside the young women of their choice, and to get a few words into their ears. If the young woman approves the offer, she follows her white sister's example by referring the young man to her parents. If the parents consent, mutual presents are exchanged, such as horses, blankets, etc.; the girl

The Sarcees, like most other wild Indians, are inveterate gamblers. They will gamble everything away—ponies, teepees, blankets, leggings, moccasins—till they have nothing left but their breech-clout. Among other things, they use a little hoop or wheel for gambling purposes. A little piece of board, if procurable, or two or three flattened sticks, laid one on the other, are put for a target, at a distance of eighteen or twenty feet from the starting point, and the two players then take their places beside each other; one has the little wheel

is dressed in her best, and her face painted, and the young man takes her away. A husband can divorce himself from his wife at any time if he pleases, but he has to restore the presents that he received with her, or their equivalent. Girls are often betrothed at ten years of age, and married at fourteen. A betrothed girl may not look in a man's face until after her marriage. A man may not meet his mother-in-law; if he chance to touch her accidentally, he must give her a present.

The Sarcees depend chiefly on magic and witch-craft for recovery from sickness. There are about a dozen so-called 'medicine-men' in the camp, but most of them are *women*. Chief among them is an old squaw named 'Good Lodge.' They are always highly paid for their services, whether the patient recovers or not. A medicine-man when called in to see a sick person will first make a stone red-hot in the fire, then touch the stone with his finger, and with the same finger press various parts of the patient's body, to ascertain the locality and character of the sickness. Then he will suck the place vigorously and keep spitting the disease (so he pretends) from his mouth. This is accompanied by drum beating and shaking a rattle. The Sarcees do not bleed or cup, but they blister (often quite efficaciously) by applying the end of a burning piece of touchwood to the affected part. They also use the vapor-bath. To do this, a little bower, about three feet high, is made of pliable green sticks, covered over closely with blankets. Several stones are heated red and placed in a small hole in the ground inside the bower; and over these the patient sits in a state of nudity and keeps putting water on the stones, which is supplied to him by an attendant from without. When thoroughly steamed, and almost boiled, he rushes out and plunges into cold water. This treatment sometimes effects a cure, but more often induces bad results and death. The vapor-bath, as above described, is used very extensively by Indians of many of the different tribes;

some, however, omit the plunge into cold water.

When a Sarcee Indian dies, his body is wound up in a blanket and tent cloth, like a mummy, and is deposited on a scaffold about six or eight feet from the ground. The author visited their burial ground in the summer of 1888. It was situated in a 'bluff,' or small copse of fir and poplar trees, covering some two or three acres of ground. Four or five bodies could be seen from one point, and others became visible as we pushed our



SARCEE GRAVES.

way through the tangled underbrush. A little baby's body, wrapped up in cloth, was jammed into the forked branch of a fir tree about five and a-half feet from the ground. The earth was black and boggy and the stench nauseous. Here and there lay the bleached bones and tangled manes of ponies that had been shot when their warrior-owners died—the idea being that the equine spirits would accompany the deceased persons to the other world, and make themselves useful there. Beside each body lay a bundle of earthly goods—blankets, leggings, saddles, etc., also cups, tin pots, kettles, and everything that the spirit of the departed could be supposed to want.

The following story is told about chief 'Bull's Head': "On a certain ration-day about eight years ago, a young Indian, not contented with his portion of meat,

threw it on the ground and broke the scales. The chief, instead of stopping the disturbance, joined in it and threw down and smashed a number of other articles. He said 'he would take the part of his young man and shew the white people that he was not afraid of them; if they wanted to arrest him they could send for the mounted police, but it would take a great many of them to arrest him.' The mounted police sent four men to arrest him, but he laughed at them and said, 'I told you if you wanted to take me you must send plenty of men, it is no use to send four, four cannot arrest me.' He was so defiant in his manner that the police withdrew, and in a little time came again twelve in number. Again the chief came out to them and said, 'why do you still send so few men? Twelve men are not enough to arrest me.' The sergeant then put his hand on Bull's Head to arrest him. Bull's Head, at the same moment, gave the war-cry, and in an instant the police were surrounded on all sides by Indians and squaws, all with their bows ready strung, and arrows pointed at them. The police, to avoid bloodshed, withdrew. A large force was sent next morning to the camp, but the Indians had all left and were in hiding. After a little, Bull's Head came forward alone and surrendered himself, and he sent some of his young men to bring the Indian who had begun the disturbance. Bull's Head was detained three days and had a good time feasting at the police headquarters, and the other culprit was locked up for ten days.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The Sarcee language has never, hitherto, been reduced to writing, neither is any European as yet sufficiently acquainted with it to give any very clear idea as to the grammatical structure. The Rev. H. W. Gibbon Stocken, Church of England Missionary, took up his residence among these people in the summer of 1888, and is at present diligently studying their language. To the author, who also visited the Sarcee Reserve in 1888, the language appeared to be a very difficult one to pronounce; he noticed that the people seemed to keep their lips parted while speaking, and that there was a clicking, 'slishing' sound about the language. Mr. A. M. Stephen, of Arizona, notices the same thing about the Navajo tongue in those southern regions, which is one of the same stock. Mr. Stephen has kindly furnished the author with a list of Navajo words to compare with Sarcee. As a whole, the divergence between the two languages seems to be considerable; but it is to be noticed that the negative particle "to" is the same, and is in each case used as a prefix.

The word for man is, in Sarcee, *krattini*; in Navajo, *tin-neh*; water—Sarcee *tuh*, Navajo *tho*; fire—Sarcee *koh*, Navajo *kon̄*; star—sarcee *soh*, Navajo *sōn̄*. These, and some few other words, resemble each other; others are widely different.

The interrogative particle, in Sarcee, appears to be *kilah* or *lah* after the verb.

The plural of the noun appears to be *īka* or *a*. There does not seem to be any distinction made in the plural endings between animate and inanimate objects.

The verb often shows the character of the article spoken of, thus:

Give me water, sa a nik ka.

Give me to drink, sa a nil tcu.

Give me something solid, saga gin nin ni.

Give me something flexible, saga mig gin nin ni.

Give me something to eat, sa a nil tcu.

The personal pronouns, as in other Indian languages, when used with a verb, appear to be incorporated in the verb—thus: thou seest him, *natihiyit*.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, ē, as in they, met; *i*, ī, as in pique, pick; *o*, ö, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ä*, ü, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *tc*, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in jamais (Fr.), pleasure; *å*, as in law; *g*, a guttural *ghr* sound; *h*, as in German *ich*; *ä*, as in fan.

man, krättini. my father, ittra'.

woman, tsik ka'. it is good, mäk kuni'lli.

boy, tsitta'a. red, dil'kassee.

house, na's-agá. white, dil'kraie.

boat (or canoe), trän'nikösi. black, dil'köshe.

river, tsis'ka. one, klik kaza (atlika).

water, tuh. two, äkkiye (äkinnä).

fire, koh. three, trai'ki (traanah).

tree, it trai'si. four, didji (dizhna).

horse, is klih. five, kul'ta'.

dog, klih. six, kustränni.

fish, klu'kah. seven, tcis tcidi'.

town, naságá nitklah. eight, kläsh didji.

kettle, as'rah. nine, klik'ku'iga'.

knife, mäs. ten, ku'nisan'í.

tobacco, ekatcina. twenty, e käd'de.

day, tcin nis'. hundred, ku'nisaññe.

night, it klai'ye. come here, täs'tiya.

yes, a. be quick, kus'tin na'.

no, tca. to-day, di'djin nissa.

I, sin ni'. to-morrow, i klat'si.

thou, nin ni'. good morning, (nil).

he, itin'ni. Indian, tinna ti ätta.

call themselves, tcu tinna. black kettle, āsra dil'koshe.
 my hand, sillā. money, dil til'i.
 your hand, nilla. bird, it suga.
 John's hand, John illa. snake, natu'sāgā.
 my knife, si mās'sa. don't be afraid, to'kat sit-
 I walk, ni shelkh. tin nin i.
 thou walkest, ki yelkh. give it to me, saga na'ha.
 he walks, yi yelkh. I am hungry, sit sōga nīsu.
 we walk, yai yelkh. are you sick? na ku'il la'lah.
 they walk, yi yelkh. he is very sick, tiga ma-
 I see him, yis'si'. kut'illa.
 thou seest him, yi i. it is cold, kuskas.
 he sees him, yi il la. a hand, sil'la.
 he sees it, yi il la. a father, ittra'.
 if I see him, yissi la ta. a son, misuwagitta.
 thou seest me, siggi inni. I sleep, sisti.
 I see thee, ni yissi'. I shall sleep, (?).
 he sees me, sa i'. I slept, yista.
 do you see him? yi in'a. if I sleep, nista ta.
 he is asleep, sit ti. do not sleep, to'nitta.
 is he asleep? nai issit ti ? it is not cold, to'kuskas.
 axe, tcilh. white man, dikakh'a li.
 little axe, tcilh tcitla. two men, aki'nattina.
 badaxe, tcilh matükku klih. three dogs, tra'iki klik'ka.
 big axe, tcilh tcu. four knives, didji mās.
 big tree, ittrai si tcu.

Did John see the horse? John as'rah isklikka yi in'na?
 I will see you to-morrow, iklatsi tuni yis tran ni.
 What is your name? tan ni tciin nis ta?
 Where are you going? us ta ka di si a.
 I do not see you, to nis tcük ku.
 John saw a big canoe, John trännikösi tcu yi i.
 I shall not go if I see him, yis il la ta to mi tci tish ra.
 If he goes he will see you, Itini yit si ti ye lata yiltsa.

In drawing up this account of the Sarcee Indians, the author has been obliged to rely on information gathered personally, by himself, from those people, supplemented by valuable notes furnished to him by the Rev. H. W. G. Stocken, the resident missionary.

“You cheaten like that, when you work for a white man he kick you right out!!” So spake Benjamin Franklin, (not the Philosopher and electrician, who played with his kite so many years ago) but one of our little home boys to his companion, who was helping him scrub the hall, and who thought it was useless to move the trunks etc., and scrub under them.—*North Star.*

THE number of Indians in Alaska is said to be thirty thousand.



Visit to Walpole Island.

HAVE just returned from a week's visit to the Indian Reserves at Sarnia and Walpole Island. The boats that pass down Lake Huron do not run on time at this season of the year. It is, consequently, impossible to know exactly when they will pass, and I had to wait about at the docks on the American side till I was tired before my steamer, the *Campana*, came in. We arrived eventually at Sarnia on Sunday October 20th, where I expected to find the Rev. John Jacobs, Indian missionary, to whom my brother, the Rev. Edward Wilson, had written, saying that I was coming down to collect some children for the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. I found however that Mr. Jacobs was down at Walpole Island for the Sunday; and in the course of the morning I had a message from him, begging me to come on by Detroit boat the following day. The next day I was at the dock at 7 a.m., but the fog was so thick it was doubtful if the boat would start. I was accosted by a Yankee, asking if I was going down on the “coal.” - I replied that I preferred the regular steamer, which I found out afterwards was named the *Darius Cole*. At Algonac Mr. Jacobs met me, and canoed me over to Walpole Island. He informed me that a meeting of the Indians was arranged for the same evening at the church, to give me an opportunity of telling them what we were doing at the Shingwauk Home. We spent the afternoon in calling on those Indians who were within walking distance, taking our meals at a farm house. About fifty Indians assembled at the church at 7 p.m. They seemed much interested in hearing what was going on at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, of the new buildings completed, etc. I explained to them how the boys spent half their time at school, and the other half at work; how the Services were conducted, and so-forth. I also amused them by saying that I had been led to think I should have had a teepee to sleep in that night, and expected to have seen, at all events, some of the Indians in blankets, etc.; but what had I seen on my rounds that afternoon? Most of them seemed to be well-to-do farmers, keeping their horses and buggies; their wives and children well dressed, and every evidence of prosperity. How was this accounted for? How Mr. Jacobs had told me that out of 800

Indians on the Reserve, 400 attended his church; and out of this 400, 100 were communicants. Was not this prosperity the result, then, of their being a God-fearing people and a Christian community? Should they not look forward to the next generation being equally blessed by sending their children where they would be brought up as Christians, and learn to be useful members of society? I finished by giving them some account of my travels in China and elsewhere. The next day we borrowed a "rig,"—which for the benefit of our English readers, I should state, is a buggy and horse—and drove to the opposite side of the Island, where a wedding was to be celebrated. This said wedding had been postponed from the day before on account of my arrival; and as we were invited to the breakfast, I expected that at least ten or a dozen persons would be present. On our arrival at 11 a.m., however, only the bride was in the house, and she was busy cooking. Towards noon the bridegroom and his best man arrived from work in the bush, and we sat down to breakfast alone with them, being waited on by the bride, who was allowed ten minutes for her own breakfast, after we had finished. Our breakfast, I may mention, consisted of roast pork, cabbage, hot bread, thimble-berry jam and tea, and was well appreciated after our cold drive. After breakfast was cleared away, the marriage ceremony took place; but as it was in the Ojibway language, I cannot say that I understood much of it. At the conclusion I was asked to congratulate the newly-married couple, which, as the bride was a rather pretty girl, I did in true English fashion. A quarter of an hour later the bridegroom and best man were off with their team to their work, and the Rev. Mr. Jacobs and I continued our journey, calling at all the farm houses we passed. Everywhere we were well received, at one house receiving a present of wild duck, at another a basket of apples, etc. The Indians on this Reserve live by farming, hunting, and fishing. We returned to Sarnia in the evening, and spent the following day in driving about the Sarnia Reserve, calling on old pupils, finding new ones, etc. At 11 p.m. five children arrived from Walpole Island, *en route* for the Shingwauk Home. It was a business, getting lodgings for them so late at night. However, at 6 p.m. the following day I had them safely on board the good ship *Campana*, and by midday on Saturday we were safely at home. There are now 90 pupils at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes.

W. W.

Sault Ste. Marie, October 28, 1889.

Fire at Neepigon.

SOME of our old friends will remember how, in the year 1878, Bishop Fauquier, Mr. Wilson, and four Shingwauk boys went on a pioneer trip to Lake Neepigon; how they found there a band of heathen Indians, who had been waiting thirty years for a missionary to come to them; how one of them gave up his son—a bright handsome boy of fourteen—named Negwennena, to return to the Shingwauk Home; how, after three months instruction in Christian truths, Negwennena was baptised by the Bishop, and received his own name of Frederick; how it pleased God that that boy should fall sick and die; and how a Christian Indian village has since been established on the shores of Lake Neepigon, bearing the name NEGWENNENANG, and that the Rev. Robert Renison is the devoted missionary in charge.

Many of our more recent helpers know well the name of Mr. Renison, and are acquainted, through the church papers, with his self-denying labors; and we are sure that they will be deeply grieved to hear of the sad calamity which has befallen his mission. The story must be told in his own words. In a letter dated from Red Rock, October 20th, Mr. Renison writes to Mr. Wilson:

"My Dear Mr. Wilson—You will be sorry to hear that our New Mission House at Negwennenang, with all that we possessed there, is consumed—nothing saved but the stones, some flour, and a few doors and windows. We had arranged to go back again to spend the winter with the Indians, as they have sent a petition to the Bishop, requesting that the Missionary should be permitted to live with them as usual; and so, on the 6th instant, I went up with Joseph and Mugwa, and Oshkapikida, to take up our potatoes and lay up a supply of fish for our dogs, intending, after doing this, to come down for Mrs. Renison. I was only there one week, when all our plans were destroyed. On Thursday morning, the 17th, a strong west wind blew and loosened the stovepipe that projected outside the roof, and disjoined it in the attic. There was nobody in the house but little Georgie, at the time, as I was over at one of the houses. When I came back, George had been awakened with the smoke, and was down stairs, but the flames had made such headway that we had only time to roll out the stove, pull down some doors and windows, throw out a few bags of flour, when the whole burning roof fell in; twenty-one bags of potatoes were roasted in the cellar. Mrs. Renison lost all her most valuable clothing and jewellery.

"When coming down I was so completely burnt out that I had to borrow a cap, a pair of shoes, and a blanket; and an Indian woman took off her own moccasins and gave them to poor little George, who was getting into the canoe in his stockings.

 Subscribe for OUR FOREST CHILDREN. 



PORTAGING UP THE NEEPIGON.

"The Indians wanted us to go up, and live in the new Church, but Mrs. Renison has not the heart to return, as it would be quite impossible now to get up enough stuff to make us any way comfortable for the winter; and so I suppose we will have to stop here, in the house where you visited us, until some other arrangements can be made. Mrs. Renison would have been at the Mission house, but the canoes were so heavily loaded that there was no room for herself and May when we started, and so we had hoped to come down with an empty canoe, and take her up comfortably; but all our plans are fallen to the ground! You know what a burning means, as you have already passed through the same ordeal. We are grieved at heart that the beautiful, comfortable Mission house is gone. God only knows the worry and anxiety of mind, and hard physical labor that the building of that house entailed; but we hope that God may bring good out of the seeming misfortune. With sad heart, I remain, dear Mr. Wilson, Yours faithfully,

R. RENISON."

This letter was read at the next meeting of the "Onward and Upward Club," at the Shingwauk Home, and it is gratifying to record that so large a sum as \$67.34 was at once subscribed by the members of the Club, and sent, through the Corresponding Secretary, to Mr. Renison. Mr. Renison, in acknowledging the gift (Nov. 4,) says: "Poor old Oshkapikida, the father of 'the Neepigon boy' who is buried in your little cemetery, took me into the church the day of our fire and prayed with me; this was his prayer: 'O Lord, if an Indian kills a pack of fur and a dog eats it, he is not discouraged, he goes out to hunt again and kills another pack; and now, O Lord, the Mission House which was thy gift, is burnt down; the missionary must not be weak-hearted, for thou wilt give him friends to build another new one, for Jesus' sake. Amen.'"

Medicine Hat.

DONATIONS are earnestly requested towards the New Indian Institution to be built (in connection with the Sault Ste. Marie Homes,) at Medicine Hat, Alberta. About \$1,100 so far is on hand. The land selected for a site has just been surveyed, and negotiations are in progress towards its acquirement for the desired purpose. Mr. Dewdney, on his recent visit to Medicine Hat, was asked: "Will the Government aid the Industrial School which is to be established here?" and replied: "The Government will certainly do all in its power to aid the Institution." The local residents of Medicine Hat have subscribed \$400 towards the proposed Indian school; this in addition to the

\$1,100 already mentioned. It is hoped an earnest effort may be made during the winter to raise the amount to \$5,000, and then, with Government aid, we may hope to begin building in the Spring.

Our Elkhorn Homes.

THE Brandon Mail, in its issue of October 24th, says:—

"One of the principal institutions is the Indian or Washakada school, begun by a subscription of \$1,000 from Mr. Rowsell. The Dominion Government aids it to the extent of \$100 for each pupil, and there are at present about 27 pupils from the Blackfeet, Sioux and other tribes. The Church of England, under whose auspices it is established, have also come to the rescue liberally with subscriptions. It is managed in connection with the Shingwauk Home at Sault Ste. Marie, in which the Rev. Mr. Wilson is such an enthusiast. Mr. D. C. Mackenzie was sent up from the Sault Ste. Marie as superintendent. Mrs. Vidal, of Sarnia, Ont., is matron, and Miss Vidal, teacher. The school, all told, consists of four buildings, which cost about \$12,000, and were erected by the Dominion Government. The first building is the Washakada or girls' home, about 60x40; the next is the superintendent's quarters and school-room, dining-room and kitchen, 30x40; the third is the boys' home, embracing their sleeping apartments, and assistant superintendent's apartments. The fourth is the workshop—containing carpenter's shop, tin shop and shoe shop. It is the intention to teach the male children all these trades, while the girls are taught sewing and all the other industries of the ordinary household. It is supposed that in time the school may be

made in part self-sustaining, as the product of the shops may be utilized, but at present the waste amounts to more than the cost of the materials. All of the buildings are two stories high, and have, all told, at present, accommodations for eighty children. Under Miss Vidal's tuition, some of the children are now able to read very well, to work arithmetical questions involving fractions, etc. She finds them to take naturally to geography, history, and such branches, but they show more difficulty in managing mathematics and other branches requiring reason. They also take well to music. Those who have been longest in the school are most attached to it and fully appreciate the efforts employed in their behalf. Mr. Mackenzie says he finds the parents very averse to allowing their children to attend the school, and they sometimes have difficulty in getting the children to remain, until there a while, but they soon get attached to it and they are then employed as canvassing agents. They are left for a time with their parents, and so highly do they speak of their treatment that they succeed in inducing other children to leave their parents and attend the school. The work is a laborious one, and may not produce great results for the present, but will of course show to advantage in the next generation.

The Dominion Government has also donated a section of land close by, and on this the art of farming will be taught to the reformed aborigines in time. Mr. Mackenzie, and indeed all connected with the institution, are sparing no pains to make it a success, and they are entitled to the highest mead of praise for the energy they are displaying in what so few would consider "a labor of love."

An old Shingwauk pupil, writing from Elkhorn, says :

"Mr. Mackenzie has been very successful in taming both wild horses and wild children. The black horse which ran wild on the prairie all his life, until last July, is now as tame as an old farm horse that was used on a farm ; we catch it on the open prairie, and it follows us as dogs do."

Mr. Mackenzie, in a recent letter, describes his taking the little Sioux boy, Edward, to visit his friends in camp. He says, "The little fellow woke me up next morning trying to get into my tent ; the first thing he said was "eat;" he evidently had not enjoyed his boarding while absent. When he saw the horses being hitched for the homeward trip he danced around shouting Elkhorn ! Elkhorn ! greatly to the amusement of the Indians. They asked him if he was glad he was going back, and he replied, "Elkhorn washte, washte"—(Elkhorn is

good, good). Mr. Mackenzie adds : "If we can only keep the children until they get over their first fit of home-sickness, there will be little fear of their running away."

Our Bishop's Testimony.

THE Bishop of Algoma, in his annual report to the Committee of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, says :-

"The Rev. E. F. Wilson still prosecutes his Indian work with unflagging faith and perseverance, undaunted by the many and serious difficulties that bestrew his path. Indeed, discouragement seems only to fan the flame of his zeal, for he has been obeying the command, 'Enlarge the place of thy tent: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes, for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left.' Already, preliminary steps have been taken towards sundry improvements in the buildings and internal equipment in the old-established Shingwauk Home, and also the planting of 'branches' in Manitoba and the North-west, the Bishops of Rupertsländ and Assiniboia having consented to become patrons of their respective institutions. Mr. Wilson's courage, in undertaking these new ventures of faith, springs from three sources. 1st—He believes that the work he is doing is 'of God,' as firmly as Chinese Gordon believed in the Divine origin of his mission, and in this faith he 'laughs at impossibilities, and cries "It must be done." In presence of such a conviction, fears and doubts for him 'take to themselves wings, and fly away.' 2nd—He has, within a short period, paid two visits to the United States, for the purpose of visiting the Government Schools for Indians, at Hampton, Carlisle, and elsewhere, besides inspecting the home life of the 'Five Nation Territory,' and has returned with larger views of the Indian question, and a firmer faith than ever in the possibility of their social, civil, intellectual, and religious development, when the problem is given a fair trial, and dealt with on the common sense principle of adequate machinery and equipment. Quite recently, too, he has received a most gratifying evidence of the soundness of his theory, in the fact that one of his pupils, David Osahgee, has just passed the Civil Service Examination, *with honors*, in Ottawa, and has been appointed to a junior clerkship in the Indian Department. Now it is quite possible that a majority of our Indian pupils may not pass the average line of attainment; some, indeed, may fall far below it—nay, in some cases, as I have seen, they may sink back to the

level little higher than their primitive savagery; but even then, surely the promptings of gratitude for our own blessings, and of obedience to the Saviour's parting command, to say nothing of the obligation lying on us to make some righteous reparation for the wrongs we have done them—all these bind us to the duty of toiling and praying, as well as giving, for their deliverance out of darkness into the knowledge of Him who declares Himself the Light of the World. 3rd—Mr. Wilson has been not a little encouraged by the friendly attitude of the Dominion Government towards his Mission, and is now in expectation, among other grants, of a sum of £1,000, to be expended on the enlargement and internal improvement of the Shingwauk Home."

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).



"**N**O, we don't keep overshoes here." Having thus paved the way, I went back to the waiting-room for my wife. I explained to her all the circumstances in a minute manner.

"WE DONT KEEP OVERSHOES." Then arose various questions, such as follow: Would my wife go to breakfast, or remain where she was? Should I get a pair of my boots out of my valise for her to wear, they might be better than her little kid boots? Should I carry her over? Should I get a man to carry her over? Should I get the loan of a barrow or baggage truck? And then—what about staying? Could my wife put up with the bedroom accommodation, such as I had described to her? And, lastly—Why, oh why, did she not remain at Arkansas City, as I had advised her, and so have avoided all this sad inconvenience?

It was well thus thoroughly to debate the matter before taking action. There was no particular hurry, as six men were at present occupying the little breakfast table at the shanty, and when they were through there would be six more ready to sit down. I thought it best to give my wife a little time to think, so I went over again to the shanty. There I found a second lot of six men consuming the various dainties on the table, and

the first lot, whose hunger was already appeased, smoking and spitting around the stove. The Kickapoo Indian was still crouching in the corner. I asked the elder woman whether breakfast could be provided for my wife and myself after the men were finished. "Oh yes; just come right in as soon as you like, and sit right down." There was something pleasant and cordial about this, so I went back to the waiting-room to get my wife.

"Now, my dear," I said, "your time has come." So my wife resignedly followed me. I had alr.ady tracked the way pretty well by this time, and I led my beloved wife by the way where the water and slush was the least deep and where the mud was the thinnest; I showed her how to bend herself down and to crawl under the cattle truck; I led her over the slippery board which crossed the ditch, and round the great puddle in front of the shanty. Then I opened the door and introduced her inside the shanty. My wife was a little surprised. But I did not allow her to remain in the lower apartment. "Follow me up-stairs, beloved," I said to her in a hoarse whisper; and my wife followed me up the stairs. The stairs led to a loft; the wind was whistling and howling through the shingles; in the loft were six beds, and men's garments hanging on nails from the rafters. My wife felt slightly agitated. I led my wife



THROUGH THE MEN'S ROOM.

through the centre of this room beneath the hanging garments, then opened a door on the left, and we stepped into a smaller apartment. In this smaller apartment were two beds; the beds had apparently not been occu-

pied that night; they had pillows, and were covered with coverlets which once, perhaps, were white. On one side of the room was a big trunk, on the other side was a low shelf with a tin wash-basin and jug, and a bit of yellow soap, and a small smudgy looking-glass. I looked at my wife. My wife looked at me. Then we went down to breakfast. The breakfast was bountiful, but greasy and cold; there was beefsteak lying in some cold gravy, some slices of cold beef not very fresh looking, and some lukewarm vegetables, such as potatoes, tomatoes, sweet potatoes and turnips; there were plates of rolls and cut slices of bread; there was a dish of oatmeal porridge which had already been used a good deal; there was a big glass dish full of applesauce with the apple sticking round its sides and edge; and there were several bottles half filled with rather dirty-looking pickles, soaking in a doubtful liquor. My wife and I each had an icy-cold plate, and a not very clean knife and fork put before us, and my wife was provided with a cup of tea and myself with a cup of coffee. We each ate a little.

About nine o'clock the stage came round. The stage had three seats, four wheels and four horses. Of these, the first were covered with snow, the second were clogged with ice, the third were hanging their heads and hunching their backs, and looking very disinclined to go. The distance to Darlington was thirty-five miles. We thought we would not go. Better the bedroom up-stairs, and the greasy potatoes, and the dirty pickles, than a drive of thirty-five miles in such a vehicle with such animals and in such weather—especially as our warm wraps were left behind in the trunks at Arkansas city.

We spent a day in sketching, reading and napping, part of the time in the shanty, part of the time over at the station. I also amused myself by shovelling the snow off the platform, as there seemed to be nobody else to do it.

In the afternoon, my wife was informed by our genial hostess that a party was expected that evening, and that she had a kind of promised that they should have the bedroom up-stairs, "but that," she continued, "need make no difference to you, as there's two beds in the room." My wife thought she would prefer sitting up down-stairs, or going over to the waiting-room for the night, but our hostess would not hear of it. "As likely as not," she said, "the party won't come; and if they do, why they won't hinder you from getting your night's rest any way."

After supper was cleared away in the evening, my



DOUBTFUL ABOUT GOING TO BED.

wife sat in the kitchen, warming her cold toes at the fire, and I went over to the station to see if our baggage had come. Happily, it had. In the waiting-room I found the Kickapoo Indian, and by dint of signs and the use of a few Ojibway words, managed to get from him quite a nice little vocabulary of Kickapoo words.

And now it was bed-time. That was rather a funny night—that night at Oklahoma. The expected party, happily, did not come, so we had the double-bedded bed-room to ourselves. Still, we had companionship enough all round, our room being separated from the other attics by only a thin partition of unplanned upright boards, with chinks between them. My wife never before knew how much noise seven or eight men could make during their sleeping hours. We had expected our apartment to be an airy one, so were not surprised to find the things blowing about a little; and although we kept on nearly all our things, and covered ourselves up with overcoats, etc., we were not any too warm. It was mortifying, rather, in the morning to find that the little window had been open all night. It was such a small, despicable little object, down near the floor, that we had not noticed it when we went to bed.

It was Saturday, Nov. 10th, when we left Oklahoma and started by stage to Darlington. There was about three inches of snow on the ground, and an incalculable depth of mud and slush on the road. We started at 8 o'clock in the morning, on the 35-mile journey, and it was 7 o'clock in the evening and dark when we reached our journey's end. The first 15 miles we were drawn by four horses; the last 20 miles by four mules. The four horses trotted one mile in the aggregate, and walked fourteen; the mules ambled two-and-three-quarter miles in the aggregate, and walked seventeen. The scenery consisted of prairie, covered with patches of snow.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we stopped for dinner at a ranch. A nice clean-looking Scotch woman got the dinner, and served it nicely. Before we started on again my wife went to look at a wild turkey which was hanging up at the back door. There were lots of them, they said, quite close to the house.

CHAPTER X.

CHEYENNES AND ARAPAHOES.

THE arrival at Darlington was a pleasant surprise. My wife had rather dreaded lest the hotel might prove to be one of the same character as that at Oklahoma; but it was not so. Not one of the four mules enjoyed the removal of its collar from its heated neck, and the burying of its nose deep in its feed-of oats, more thoroughly and gratefully than did my wife her arrival that night, in a charming little white-curtained bed-room, in the Darlington hotel, with a bright little fire in the stove, and warm water to wash in. And then, down-



HAPPY AT LAST.

stairs, in the supper-room, was a clean table, with clean white cloth, and clean napkins, and clean cups, and clean bright-looking knives and forks and spoons, and a number of very nice things to eat.

The following day was Sunday. We had breakfast at 8.30, and, while so engaged, Mr. Macpherson, the Indian agent, came in and introduced himself. There was no church in the place, and no services were held, excepting only the informal religious exercises which were conducted in the Indian schools. Of Indian Boarding Schools there were three—the Arapahoe school, close at hand; the Mennonite mission school, half a mile off; and the Cheyenne school, about three

miles distant. Mr. Macpherson offered to drive us out to the Cheyenne school. There was a little delay about starting, and Sunday school unfortunately was just over and the children dispersed when we got there. Mr. Manley, the superintendent, took us all through the building to see it, and asked us to come and stay a day or two with him before leaving Darlington. It was a large white frame building, and had accommodation for 110 pupils, but the number just at that time was only a little over 60. In the afternoon I walked over to the Mennonite school. It was a brick structure; had accommodation for 50 pupils, and was full. It was in charge of the Rev. R. H. Voth, a Russian Mennonite. The Mennonites, it should be explained, are Russian dissenters, their service is of a Protestant character, and conducted much in the same way as that of the Methodists. Their avowed reason for leaving Russia is that their religion forbids them to serve in the army; they administer the Holy Communion, and baptize adults only, by sprinkling. The scholars at this School were both the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. One only had been baptized, the rest were heathen; but Mr. Voth believed that a work of grace was going on in many of their hearts. He asked me to come to their service in the evening, and address them, and I said I would. The children at all these Schools are allowed to go to their homes Saturday and Sunday afternoons, but must always be back at the school at night. On my way back to the Agency, I saw a little boy in American dress, perched up behind a blanketed Indian on a pony and riding towards the Institution; evidently a pupil being taken back by his fond parent to school.

In the evening, my wife went with me to the Mennonite school, and we had a very enjoyable little service. The children sang sweetly the well-known hymns 'Rock of Ages' and Sweet By-and-by.' Mr. Voth had a large and valuable collection of Indian curiosities, and he shewed them all to us. There were spears and tomahawks, and pipes, and moccasins, and rattles made of gourds, and rattles made of tortoise shells, and awl-cases, and children's little vests ornamented with rows of elk teeth, and great showy head-dresses, adorned with eagle feathers, which extended from the back of the head down to the heels; and babies' cradles, and dolls, and baskets, and curiously-marked buffalo hides, and shields, and arrows, and bows, and quivers; and medicine bags—about \$500 worth in all.

On Monday we visited the Arapahoe school. There were eighty-six pupils—all Arapahoes—under the care of Mr. Cline. The building was a substantial frame

structure painted white. It was ten minutes to four when we entered the large class-room in which all the children were assembled, and school would be dismissed at four, so we waited. The dismissal was worth seeing. The teacher played a lively tune on the piano which stood on the platform, an Indian boy whom she called up stood beside her striking a triangle, and, to the sound of the music, the children all marched out with a quick, lively step—not by the shortest way to the door, but by the longest way possible, strutting backwards and forwards through the long lines of desks, in serpentine fashion, and producing quite a kaleidoscopic effect. After they were all gone we went over the building and saw their comfortable dormitories with iron bedsteads and spring mattresses, and blue check coverlets, also the dining hall, kitchens, etc.



IN AN INDIAN TEEPEE.

My wife had never been inside an Indian teepee, so I thought I would take her to see one. All these Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians live in *teepees*, and they may be seen scattered at varying distances all over the prairie in the neighborhood of the Darlington Agency. They are conical-shaped dwellings, made of a frame-work of sticks, covered with white tent cloth. Formerly, they used to be covered with tanned buffalo hides; but now the buffalo is no more, and tent cloth has to be used instead.

During the winter, these Indians barricade their teepees with a high circular fence of cedar brush, to keep themselves warm. The teepee which we entered had seemingly one occupant only, and that a woman. We crept in at the little entrance and sat down. The sole occupant did not seem to appreciate the visit, and after a few grunts she got up and left. In the centre of the

teepee was a smouldering fire with a black pot standing in the ashes; above, was a hole through which the superabundant smoke made its escape. The floor of the teepee was of earth and clean. Around the inside were beds raised a foot from the floor. There were also various signs of advancing civilization—such as a valise, a granite-ware pot, and a blacking brush. As the lady of the house did not return, we just rested ourselves a little, made our remarks, and left. Just outside was a sweat lodge. A sweat lodge is a little teepee, which an Indian enters to sweat when he feels sick. It is said to be good for almost every kind of complaint. The sweat lodge, like the teepee, is circular, but unlike the teepee, is dome-shaped. It is about nine feet in diameter and about three and a-half feet high, and is made of fifteen or so pliant sticks stuck in the ground, bent over into shape and covered with blankets. When the sweat lodge is required for use a fire is lighted just outside, some stones are made red-hot, and are dumped into a hole which has been dug in the centre of the little bower. The sick Indian then gets inside, removes his clothes and sits over the hot stones. His squaw passes him in a supply of water, and this he sprinkles over the stones. Steam is produced. The Indian becomes par-boiled, and as red as a lobster. Then he rushes out and plunges himself into a river or pond. Sometimes he gets better; sometimes he gets worse—It is generally either kill or cure.

Linguistic Notes.

FTHE Rev. Father Legoff, Quebec, is preparing a grammar in the Montagnais dialect.

MR. BACHELOR, of the C. M. S. Japan Mission, has just completed an *Ainu* Grammar and Dictionary. Ainu is the language spoken by the Aborigines (not Japanese) of Japan, and it will be interesting to compare this language with some of our North American Indian dialects.

We are sorry to record the death of the Rev. Silas Rand, Missionary of the Baptist Church, to the Micmac Indians, in Nova Scotia. He was a linguist of no mean attainments; being well versed in Hebrew, Latin, Greek, and several European tongues. In the course of his life he collected all the legends accepted by the Micmac Indians, translated the Scriptures into their tongue, and prepared a Micmac dictionary.

MR. WILSON has commenced the preparation of a Map of British North America, showing the position of all the different Indian Tribes, the stocks they belong

to, and their original territory. It is a difficult work, and will probably take two or three years to complete, as so much information has to be gathered, and the distances are so great. His plan is to make tracings of the different sections of his map, and send them to local Missionaries, Hudson Bay Factors, and Indian agents, asking them kindly to revise and fill in. The map is undertaken under the direction of the British Association.

Indian Education.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Commissioner Morgan, of the Indian office, has elaborated a system of education designed to reach all Indian youths of school age, now under the control of the Indian Bureau. It is practically the American public school system adapted to the special requirements of Indians. It contemplates daily, primary or home, grammar and high schools, so related that promotions can be made from grade to grade, and from schools of a low order to those of a higher. It is to be non-partisan and non-sectarian, and the teachers are to be employed and dismissed solely on the basis of efficiency or inefficiency. Industrial features are to receive attention, and pains will be taken to equip students for the practical duties of life. The "Outing System," by which pupils are placed in white families and attend public schools, is to be encouraged wherever practicable, the fullest opportunity to be afforded to any Indian youth who desires to find a home among white people. Stress is laid upon the necessity of co-education and of bringing together in the same boarding schools members of as many different tribes as possible, to generate a feeling of common brotherhood and mutual respect. The scheme contemplates the organization of perhaps twenty-five grammar schools, fifty primary or home schools, and enough day or camp schools to reach all who cannot be brought into boarding-schools. Congress, in the commissioner's annual report, will be asked to make a sufficient appropriation to enable the Indian Office to bring every Indian youth of school age, who can be reached, under proper instruction. In no other way can the Indian problem be solved than by this method of universal education administered in the same spirit that characterizes the administration of public school matters in the various States. Enough has already been accomplished to show that the scheme is entirely feasible. Indian youths now in schools are making excellent progress, and there is a constant demand upon the Indian office for more and better schools.

Averse to the Franchise.

THE Ontario Indians are reported to be averse to the exercise of the franchise; also to the introduction of the system of municipal government among them. The objection to the franchise is based on the belief that they are not Canadians in the complete sense of the word; but allies of the Canadians. They form, it seems, a series of nations living under treaty agreements on friendly terms with their neighbours the whites. This Indian notion is, however, an altogether erroneous one. Indian titles have been recognized, but the quieting of a title is not equivalent to the acknowledgment of separate nationality. The Indian is a subject of the Queen and a citizen of this country. If the franchise is conferred upon him, he has no reason other than that a white can give for rejecting it. The objection to the municipal system would appear to emanate from the chiefs. Under the tribal system the chief is the ruler; under the municipal system the *vox populi* controls. The democratic plan is not liked, though it is difficult to understand why civilized men should oppose it.—*Mail*.

The Life of a Savage.

SIT is often said: "Why not leave the savages alone in their primitive state? They only are truly happy." How little do those who thus speak know what that life really is. A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He is in constant fear of attacks from neighboring tribes, as well as the more insidious foes created by his superstitious mind. Ghosts and hobgoblins, those midnight wanderers, cause him much alarm, as their movements are heard in the sighing of the wind, in falling leaves, lizards chirping, or disturbed birds singing. If midnight is the favorite time for spirit movements, there is another hour when he has good cause to fear the first mentioned enemies. It is the uncanny hour between the morning star and the glimmering light of approaching day, the hour of yawning and armstretching, when the awakening pipe is lighted, and the first smoke of the day enjoyed. The following will show what I mean:

Some six years ago, the people of the large district of Saroa came in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the villages, and surprised and killed men, women, and children, from the poor gray-headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty escaped to Kalo, but were soon compelled to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn

Kalo if it harbored the fugitives. They pleaded for peace, but without avail. Saroa said, "Every soul must die." The quarrel began about a pig.

Ah! savage life is not the joyous hilarity some writers depict. It is not always the happy laugh, the feast and the dance. Like life in civilized communities, it is varied and many-sided. There are often seasons when tribes are scattered, hiding in large trees, in caves, and in other villages far away from their homes. Not long ago, inland from Port Moresby, a large hunting party camping in a cave were smoked out by their enemies and all killed but one. Once when travelling inland, I found the Makabili tribe in terrible weather living in the bush, under shelving rocks, among the long grass, in the hollow trees. The people at Port Moresby say now for the first time they all sleep in peace, and that as they can trust the peace of God's Word, they mean to keep to it. This is significant, coming from those who not long since were the most noted pirates, robbers, and murderers along the whole coast of the peninsula.

—Rev. James Chalmers, of New Guinea, in *Exchange*.

An Apache Physician.

CARLOS MONTEZUMA, a full-blooded Apache, whose Indian name was Was-sa-jah, was captured as a lad by Pimas, in 1870, and two years later was sold by them to a photographer, who took Montezuma to Chicago and adopted him. Since that time he has lived in the Lake City and continuously attended schools and colleges until last month, when he graduated from a medical college, and the degree of bachelor of science was conferred upon him. He is now a practicing physician. On centennial day he delivered the oration in one of the leading educational institutions in Chicago.—*Ex.*

WE expect to send out with our next issue—January,—a Calendar for 1890, neatly gotten up in colors Keep a place for it.

Washington's Indian Policy.

IN this the centennial year of Washington's first inauguration as president of the United States of America, it can not be amiss to refer to his policy towards the Indians as publicly and officially expressed in his third annual message to the federal Congress (see Williams' Statesman's Manual, Volume 1, p. 39), dated October 25, 1791, which says:

"That they (the Indians) should experience the benefit of an impartial dispensation of justice. That efficacious provision should be made for inflicting adequate penal-

ties upon all those who, by violating their rights, shall infringe the treaties and endanger the peace of the Union."

Again in his fourth message (p. 44; date, November 6, 1792):

"I cannot dismiss the subject of Indian affairs without again recommending to your consideration the expediency of more adequate provision for giving energy to the laws throughout our interior frontier, and for restraining the commission of outrages upon the Indians, without which all pacific plans must prove nugatory."

Referring in the same message to the troubles with the Creeks and Cherokees, he says:

"To satisfy the complaints of the latter, prosecutions have been instituted for the violences committed upon them, and offensive measures against them prohibited during the recess of Congress."—*Red Man*.

THE Chiriqui Indians, in olden times, inhabited Mt. Chiriqui, in South America, from which you can see both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. These Indians had their burying ground 2,750 feet above the level of the sea. They had many metal implements and pieces of pottery. In and around the burying ground were enormous stones covered with curious figures and inscriptions. They were very skilful in working metals and especially in plating them. Many gold, bronze and copper ornaments and implements were found in the graves, many of which had been moulded in clay or sand moulds, but no traces of pots to melt the metal in were found.—*Amateur Collector*.

THE number of Indians who can read English is not over twenty-four thousand, it is said, while of those who can read Indian languages there are but about ten thousand.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

NOVEMBER.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge the following boxes of clothing, with many thanks:—

From St. John's S.S., Strathroy, for Josie—a new and most comfortable outfit.

Mrs. D. McWilliams and other friends, two boxes of nice clothing, for both boys and girls.

From St. John's Church, York Mills, (per Mrs. Banks), one uniform dress, boots, quilts, girls' underwear, a few Christmas presents.

From the Mothers' meeting of St. Matthew's Parish, Quebec, (per Mrs. Bell Irvine), a box of new and warm clothing for the boys and girls of the Indian Homes.

Mrs. Wilson desires to thank Dr. McCulloch for deducting \$19 from his bill, for attendance on the sick.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM OCT. 7TH TO NOV. 2ND.

"ROUGH DIAMOND," \$5; St. John's S.S., York Mills, \$4; St. Matthias' S.S., Montreal, for boy, \$18.75; Visitor, 25c.; Col. Summer, for Washakada, \$22; Sunday School, Mitchell, for boy, \$6.25; St. George's Missionary Union, Lennoxville, for girl, 25c; St. Stephen's S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$12.50; Boys' Branch W.A., No. 1, Montreal, for boy, \$12.50; the Misses Patterson, \$10; Archibald Duncan, \$5; St. Paul's S.S., Mount Forest, for boy, \$6.25; Visitors, 32c.; St. Charles' S.S., Dereham, \$3.50; St. Paul's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$56.25; St. James', Carleton Place, for boy, \$18.75; W. A. Cataraku, for organ, \$10; a friend, Toronto, \$1.

Receipts—O.F.C.

OCT. 10TH, 1889.

JOHN A. MAGGRAH, 50c.; Mrs. McNicol, 50c.; Miss Milne Home, 6c.; Col. Summer, \$1; W. C. Bryant, \$1; G. E. Moberly, 50c.; Mrs. Farrell, \$1; Mrs. G. Moberly, 50c.; W. H. Worden, \$1; Mrs. McWilliams, 50c.; Mrs. Parsons, 50c.; Miss E. Wilgress, 30c.; A. M. Louckes, 50c.; D. Hodgins, 50c.; Mrs. E. Gesner, 50c.; Rev. R. Fothergill, 50c.; A. S. Smith, \$1; Bishop of Niagara, 50c.; A. Inches, 50c.; J. M. Marsh, 50c.; R. V. Rogers, \$1; R. Blake, 25c.; Miss M. Hammel, \$1.

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Containing GRAMMAR, DIALOGUES and DICTIONARY.

By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, \$1.25. For sale at the Shingwauck Home. This little book appeared in 1874.

A Toronto paper of that date said about it: "The arrangement is simple and comprehensive; and the explanations clear and lucid. We doubt not the Manual will be found most useful in clearing away many of the obstacles that beset the path of the Missionary."

Missionary Work among the Ojibway Indians.

By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, 85 cents. For sale at Rowsell & Hutchison's, Toronto; E. A. Taylor, London, Ont.; Williamson & Co.; and at the Shingwauck Home.

A Church paper says of the above: "It is full of interest from cover to cover; and, though published in London, is a real contribution to Canadian literature. The history begins in the year 1868 when Mr. Wilson came to Canada, and is continued to the year 1884. It is well written, and contains much about Indian life and customs. The book is a modest monument to Mr. Wilson's life labor, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation."

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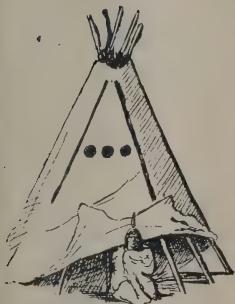
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[NEW SERIES, NO. 8.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 8.

THE NAVAJO INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



WANDERING nomadic tribe, possessors of immense flocks of sheep and goats, artificers in silver work, clever weavers, an intelligent but untamed people—such are the Navajo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona.

The name Navajo (pronounced Nàvahoe) was evidently given to them

by the Spaniards. By their neighbors, the Apaches, they are called "Yutahkah;" and they call themselves "Tinneh."

They belong to the great Tinneh or Athabascan stock, the chief tribes of which are to be found in the great Canadian North-West between the Rocky Mountains on the West and Hudson Bay to the East, and extending as far northward as the regions occupied by the Eskimos. It seems strange that a people living so far South as New Mexico should be allied to a people in the far North, especially when we take into account that numerous tribes of entirely distinct stocks intervene between their countries and that of the Northerners; but the fact remains undisputed; their name is the same, their language is evidently of the same stock, and they themselves have a tradition that they came originally from the North, following the course of the Rocky Mountains southward. They are aware also that they still have relatives up in the North country.

The other tribes belonging to the Tinneh stock, to which the Navajo Indians are related, are in the South, the Apaches and Arivaipas, and in the North—quite 1200 miles apart—the Chipewyans, Beavers, Sarcees, Tukudhs, Tacullies, Thikenies and Slavés. The Navajo Indians, according to last Government Reports, now number 18,000 souls, and they occupy an immense territory, lying in New Mexico, Arizona and Utah, 120

miles north and south, and 180 miles east and west, the greater portion being broken by high mountain ranges. Their live stock consists of a quarter of a million of horses, 3500 cattle, 800,000 sheep, 300,000 goats, 500 burros (donkeys), and 300 mules. Their horses are a source of very little income or usefulness, but are regarded by them as their basis of wealth, the Indian who owns the greatest number of horses being considered the wealthiest. They rarely sell or dispose of them except from actual necessity, or by way of trade for beads, arms and ammunition. They also purchase their wives with them, and have done so from time immemorial. The Navajoes do very little at present in the way of farming; they cultivate a little Indian corn and wheat and raise a few melons and pumpkins. In cultivating corn they select a sandy soil that will require no breaking, and with a hoe make a deep hole in rows about two feet apart, dropping 12 to 15 grains in each hill. As the corn grows they never cultivate it except to hoe out the weeds between the rows. Their wheat they sow in drills made with a sharp-pointed stick, and they harvest it with a knife. The majority of the people depend on their cattle and sheep for their living. In the course of a year they will sell from 800,000 to 1,000,000 pounds of wool, besides weaving a large quantity into blankets.

The Navajoes have the reputation of being great thieves, and delight in making raids on the cattle of their white neighbors. They are of a wild, roaming disposition, and it is seldom that more than two-thirds of their number can be persuaded to remain on their Reservation. Among themselves they are a good natured, jovial set. Hardly an hour passes but an universal laugh or a rousing chorus is indulged in. Very few Navajo children go to school, but those who do evince great aptitude in learning. Their quick perception is remarkable. A person totally unfamiliar with a single word of their language can readily carry on a conversation with them, no matter how awkward may be the system of pantomime he employs to convey his thoughts, while the Indian's graceful responses cannot be easily misunderstood. The members of this tribe evince at all ages an unsatiable thirst for the English language. They will at all times cease their

work if a white person will teach them his names for familiar objects, and are delighted if their tutor will ask for similar instruction in their own tongue. The Navajoes are a robust, hardy set of people; they pride themselves in their utter disregard of cold; the young men delight to run foot races over the snow in winter time in a perfectly nude state. It is a universal custom among Navajo mothers to plunge their new born infant into the nearest stream on the very day of its birth and to repeat the operation daily for many months. It is done simply to inure the infant to hardships which cold might inflict in after life. The presence of ice on the water does not by any means cause a postponement of this ceremony, unless it may be for such time only as is required to make an opening sufficiently large to permit of the immersion.

It is sad to think that these people, so many thousands in number, are still allowed to remain comparatively untaught and uncared for as regards their spiritual interests. In a list of "Sixty-six Indian Tribes still without Missionaries," published by "The Women's National Indian Association," in November, 1886, appears the tribe of Navajoes, 18,000 in number. They have at present a Government Indian School with an average attendance of from 30 to 40, but beyond this, little seems to be done.

As regards their own creed, they say that they came originally out of the earth. The place where they came out they call Hadji'nai. Some of their traditions say it was in the mountains of Southern Utah, others, in the North-west. Men and women they say, were made together, but afterwards separated—the women crossing to the further bank of a broad river. After many years they besought the men to take them back. In the underworld were floods forcing the people to escape through the roof, which was effected by means of a reed called *tlo'-ka*. The six sacred mountains of the region in which they now live, they say, were produced by earth brought up by the first man from the underworld. The beaver, badger, mole and swan are looked upon as sacred creatures, and figure largely in their myths. The earth is not a solid, but a cubical shell, inclosing four others, and perhaps many more successive shells. The persons who existed on one of these spheres in earlier times were all genii or deities; animals had, however, been created; they were made from clay. The deities came together and built the first hut; it was made in the form of a cone, and its shape is still preserved in the Navajo "hogan." The sun they say, is the reflection from an immense shield on the arm of a man

who is continually riding a white horse in the heavens. Night comes on when the rider returns to his starting point after having reached the end of the earth. When the reverse side of the shield is seen it is the moon. Anything that they hold in superstitious dread, they call "chindy." A tree struck by lightning is "chindy," and they will freeze rather than use the wood to light a fire. A bear's dead body is "chindy" and must not be touched.

The Navajo native dwelling is of very rough construction, and bears the name of "*hogan*"(pronounced *hohran*). It is a beehive-shaped or conical structure, of sticks, turf and earth. At a distance it looks like a mere heap of rubbish; but on nearer approach one sees that there is some method in its construction. The author en-



NAVAJO "HOGAN."

tered one of them on his recent visit to New Mexico, and made the following notes: The interior was about 5 feet 6 inches in height, and about 10 feet in diameter; two upright cedar posts, each with a crook at the top and a cross piece between them resting on the crooks, formed the main support of the building; two other pairs of posts with cross-beams resting on them, but rather lower, were on either side of the first pair. These six posts with their three cross pieces formed the skeleton or frame work over which the Hogan was built; sticks and brush laid flat on the top of the frame formed the roof, split cedar and piñon logs placed upright and leaning inward against the central frame work, formed the sides; then the whole was covered up with brush, corn stalks, stones and dirt. The floor was of mud; a fire was made in the centre, and the smoke escaped through a square hole in the roof. It seemed strange that such clean intelligent people as the Navajoes should live in such hovels, and especially so when their persons, and even the bridles and trappings of their horses, are literally loaded with costly silver ornaments;

These silver ornaments they make themselves. Many of the men are silversmiths, and have their forge, anvil.



SILVERSMITH'S TOOLS.

bellows, crucibles and tools—all of their own construction. The bellows is a tube or bag of goatskin, as shewn in the illustration, about twelve inches long and ten inches in diameter, tied at one end to its nozzle, and nailed at the other end to a circular disk of wood, in which is the valve. Their crucibles are made of clay, and have three-cornered edges and rounded bottoms, being about two inches in every dimension; they cannot be used more than three or four times before falling to pieces. Their moulds they cut in soft sandstone, with a home-made chisel. Each mould is cut approximately in the shape of the article which is to be wrought out of the ingot cast in it, and it is greased with suet before the metal is poured in. For fuel they use charcoal made from dry juniper. Among the silver articles made are earrings, bracelets, necklaces, finger rings, brooches, discs 3 or 4 inches in diameter, with which to adorn their leatheren waist bands, ornaments for the bridles of their horses, &c. If a visitor wants a silver article as a keepsake, he gives the Navajo silversmith two silver dollars—one of the dollars to be made into whatever article may be desired, the other to pay for the workmanship. The Navajoes place no value on gold, all their ornaments are made of silver. Some of the belts they wear are worth \$35, and a horse's bridle is often ornamented to the extent of \$25—some even up to \$50. The rage for jewelery is strong in both sexes. It is not an unusual sight to see their arms literally covered with bracelets of brass and silver, their breasts vainly endeavoring to palpitate under a load of shell ornaments, turquoises and silver buttons, while from the waistband dangle an innumerable number of diminutive silver bells. The dress of the men consists of a calico shirt, full baggy calico trousers, leggings and

moccasins; and a distinctive feature of this tribe is the red or otherwise colored bandana handkerchief tied round the head just above the eyebrows. Then there is also the inevitable blanket—winter and summer—about the shoulders. The women also wear calico dresses and blankets. The blankets are made by themselves, on looms of their own construction. This tribe stands first of all Indian tribes in the art of weaving; indeed there are few civilized people that could produce an article superior to a well-made Navajo blanket. Some of these blankets are of immense size and will sell for as much as \$100. The ordinary price is from \$7 to \$12. They are of such close texture that they will hold water. The method of weaving is as follows: Two posts are set firmly in the ground (or a post and a young tree will do)—about 6 feet apart. To these are lashed two cross-pieces—one at the top and one at the bottom, to form the frame. A few inches below the upper cross-piece is the "yarn beam," connected with it by a spiral rope which can be tightened as required; and attached to the lower cross-piece is the "cloth beam," as we should call it, but the cloth is never wound around it. In the illustration may be seen the



NATIVE LOOM.

"heald rod" across the upper part of the frame; the healds on the rod are attached to alternate threads of the warp and serve when drawn forward to open the lower shed; the other rod which has no healds on it keeps the upper shed open. Below these rods held

horizontally in the woman's hand, is the "batten" with which she thumps down the yarn into its place. The weaver uses no shuttle. The yarn is wound on a slender twig or splinter and passed through the threads of the warp—a few inches at a time—with the fingers. The wool is settled into place with a wooden fork, and then thumped down with the batten. The woman sits on the ground while working, and has her work brought down to her as it advances. This is done by loosening the spiral rope at the top, drawing the web down and sowing a fold of it to the cloth-beam. In all new blankets the marks of this sewing are to be seen. The blankets are made in many intricate patterns, and very bright colors are usually employed. They provide for the most part their own dyes. Brilliant red is made of *bayeta*, brought from Mexico. Black they make from the twigs and leaves of the aromatic *sumac* and piñon gum; yellow from the flowering tops of *Bigelovia graveolens*, boiled down to a decoction; indigo is imported. It is generally allowed that the art of weaving among the Navajoes is of aboriginal origin; it is quite possible, though not certain, that the Pueblo Indians were the original inventors; whether this be so or not, the Navajoes at the present time excel all other Indians in weaving.

To make a moccasin or shoe, a Navajo Indian makes use of three materials, viz., buckskin for the uppers, raw-hide for the sole, and sheep or goat sinews for sewing. His tools are simply an awl and a knife. He first pounds his raw-hide with a stone on a smooth rock and scrapes the hair off, and then buries it in moist earth for 3 or 4 days, to make it soft and pliable; then he sets his foot on it on the ground and cuts out the sole about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch or so larger than the size of his foot all round; then, after greasing it and holding it before the fire, he turns up the edges all round, fits on the buckskin for the upper part, and sews it with sinew. A silver button on either side is the only ornament. Formerly they used to ornament their shoes with beads and colored porcupine quills, but not now.

Marriage, with the Navajoes, is simply a bargain and sale. Formerly the marriage ceremony consisted in the bride and bridegroom eating together from a small bowl of mush and anointing each other's faces; but this is not now often done. The bargain is made between the young man and the parents of the maiden, and so many ponies given for her. But few of the Navajoes have two wives, and none have more than three. When a man dies his wife is his sole heir; and when the wife dies her parents are her heirs. A man must

never see or be seen by his mother-in-law, or they will both have sore eyes—perhaps lose them—or even die. Formerly an unfaithful wife was mutilated by having the end of her nose, her nipples, or her tongue cut off.

Wizardry and Shamanism prevail among these people. Much of the latter is highly poetic and not immoral in its character. The Navajoes are born gamblers. A common game among them is one played with a hoop and poles, called "na-a-jonj;" another is 'Hunt the Shoe,'—"keh-ci-dje"—in which four or eight moccasins are filled with earth and a small stone concealed in one of them. They also use Spanish *monte* cards, and play Spanish games. When a person dies, the body is left wherever it may happen to be, and covered up with a heap of stones and brush; if in a hogan, the hogan is closed up, and the place is abandoned, as the belief is that the devil comes to the place of death and remains where a dead body is. Wild animals often get the bodies, and it is generally easy to find skulls and bones around an old camping ground. Sometimes a sick person is left in some lone spot, protected by brush, to die. Dr. Menard relates finding a living person, so well enclosed with brush that wild animals could not get in; the person had been left to die, but was revived by a cup of coffee and eventually recovered.

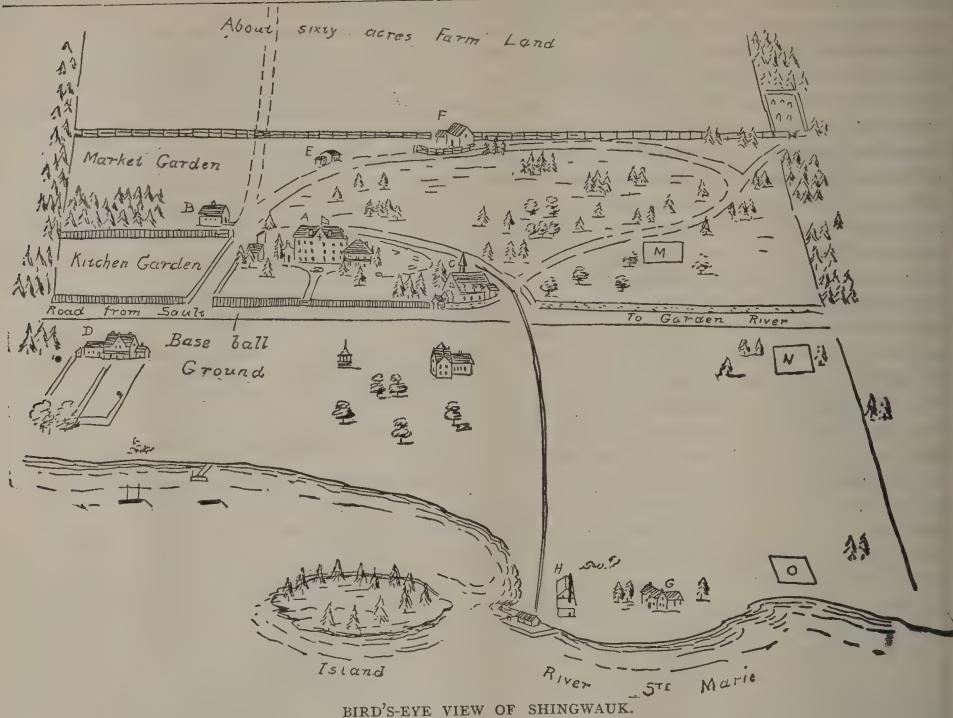
GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The letters *f*, *v*, and *r* are omitted from the alphabet. Sounds peculiar to the language are slushing cheek sounds, between *t*, *ch*, and *z*, and a guttural *ghr* sound. Distinction is made between animate and inanimate objects; an animate adjective must be used with an animate noun. The personal pronoun when used with the verb, is incorporated in it. There is a dual form of the verb, e.g., *yi-tash*, we two walk. There are causative and reflexive forms of the verb. The plural of the noun is indicated by the verb or adverb. A verb may be made to indicate the character of the object spoken of, thus: Give it to me (something solid), *sha-a-na-a*; (something long or rigid), *sha-an'-tin*; (something pliable), *sha-an'le*. The particle *ni*, affixed to a noun, implies that it is past or dead. The sentence "The man came home and put his new gun in his lodge" would, in Navajo, take the following order: Man his lodge returned to his gun new his hut inside put it.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *ɛ*, as in they, met; *i*, *ɪ*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ɔ*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ă*, *ă*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *ü*, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in *jamais* (Fr.).

pleasure ; à, as in law ; ă, a guttural <i>għr</i> sound ; h, as in German <i>ich</i> ; ă, as in fan.	we two sleep, ni hi'tū il-	God, Melika'no biye (American's gods).
man, tin neh.	my hand, shi la.	gwush.
woman, ăs tsū ni.	your hand, nī la.	we sleep (excl.), da'il gwush. Devil, Tcindi (<i>s.</i> as ghost).
boy, ish keh'.	John's hand, J. bīla.	we sleep (incl.), da ni lso da'heaven,
house, hut, Hogan.	my knife, shi pesh.	il gwush.
boat (or canoe), tsinna ēlsh	I walk, I shalh.	white man, melika'no
da sa a n.	thou walkest, ni nalh.	do not sleep, da to'il hūsh i. (Americano).
river, t'ho in lin a.	he walks, i kalh.	it is not cold, to dez kāz.
water, t'ho.	we walk, i tash.	two men, na'ki tinneh.
fire, ko n.	they walk, djo' kalh.	he is a man, tin ne'h la n.
tree, tsin'a.	I see him, hwish-i.	three dogs, ta hle tcan ai.
horse, hli n.	thou seest him, nih' īn yi.	it is a house, kin la n.
dog, hle-tca'n ai.	he sees him, djo i na' yo ti.	four knives, ti n pesh.
fish, thlo.	he sees it, yo i'.	
town, kīn to'hai yu i.	if I see him, a'yilh sa'da n.	Did John see the horse? John bli n i shi'ni?
kettle, pe'sh si sa.	thou seest me, shi nih i'.	I will see you to-morrow, yi skan'go nih des tséhl.
knife, pesh.	I see thee, nish i nilh i'.	What is your name? Dai nih'li gi?
tobacco, na'tho.	he sees me, sho'i.	Where are you going? Ha'go tin ni ya?
day, dji.	I see myself, a'desh ti.	I do not see you, Nih a'-to nis tse'ta.
night, kle.	we see each other, a'hi it i.	John saw a big canoe, John tsin na elh-da-sa-a
yes, au.	do you see him? da yi'nih i?	djo-i'-yo-i'.
no, to'ta.	he is asleep, a'djil hush.	I shall not go if I see him, Hwilh-sa'-da n to-de-shalh-da.
I, shiħ.	is he asleep? da'djil hush?	If he goes he will see you, A koj deya'gonilh doth selth.
thou, nih.	axe, tse'nilsh.	◆◆◆
he, bih.	little axe, tse'nilsh hai iya'ji.	Catlin's Testimony to Indian Character.
my father, shi je.	bad axe, tse'nilsh to'de nil.	" J FEARLESSLY assert to the world, and I defy contradiction, that the North American Indian is everywhere in his native state a highly moral and religious being, endowed by his Maker with an intuitive knowledge of some great Author of his being and the universe—in dread of whose displeasure he constantly lives with the apprehension before him of a future state, when he expects to be rewarded or punished according to the merits he has gained or forfeited in this world.
it is good, ya' te hish.	big axe, tse'nilsh tso.	"I never saw any other people who spend so much of their lives in humbling themselves before and worshipping the Great Spirit as these tribes do, nor any whom I would not as soon suspect of insincerity and hypocrisy.
red, tli tci'.	black tree, tsin tso.	"Self-denial and self-torture, and almost self-immolation, are continual modes of appealing to the Great Spirit for His countenance and forgiveness.
white, tħa ka'i.	black kettle, pētsitsa tħi jin.	"To each other I have found these people kind and honorable, and endowed with every feeling of parental, filial, and conjugal affection that is met with in more enlightened communities."
black, tli jin'.	money, pe'so.	◆◆◆
one a'ħħi lai.	bird, ts'i'di.	RUPERT'S LAND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—The buildings were handed over by the contractor on the 28th November, and are now being furnished as rapidly as possible under the Rev. Dr. Burman's superintendence. It is expected that all will be in readiness for the reception of pupils towards the close of the month.
two, nā'ki.	snake, tħiħi.	
three, ta.	don't be afraid, a' to nūn il	
four, ti n.	ts'i dī.	
five, ish tkla.	give it to me, sha a'n ă à.	
six, as ta'n.	I am hungry, dīċiñ shilħi ke	
seven, sūs tsit'.	are you sick? da'nis tsa ish?	
eight, seb pi'.	he is very sick. da-ai'-gi-si	
nine, nas tai'.	da'ħitsa.	
ten, nes na'.	it is cold, déz kāz.	
twenty, na'tin.	a hand, hū'la.	
hundred, ne'z natin.	a father, hū'je.	
come here, kwe sha'ni na.	a son, hū gye.	
be quick, da ha'kwo.	the,	
to-day, tis dji.	I sleep, ăsh hush.	
to-morrow, yi ska'n go.	I slept, ilh haj.	
good morning, hade'lā.	I shall sleep, i'desh hush.	
Indian, tinneh.	if I sleep, ăsh hush da n.	
call themselves, tinneh.	he does not sleep, to'il hush da.	



Our Indian Homes.

THE above cut gives a bird's-eye view of Our Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, as they are, and as they are to be. The explanation is as follows: *A*—The present Shingwauk Home (stone), built 1874; *B*—The Stables; *C*—The Chapel (stone), built 1883; *D*—The Hospital (stone), with frame cottages for ladies attached; *E*—Farm-man's cottage (frame); *F*—Barn and Cattle Sheds (frame); *G*—Foreman of Factory's Cottage (stone)—1889; *H*—Sash, Door, and Furniture Factory (frame)—1889; *I*—the Band Stand; *K*—"The Industrial" (stone), where shoemaking, tailoring, weaving, &c., are taught—a part of the building is used temporarily as a dormitory, to take the overflow from the Shingwauk; *L*—the Cemetery; *M*—proposed site of new "Central Building"—to cost about \$10,000—to have dining hall, kitchens, and officers' quarters on ground floor, and school-rooms above; *N*—proposed site of new Wawanosh Home (the old one, which is at the inconvenient distance of three miles, to be sold); *O*—proposed site of new Laundry. When

all these buildings are completed, there will be accommodation for 150 pupils, and girls and boys will all go to the Central Building for meals and school.

In connection with all this work which is before us, we would like to remind our friends that the grants we get from the Government are only intended as *grants in aid*, and the more support we can get from outside for individual pupils, the more we are enabled to do with the Government grant in the way of repairs and improvements, and keeping everything in nice order. We wish many of our friends could visit our Shingwauk Home and see all the improvements we have been making. Early this spring we had the entire front space of land between our Institution and the river, which was formerly a wilderness of rocks and hillocks and hollows, nicely graded and sown with grass. The wet summer has made the grass grow, and now this fine open grassy slope has become quite a pleasure resort. A number of baseball matches have been played on it by our "Buckskins" and other clubs that have come to play us. Then there is our Brass Band, which

plays in our ornamental and gaily painted band-stand, and the visitors sit about on the rustic seats under the trees and listen to it. On one side of this extensive play ground is our Hospital, built of stone, and on the other side is another stone building nearly completed, which will be used for workshops—such as tailoring, shoemaking, weaving, and perhaps harness making. A little to the east of this is a tramway laid with iron rails on which a truck runs down a distance of 400 yards to our steamboat dock, and on which are brought up our supply of water and all things coming by boat. Close to the dock is our new factory for the manufacture of furniture of all kinds, and especially, we hope, Church furniture, if we can get orders. Engine, boiler, and machinery are already in place and in working order. Close to the factory is our carpenter's cottage, built also of stone. Then, in addition to all this, we have our Homes at Elkhorn in full working order. Now, it must be obvious that to keep up all this extensive work considerable expense must be involved, and it is also but too obvious to ourselves that the Government grants fall very far short of covering our expenses—that our funds have shown a serious deficit at the end of each year for a long time past, and that our expenses come crowding in upon us generally faster than we are able to meet them. We trust, therefore, that none of our friends will desert us just at this critical time when we are making a great effort to extend and increase our work. If only the money is placed in our hands we hope ere long to build at least two new substantial buildings, as shewn in engraving on page 118, here at Sault Ste. Marie, build them not by employing outsiders, but *build them ourselves and make the furniture ourselves*, and so provide accommodation for about 150 (one hundred and fifty) Indian children.

In the Shadows.

 CANOE SONG, composed by a young Mohawk lady, Miss Pauline Johnson. Taken from the London *Athenaeum*.

I am sailing to the leeward,
Where the current runs to seaward
 Soft and slow,
Where the sleeping river grasses
Brush my paddle, as it passes
 To and fro.
On the shore the heat is shaking,
All the golden sands awaking
 In the cove;
And the quaint sandpiper, winging
O'er the shallows, ceases singing
 When I move.

On the water's idle pillow
Sleeps the overhanging willow,
 Green and cool;
Where the rushes lift their burnished
Oval heads from out the tarnished
 Emerald pool.

Where the very water slumbers,
Water lillies grow in numbers,
 Pure and pale;
All the morning they have rested,
Amber crowned, and pearl crested—
 Fair and frail.

Here, impossible romances,
Indefinable sweet fancies,
 Cluster round;
But they do not mar the sweetness
Of this still September fleetness
 With a sound.

I can scarce discern the meeting
Of the shore and stream retreating,
 So remote;
For the laggard river, dozing,
Only wakes from its reposing
 Where I float.

Where the river mists are rising,
All the foliage baptizing
 With their spray;
There the sun gleams far and faintly,
With a shadow soft and saintly
 In its ray.

And the perfume of some burning
Far-off brushwood, ever turning
 To exhale;
All its smoky fragrance, dying,
In the arms of evening lying,
 Where I sail.

My canoe is growing lazy,
In the atmosphere so hazy,
 While I dream;
Half in slumber I am guiding
Eastward, indistinctly gliding
 Down the stream.

Shingwauk Boys' Letters.

From an 18-year old Pottawatami.

My dear friends: School commenced on the 19th of August. There are about 60 boys in our Home. About half of the scholars went home for their summer holidays, but they all come back except two boys not arrived yet. Quite a number of new boys arrived in our school. The name of our base-ball club is "Buck-skin Baseball Club." We have won two matches this summer. One team is called West Korah B.B.C. We had the first match with them. We Indian boys

made 26 runs and the White boys made 22 runs. The second match we had was with the "Maple Leaf." We made 5 runs, Whites made 3 runs. But we are going to have other two matches on the 7th of September next, and one in about four or five weeks time. I am working at shoemaking for more than a year. I have made some coarse shoes. I shall leave the Institution next summer because my time will be completed for five years. I thank you for being kind and helping us to get along.

I remain, yours respectfully,

- JOSEPH SAMPSON.

From a new boy who had been at day school before coming.

My dear Uncle: I will write a few lines to you this afternoon. To explain how I am getting along here, I think Shingwauk Home is a very good place, everything is good and nice. We have a brass band. I often think of you. I hope I will see you all next summer. I will try to live right and study hard at my lessons while I am here. JOHNNY W. MONAGUE.

From an 18-year old Ottawa.

Dear father: I am writing to you to let you know that I am quite well. I was very sorry to hear that Mary had a sour leg. I hope she is getting better. I can read Indian letter just as well as English letter, so you can write to me in Indian if you like. I am at school half day and work half day at my trade shoemaking. I am in upper third class at present. Everything is going on well in the Shingwauk. Except P—— is in the jail yet—Shingwauk jail, and I am the jailer. I will not tell you what he done as you know all about it. I must now close my letter. I am, your dear son,

MATTHEW SAMPSON.

From a 17-year old Ojibway.

Dear Cousin: I now write a few lines to you this morning. We are all well so I hope you are the same. It is a very nice place here. We have now a very level ground for playing base-ball on. It was levelled this summer. We going to play in the Sault Ste. Marie base-ball on Saturday afternoon against with the white people. I hope we will beat them. And also we have a good brass band here, and 11 is in the band, and we have a band stand near the play-ground. We had Chief Brant hear at the opening. He give us a speech telling us to study hard while we have the chance.

Good by to you, I am,

JOHN SOLOMON.

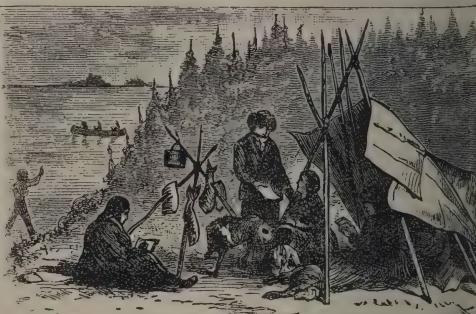
WASHAKADA HOME, ELKHORN, Oct. 2, 1889.

DEAR REV. E. F. WILSON,—I hope you are all quite well. I have a Good times in the school. Boys and we all time racing and jumping, and one of the girls are sick, and she got up at first of Oct., and Governor-General past first of Oct. at ten clock in the morning. I am trying to get along in the school, and three boys ran-away to Bearlah. We going to have thanksgiving day on Sunday. I am in hurry to get down for Breakfast, and I am quite well at present time, and I hope that God Will Bless us in our daily lives, and I must close my letter. I send my Love to all. I am you truly friend,

THOMAS CROMARTY.

**The Negwenenang Mission,
UNDER THE CARE OF THE REV. R. RENISON.**

THIS Indian Mission on Lake Neepigon, claims a peculiar interest from the circumstances of its establishment. In the summer of 1878 Bishop Fauquier and the Rev. E. F. Wilson penetrated as far as the shores of Lake Neepigon, nearly 100 miles north of Lake Superior. They were eagerly met by the chief, from whom they heard the following account: "About 30 years previously all the Indian chiefs were summoned to the Sault Ste. Marie, to meet the great white chief, Sir John Robinson, about a treaty for their lands. While at the Sault a promise was made to chief Muhnedoshans that an English teacher should be sent to Lake Neepigon; year after year they had waited and no one came, and Muhnedoshans died a pagan, but like Simeon of old 'still waiting for the consolation.' His dying words to his son were: 'when an English teacher did come they were to receive him, listen to him, and ask him to establish a mission among them.' The long-looked-for blessing came at last, and the



INDIAN CAMP AT NEEPIGON.

Bishop and Mr. Wilson found an open door and a prepared people, who believed the Great Spirit had sent them. They were eager listeners to the first sound of the Gospel message now preached to them. On Mr. Wilson's return to the Sault he was accompanied by a grandson of the old chief, whose father was desirous he should be instructed, and in time return to them as a teacher. The boy was good and gentle, and learnt very quickly. About three months after his admission to the Shingwauk Home, he was baptized by the name of Frederick, the Bishop standing godfather. Even at that time he had a fair knowledge of scripture, and gave evidence that he was taught by the Holy Spirit, and had learned to love his Saviour. Rapid consumption soon developed itself and proved fatal, after a short illness. The Indian boy Frederick sleeps in the picturesque little cemetery of the Home, very near the tomb of Bishop Fauquier, one of the many sheafs harvested by the earnest labours of the first Bishop of Algoma. Not unnaturally, the Indians dreaded sending other boys to the Home, and again urged the establishment of a mission among themselves; a teacher was sent to them, and a missionary visited them as often as possible. A site for church and school was chosen,

and in August, 1879, the mission was fairly begun. Let us pass on from 1879 to June 1886, and quote from notes—of a visit from Algoma's second Bishop and Mrs. Sullivan. "Sunday, June 20th, was a day of deep and solemn interest. The bell of the little Mission Church rang at 10 o'clock, the Indians took their places very quietly and reverently. The Bishop read the service in Indian and then preached, Mr. Renison interpreting. All the adults but two remained to the Holy Communion, and never did the words—'In remembrance that Christ died for thee,' sound so world-embracing as when I saw one dark hand after another put forth to receive the outward and visible sign of the Bread of Life. After service I noticed the people still standing about the Church; on enquiring why they did not go home to dinner, was told that they had no dinners to go home to—there was not a fish in the village; again, as often before, they had to fall back upon the mission stores.

"Presently two Indians emerged from the Mission House, bearing an immense dish, with tea, pork, flour, etc., enough for present need. In the afternoon, Sunday School was held, the children showed remarkable proficiency, considering the time they had been under instruction. At 4 p.m., a second service was held, marked by the same earnest attention. In the evening, one of the Indians, deputed by the others, came to the Bishop's tent to ask the 'Big Black Coat' if it would be wrong for them to take up their nets over night, would the Great Spirit be angry? The Bishop replied, 'if they had food enough it would not be right, but the Great Spirit did not wish His children to be hungry on His Holy day, therefore they might go and take up nets.' Very soon the canoes were seen gliding towards the fishing stations."

An interval of eighteen months brings us to Christmas, 1887. We quote from the letter of the Rev. R. Renison, the devoted and indefatigable missionary, at Negwenenang. He writes: "I have never seen any little flock more zealous about their church than these poor Indians. We had a service on Christmas eve and on Christmas day; the services were very hearty. The children sang the 'Te Deum' in English, and 'Happy Day.' After the communion, the offerings laid upon the table, in money and furs, amounted to \$15, and this from these poor people who cannot afford such common articles of food as flour and pork; some gave not a tenth only, but literally all they had. One Indian who had neither tea for his family or twine sufficient to set his net for two months previous, had kept



THE FIRST MISSION BUILDINGS AT NEEPIGON.

a new dollar bill, his only one, and gave it willingly to the Lord. One woman, who had nothing to give, begged Mrs. Renison to give her 75 cents, which she would repay in work; a few days after, her husband brought a beaver skin worth about \$2,00, saying 'the old woman's offering was not enough, you will find a beaver's skin upon the Holy Table, I have given it to the Lord.' Mr. Renison describes the little church as in a very dilapidated condition. "The winds blow through the walls, the snow melts through the ceiling, the large box stove is broken." Sunday, January 8th, the church was so bitterly cold several had to leave during the service, their hands, feet and ears being nearly frozen; I gathered the rest around the stove and in the evening held the service in our own dining room."

February 27th, Mr. Renison writes of a sad event, which yet had a silver lining, in the bright testimony of the young Indian's dying words. "John Mishael had, from the commencement of the mission, given his heart to God, and lived a holy and consistent life. In his first prayer, with the simplicity of a child, he asked God to "write his name in the Book of Life." January 12th, he and some others left the mission on a hunting expedition. While cutting a tree, his axe slipped and cut his leg. At first the wound seemed trifling, but soon a vein gave way, and he bled to death. Some of his last words were, "I am not afraid to die, my sins are all forgiven; if one of my sins were not pardoned I would be afraid;" he sent a message to the Indians to prepare to meet him, he could not come back to them; he bid them love the school, the prayers, the minister, "don't speak evil of one another; good-bye father, mother, don't cry, I have already seen the Heavenly City, I am about to enter now." And so he passed away. Thus, after long waiting, salvation had come to these forest children. Had it come earlier how many such might have been gathered in.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—It will be remembered that in our last number we mentioned the sad burning of Mr. Renison's new Mission House. The new church is now nearly completed.

ONE of our girls was punished by being placed on a very elevated seat on the top of the table, from which pinnacle she could be seen by everybody. On being asked if she wouldn't be ashamed if visitors happened to come in, she replied, "Oh no, they will only see a high-toned Indian.—*Pipe of Peace.*

What Bishop Whipple Says.

OUR Indian wars are needless and wicked. The North American Indian is the noblest type of a heathen man on the earth. He recognizes a Great Spirit; he believes in immortality; he has a quick intellect; he is a clear thinker, he is brave and fearless, and, until betrayed, he is true to his plighted faith; he has a passionate love for his children, and counts it joy to die for his people. Our most terrible wars have been with the most noble types of the Indians, and with men who had been the white man's friend. Nicolet said the Sioux were the finest type of wild men he had ever seen. Old traders say that it used to be the boast of the Sioux that they had never taken the life of a white man.—*Century of Dishonor.*

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

FROM Mr. Macpherson, the agent, I ascertained that there were 2,200 Cheyennes on the reserve, and 1200 Arapahoes. They own four and a quarter million acres of land, of which about 5000 acres are now under cultivation. Last year they raised 50,000 bushels of corn, 3,000 bushels of oats, 1,500 bushels of wheat. They receive an annuity of \$30,000 per annum in consideration of lands ceded; this sum is divided up and paid to the heads of families. It is only four years since these people have settled down to an agricultural life, and they have five farm instructors who teach and help them. The Arapahoes have been settled down longer than the Cheyennes, but the Cheyennes are improving the fastest. The people still wear blankets and moccasins, but the men seem all to have adopted American-made trousers in the place of leggings and bare thighs. A good many of them were weaving hats. Most of them had long black hair plaited on either side of the face. The blankets of the men and dresses of the women were generally of a dark color, often a dark blue-black with a white stripe or edge, but some of them wore scarlet or other bright colors. We noticed that notwithstanding the cold weather, a good many of the men had nothing but a white sheet wrapped about their shoulders. This, we were told, was with them a very favorite dress; and we ascertained that they were worn mainly by parents who had children being edu-

cated at the government schools, that the sheets were brought to them by the pupils as little mementoes of their school life; and we learned also that the matrons at these schools were in a constant state of distraction on account of the disappearance of those articles from the children's beds.

The Indian women admired my wife's mousey-brown cloak; they patted and stroked it, and appeared quite willing to 'swop' her for some of their own clothing, but no bargain was concluded. About thirty native police are employed by the agent to keep order on the Reserve. They receive from \$8 to \$10 a month, and a uniform coat with metal buttons, and have the word POLICE in English on the front of their hats. The Indian police make no trouble about arresting an offender, whether he be an Indian or a White man; they are armed with revolvers and Winchesters, and if the culprit resists arrest, he is apt to be knocked down by the policeman with the stock of his gun. The native police are very useful in getting the children to school, and obliging them to come back after a holiday, if they shew any inclination to remain away.

We kept our appointment with Mr. Manley, and paid another visit to the Cheyenne school. Mr. Manley very kindly gave up his bedroom to us, as his wife was away. A number of boys and girls were on the school steps when we arrived, and helped to carry up our things. At 7 o'clock they all assembled in the schoolroom, and I addressed them, read the letter from my Ojibway pupils, and showed them my sketches and photographs. The pupils repeated the Lord's Prayer and the 23rd Psalm in English, and sang several hymns. They were dismissed with a lively tune on the piano, accompanied by the triangle, just as at the Arapahoe school. I had told the pupils that I had already four Indian names, and some of the boys thought they would give me another, so they conferred on me the euphonious title of *Dosiniats*, that being the Cheyenne rendering of 'Long Beard.' The pupils had all had English names given them, although they were still heathen. Among them were John Bull, Tom Blue, and Gipsy Bell. In their studies they were taken as far as English grammar and vulgar fractions. Mr. Manley spoke strongly of the importance of combining religious instruction with secular teaching. At some of the schools



BRANDING CATTLE.

he said, religion is entirely ignored; men are placed at the head of them who have no care for religion; one school even has an infidel at its head.

CHAPTER XI.—BRANDING AND SHOOTING.

I had never seen cattle branded, and Mr. Macpherson said that he was expecting his meat contractors to deliver him 400 head of cattle—all of which would be weighed and branded; so on Tuesday morning I drove out with Mr. M—— to the scene of action, about three miles from the agency.

The Indians of this agency, in addition to what they may make by farming, receive a dole of meat, flour and groceries from the Government. One ox, weighing 800 or 900 lbs. live weight, is issued to every fifty individuals every second week, and they shoot it, cut it up, and consume it.

As we drove along in Mr. Macpherson's waggonette with two well-groomed, lively horses, we kept passing little groups of Indians—some on foot, some in waggons, but most of them riding on ponies, and all going the same way as we were. The country around the agency is all prairie land. The agency itself, although rejoicing in the rather pretentious name of Darlington, is a mere hamlet, consisting of a dozen or so frame buildings and a big red brick place where the rations are kept, and whence they are issued bi-weekly to the Indians. The only other large building in the village is the Arapahoe school. The Indians on the road looked very picturesque in their various-colored costumes, and riding their brown, bay, white, chestnut,

cream-colored and piebald ponies. Cream-colored, by-the-by, is called 'buck-skin' in this country, and it certainly is about the same color as newly tanned buck-skin. All the Indians had Mexican saddles on their ponies, with high pummel in front, and big wooden stirrups, and each carried a lasso.

There was quite a little crowd gathered at the branding place when we arrived. The little log house which we entered contained a Fairbanks' scales, and had a log fireplace on one side. Outside was the platform scale on which the cattle would stand to be weighed, ten or eleven of them at a time. A long, narrow drive, about four feet wide, led up to the scale, the other end of it opening into the enclosure where the cattle were penned. After being weighed they would be introduced into a narrow shoot not more than two and a-half feet wide where they would be branded, and then they would be let out into another enclosure.

A couple of Indians drove up with a load of wood and proceeded to make a fire close to the shoot; then they took down their branding irons from the waggon and put them in the fire to heat. There were twelve of these irons, the handles three feet long, and the stamp (which was I. D., Indian Department) about six inches square. While the irons were heating I went to look around. There were two large pens, each about a hundred yards square, one of them full of cattle, the other one empty, ready to receive the animals after they were branded. The fences round the pens were nailed, with six horizontal boards, and were about six feet high. I climbed up on one of them to look at the cattle. Most of them were Texans with long spreading horns, but a little of the Durham blood had been introduced among them. In color, they were chiefly buff-colored, also brown, white, black, and spotted. They were all fresh from the ranch and very wild. No one would dare go in among them on foot. And now the Irons were ready; the Indian agent, the captain from the Fort, and the beef contractor had taken their places at the scales, with note-books in their hands. Two cowboys on horseback, with their wide-brimmed hats and their Mexican saddles and whips, trotted round to the entrance gate of the pen and rode into the middle of the herd. Separating about a hundred from the rest, they drove them into the narrow passage leading to the scales and closed a gate upon them. This passage was about two hundred yards long and five wide, and had a bend in it. One of the horsemen remained in the large pen, the other one worked his way through the crowd of frightened cattle in the narrow passage till he got nearly

to the end, then he separated ten of the foremost ones, got them in front of his horse, and, shaking some stones in an empty lobster-can for a rattle, and shouting at the top of his voice, he rushed them up full pelt till they came to a sudden halt, all in a heap, right on the platform scale. Two men were there standing on the outside ready to thrust a wooden bar behind the tail of the last victim that entered and so prevent their egress, and another man was overhead with a stick ready to beat them into subjection and prevent them from injuring each other by overcrowding,

Then we heard the click of the weights as they were adjusted inside the little house, and then the words eight-two-fifty, and the agent and the contractor each entered in his note-book the figures 8250 as the live weight of the first batch of ten cattle. As soon as they were weighed, wooden bars were removed from the opposite end of the scale to that by which they had entered. Sticks were brought into play, tails twisted, and the poor creatures made a rush for liberty into the narrow two and a-half-feet-wide shoot; but this was a trap, they could go no further, there was a dead block; some were down on their knees, some right down under the others; one had his leg through the wooden bars; another, his long horn caught between two boards and his neck twisted so that he could not move; another was making a deliberate attempt to turn and go back, got half round and then stuck hopelessly. Then all at once down came half-a-dozen red-hot irons on their backs, and the poor things screeched and shook, and heaved and jerked, but could not get away, and there went up a curling blue smoke to heaven, and there was a strong odor of singed hair and burnt skin; and then their tormentors rubbed the brand mark with a flat stick to see if the burn was deep enough, and if it was not they burned it again. "It ought to look just like sole leather," said one, "if it looks that way why then its all right."

I was surprised that there was no lowing or bellowing. Scarcely a sound came from any of the herd either before, during, or after the operation.

As soon as the first lot was branded, a bar was removed in front of the first one, sticks were used again and tails twisted, and the poor creatures were freed from their most uncomfortable positions into which they had been forced in the shoot, and bounded off, their tails in the air, into the less confined area of an open pen.

They were all kept in this pen until the whole operation was concluded, and then they were driven off by the Indians to an immense pasture about twenty-five

miles long, enclosed by four strands of barbed-wire fencing.

It took from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. to get through with the branding. In the afternoon we went to see the stores issued. The building for this purpose was a large brick one, the upper flat being occupied by the Indian Department offices, and the lower part used as a storehouse. There was quite a crowd of women and children outside, clad in their scarlet or white blankets, and many-colored shawls; they had all brought bags into which to put their supplies. They went in at one door, passed along a narrow passage, received what they wanted, and out again at another. There was one great bin full of flour, another full of white beans, another full of coffee, and another full of salt. There was also a wide dresser covered with sides of bacon, and scales to weigh it with.

We wanted to see how the beef was killed. The regular beef issue would not be till the next week, but Mr. Macpherson said he would have a beast killed for our special benefit. So we drove out with him on the prairie to where the cattle were feeding; a number of Indians on their ponies assembled, and one of them, an old man named "Sleeping Wolf" was deputed to perform the operation. "Sleeping Wolf" was a particularly ugly old man with a pock-marked face, a big nose and small piggy eyes. He had on a grey shirt, blue army trousers, moccasins, and a buffalo robe over his shoulders, two long plaits of black hair fell one on each side of his face, and another down his back; he rode a ridiculous-looking little cream-colored pony with dark mane and tail; and he was armed with a Remington rifle. At a little distance from us, a long-horned, buff-colored Texan ox was quietly grazing together with several other cattle, wholly unconscious of the fate which was soon to befall it. The word was given, and "Sleeping Wolf" cocked his gun, whipped up his pony and started for the fray. The ox raised its head, sniffed the air, looked for a moment at the ugly Indian, and then bounded off at a brisk trot. That ox was too much for the little cream-colored pony; he soon distanced him, and the space gradually widened between the pursued and the pursuer. Other Indians were following in the wake of "Sleeping Wolf," and, seeing how things were going, one of them leaped from his pony—a Roman-nose piebald—and handed its rein to "Sleeping Wolf." The Roman-nosed piebald was a better chaser than the little cream-color, and, with this new mount, "Sleeping Wolf" was soon head to head with his victim, and delivered a bullet in its side. The animal



SHOOTING BEEF.

staggered, but still kept bravely on, and seemed about to distance once more its ugly pursuer; but he came up with it again, and his next bullet evidently struck the poor creature's heart, for it came to a sudden halt, sank upon its knees, and in a few seconds more rolled over on the prairie. In a moment the Indians were all around it like hungry wolves, leaped from their ponies, sharpened up their knives, and set to work skinning it and cutting it up. In fifteen minutes more it was all over, joints of beef were hung to their saddles, and offal and entrails tied up in their blankets—not one morsel of that buff-colored Texan ox was left on the field, only a little red pool of blood. I made two sketches—one of the shooting, and another of the Indians cutting up the meat.

There was a prairie dog town close to the agency. The little prairie dogs come up out of their holes, and sit up and bark at the passers by, and then skip in again out of sight. These prairie dogs always have prairie owls as their friends and companions; and there are generally also rattlesnakes. The rattlesnakes are not exactly friends, as they eat the prairie dogs. A boy at the Mennonite school was, not long ago, killed by a rattlesnake. The snake was in a hay-stack close to the school, and the boy did not see it until it struck him. The child lived in great agony for forty-eight hours, and then died. Some of the other boys killed the snake, and Mr. Voth still preserves its rattle.

We had now completed our visit to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, and it was time to return to Oklahoma, whence we would again take the train northward.

The road had dried up and was better on the return journey, so we got along faster.

We reached Oklahoma at 8 p.m. We would not go to the shanty again, but remained in the station till the train came at 9.

Our next destination was Ponca.

(To be continued).

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.**I.—WHY NEEDED.**

Because at present no such society exists; because it is desirable that Indian relics, traditions, folklore, etc., be collected and preserved, while yet it is possible to gather them; because the Indians are "the wards of the nation," and it is the duty of the Canadian people to take a kindly interest in their welfare; because all efforts made hitherto for the benefit of the Indians have been isolated in their character—each church working on its own lines and the Indian Department on its line, and the general public knows but little either of what the churches or the Government is doing; because our neighbors in the States have two or three well-organized societies, having the above objects in view, already successfully in operation, and we in Canada have none.

2—PROPOSED PLAN.

(a) The society to consist of a President, Vice-President, Council of not less than ten persons, Secretary, Treasurer and members.

(b) A monthly journal or periodical to be published under the auspices of the society; the journal to give general information of missions and educational work among the Indians (irrespective of denomination) and also to have papers of an ethnological, philological and archaeological character.

(c) Members to pay an annual fee of two dollars, payable in advance on the first of January in each year, and to be entitled to one copy each of the monthly journal.

(d) An annual meeting of the society, of which notice shall be given by the Secretary, to be held at such time and place as the Council shall appoint.

3—AIM AND OBJECT.

To bring the cause of the Indians more prominently before the Canadian public, the Christian churches working hand in hand together, hearing about (through the journal and meetings) and taking an interest in each other's work. Each church can still follow its own lines in caring for its own church members among the Indians and educating their children; but it is believed that great benefit will accrue from this united effort, at which the proposed society aims, and that it will become a power for good (as have similar societies in the States) in restraining injustice and improving the condition of the Indians, and will lead to a deeper and more earnest interest in their welfare.

Any archaeological specimens collected by the mem-

bers of the society will be deposited with the Canadian Institute, Toronto.

The following persons have subscribed their names to become members of the society so soon as it is set on foot, provided it is conducted on the lines and in the spirit herewith set forth:—

SIR DANIEL WILSON	University of Toronto.
HON. G. W. ALLAN	Speaker of the Senate.
CHARLES CARPMAEL	Observatory, Toronto.
PROF. WM. MACLAREN	Knox College, Toronto.
PROF. J. GALBRAITH	School of Practical Science.
Dr. W. H. ELLIS	" " "
PROVOST BODY	Trinity College, Toronto.
PROF. JONES	Dean of Trinity College, Toronto.
REV. J. D. CAYLEY, M.A.	St. George's Rectory.
DAVID BOYLE	Canadian Institute.
T. B. BROWNING	Vice-President Canadian Institute.
REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D.	Toronto.
REV. A. SUTHERLAND	Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.
REV. GEO. M. GRANT, D.D.	Queen's University, Kingston.
JAMES BAIN, JR.	Chief Librarian, Public Library.
HORATIO HALE	Clinton, Ontario.
REV. EDWARD F. WILSON	Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.
C. H. HIRSCHFELDER	American Vice-Consul, Toronto.
N. W. HOYLES	Toronto.
A. F. CHAMBERLAIN	Canadian Institute.
J. C. HAMILTON	Barrister, Barrister.
P. DUMOULIN	Bank of Montreal, Toronto.
OJIJATEKHA (Mohawk)	Toronto.

"I cordially endorse Mr. Wilson's scheme for the formation of an Indian Research and Aid Society."—ARTHUR TORONTO.

"Though my engagements do not allow me to become a member of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, I have no doubt but its objects are desirable, and it has my good wishes for its success."—GOLDWIN SMITH.

A Meeting will be called for the Election of President and Officers as soon as a goodly number of members have enrolled their names. Those who canvas for members will please, after getting as many names as possible, forward this paper either to the Rev. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., or to DAVID BOYLE, Canadian Institute, Toronto.

A Very Old Kettle.

THREE are many theories as to the origin of the Indian race in America, but nothing but speculation can be given on this subject. But we believe there must have been people living in this country before those tribes who were driven out by the Ottawes and Chippewas, who were much more advanced in art and in civilization, for many evidences of their work have been discovered. About two hundred and fifty years ago, We-me-gen-de-bay, one of our noted chiefs, discovered while hunting in the wilderness a great copper kettle, which was partly in the ground. The roots of trees had grown around it and over it, and

when it was taken up it appeared as if it had never been used, but seemed to be just as it came from the maker, as there was yet a round bright spot in the centre of the bottom of it. This kettle was large enough to cook a whole deer or bear in it. For a long time the Indians kept it as a sacred relic. They did not keep it near their premises, but securely hidden in a place most unfrequented by any human being. They did not use it for anything except for great feasts. Their idea with regard to this kettle was that it was made by some deity who presided over the country where it was found, and that the copper mine must be very close by where the kettle was discovered. One peculiarity of its manufacture was that it had no iron rim around it, nor bail for hanging while in use, as kettles are usually made, but the edge of the upper part was much thicker than the rest and was turned out square about three-fourths of an inch, as if made to rest on some support while in use. When the Indians came to be civilized in Grand Traverse country, they began to use this "Manitou-au-kick?" as they called it, in common to boil the sugar sap in it, instead of cooking bear for the feast. And while I was yet in the government blacksmith shop at the Old Mission in Grand Traverse, they brought this magical kettle to our shop with an order to put an iron rim and bail on it so that it could be hanged in boiling sugar, and I did the work of fixing the kettle according to the order.

BLACKBIRD.

Kind Testimony.

PEAKING of "Our Forest Children," Mr. A. F. Chamberlain, of the Canadian Institute, writes:—

"All students of the American Indian and all friends of the race, could not do better than become subscribers to 'Our Forest Children,' published by Rev. E. F. Wilson,

at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. This magazine differs from almost all publications devoted to the interests of the Indian in that it brings the reader into direct contact with the red race. Moreover the pages are not filled with the discussion of political and metaphysical topics entirely foreign to the Indian mind, but with just such subjects and sketches as go right home to the red man, and such as he can read and appreciate. The contributions of Rev. Mr. Wilson himself are of great value

ethnologically, and add not a little to the general interest of the magazine."

Dr. Franz Boas, of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, writes:—

"I believe the principles which you apply for the purpose of elevating the Indians as a race, morally and socially, are certainly about the only ones that promise success, as all endeavors to influence grown-up people, to tear them from their old-accustomed associations, are almost sure to fail. Therefore I heartily wish that your periodical, 'Our Forest Children,' may be successful in its object to interest the public in your endeavors. The contents of your paper are highly interesting, and the terse descriptions of Indian tribes and of Indian life make it as well of value to scientists, as they help to give the reader an adequate idea of the magnitude of the philanthropic work you have undertaken."

WITH our next number we will commence a series of letters from "Barbara Birchbark" to our young Sunday School helpers.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

NOVEMBER.

FROM the Lennoxville Branch W.A., per Miss I. Roe, a barrel containing an outfit for Caroline Anthony, also a few articles for boys.

From the Ladies' Aid Society, Niagara Falls South, per Mrs. Bull, a bale containing two quilts, girls' and boys' clothing, 12 yrs. factory, and some Xmas presents from Children's Guild.

From Mrs. Clench's Sewing Class, St. Catharines, a parcel containing a quilt, dress, underwear, etc.

From the St. Paul's Branch of the W.A., Quebec, per Miss Taylor, a barrel containing boys' and girls' clothing.

From the "King's Daughters," Quebec, per Miss Fry, a box containing clothing for boys and girls.

Express parcel containing new outfit for Indian girl, from "Girls' Friendly Aid Society," per Rev. R. Lindsay, Montreal.

From W.A., Trinity Church, Quebec, per Mrs. Copeman, a box of clothing for boys and girls, also a large supply of hats.

A bale sent by Mrs. Tippet, with contributions from the following friends:—Mrs. Beek, Miss Gregory, Mrs. Thompson.

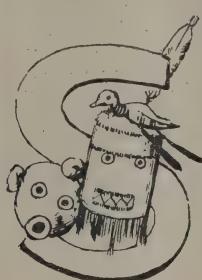
From the Havelock Branch of the W.A., per Mrs. Bustard, a box of clothing for boys and girls, also three nice warm quilts.

From Deer Park, express parcel containing new outfit for Indian girl.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM NOV. 2, TO DEC. 9, 1889.

St. George's S.S., Owen Sound, for girl, \$15.60; St. Paul's Miss. Society, Halifax, for boy, \$37.50; St. Paul's Miss. Society, Halifax, for girl, \$37.50; St. Paul's Miss. Society, Halifax, for Shingwauk building, \$33.88; Lindsay S.S., \$9.79; St. George W.A., \$7.78; St. George Dio. Board W.A., \$17.22; Mission Band, Parkdale, \$12 00 (for Wawanosh); (for Shingwauk), Lindsay S.S., \$9.79; Parkdale Miss. Band, \$12.00; Weston S.S., \$10.98; St. Marks, Parkdale, for boy, \$9.00; St. John's, London Tp., \$14.53; Miss Sterns, \$10.00; Dibby S.S., Nova Scotia, \$5.00; St. Luke's, Halifax, for girl, \$34.00; St. Matthew's Quebec, for boy, \$50; St. Peter's M.G., Sherbrooke,



for girl, \$18.75; St. James' S.S., Wilmot, \$5.27; St. George's, New Hamburg, \$5.55; St. James' S.S., Perth, for boy, \$37.50; W.A.M.A., Sarnia, \$10.00; W.A.M.A., St. Jude's, Brantford, \$10.00; Trinity Church S.S., Halifax, \$2.47; A special Thank-offering from "M," \$5.00; S.S. Wingham, \$5.35; Christ Ch. S.S., New Liverpool, \$6.00; Port Rowan, Ont., and Market Rasin, England, for boy, \$20.00; J. Noale, Newboro, \$5.00; Mrs. B. Lett, Newboro, \$5.00; Evangelical Churchman, for boy, \$75.00; Trinity S.S., St. Thomas, \$6.25; St. Paul's S.S., Uxbridge, \$9.37; Miss G. Elliott, Newboro, \$3.50; All Saints' S.S., Windsor, for boy, \$10.00; G. H. Rowswell, for boy, \$37.50; Church Redeemer S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Miss K. Hackett, \$5.00; S.S. Coll., Stanstead, P.Q., \$4.51; St. George's S.S., Kingston, for girl, \$12.50; Mrs. Forbes, Liverpool, N.S., for girl, \$34.00; Strathroy, S.S., Ont., \$6.25.

Receipts—O.F.C.

NOVEMBER, 9TH, 1889.

Dr. McMurray, 50c.; Miss Sterns, 50c.; H. N. Wilson, \$1; Mrs. Munro, \$1; W. Crawford, \$1; S. Fox, 50c.; T. Fox, 10c.; Mrs. Fellowes, \$2; Miss McLeod, 50c.; Mrs. Robinson, 50c.; D. Macgregor, \$1; J. B. Lash, \$1; Rev. P. L. Spencer, \$1; Miss T. Moore, 50c.; Miss E. Wood, 50c.; Miss T. A. Tisdale, 50c.; Miss Prichard, 75c.; Rev. D. D. Kirkley, 25c.; Rev. R. Huntingdon, \$1; Rev. V. Rowe, 50c.; Miss Eppis, 50c.; Selby Gillum, 50c.; Mrs. J. T. Stokes, 50c.; Rev. Francis Willis, Jr., 50c.; J. M. Bukheart, 50c.; Rev. John Kemp, 50c.

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Containing GRAMMAR, DIALOGUES and DICTIONARY.

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A Toronto paper of that date said about it: "The arrangement is simple and comprehensive; and the explanations clear and lucid. We doubt not the Manual will be found most useful in clearing away many of the obstacles that beset the path of the Missionary."

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By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, 85 cents. For sale at Rowsell & Hutchison's, Toronto; E. A. Taylor, London, Ont.; Williamson & Co.; and at the Shingwauk Home.

A Church paper says of the above: "It is full of interest from cover to cover; and, though published in London, is a real contribution to Canadian literature. The history begins in the year 1868 when Mr. Wilson came to Canada, and is continued to the year 1884. It is well written, and contains much about Indian life and customs. The book is a modest monument to Mr. Wilson's life labor, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation."

The English *Record* says: "We recommend this little volume to the organizers of Missionary Libraries. The story of Mr. Wilson's work is interesting and encouraging in a high degree."

Another English paper says: "This volume will fire the heart of every one whose sympathies are with Christian Missions."

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" " (carte de visite size) each	10c.
JUBILEE DAY PROCESSION, Wild Indians on Horseback	25c.

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REV. E. F. WILSON

SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO.

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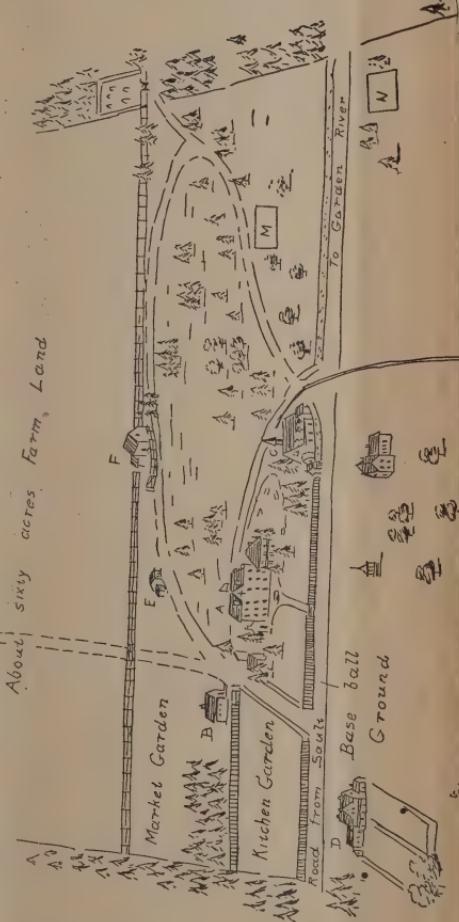
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"OUR INDIAN HOMES"

ALGOMA, MANITOBA, and the NORTH-WEST.

THIS work originated in the year 1871, when the old Chief "Shingwauk," of Garden River, (still living) accompanied Mr. Wilson to Toronto and other places, and addressed the white people, urging that a "Big Teaching Wigwan" might be built for the young Indians belonging to his tribe. The next year (1872), Chief Buhkwijenene went with Mr. Wilson to England, £800 were collected, and the first Shingwauk Home was built; this Home was destroyed by fire in 1873, six days after it was opened. The foundation stone of the New Shingwauk Home was laid by the Earl of Dufferin in 1874, and it was opened for use in 1875, by their Lordships the Bishop of Huron and the Bishop of Algoma.

This cut shows the present Shingwauk Home and its surroundings, as it stands, December, 1889; also the sites of proposed new buildings. The explanation is as follows: *A*—the Shingwauk Home (stone), with accommodation for fifty-five boys, (built 1875); *B*—the stable (frame); *C*—the chapel—built 1883 (stone); *D*—the hospital—built 1886—



amount or \$400 and upwards.

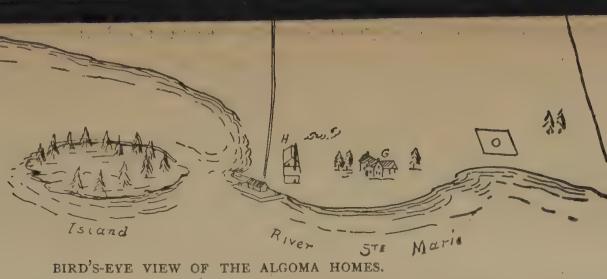
The Hon. E. Dewdney, on the occasion of his recent visit, was asked—"Will the Government aid the Industrial School which is to be established here?" and replied, "The Government will certainly do all in its power to aid the Institution." In order to secure a Government grant we ought to make a good start ourselves, and we trust that many of our friends will come liberally to our aid.

• MORE HELP NEEDED •

We earnestly pray that Almighty God will put it into the hearts of His people to aid us abundantly in carrying all these plans, for the benefit of the Indian Race, into effect. Our motto from the first has been—"A Work that is of God cannot be overthrown." Sunday Schools can very materially aid us by adopting an Indian child in one or other of our Institutions, and paying \$75 (or if clothing is sent, \$50) annually, towards its support. Four hundred and twelve pupils have been received at our Homes since they first commenced, and there are at present about one hundred and ten in residence.

“OUR FOREST CHILDREN.”

Friends of our



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ALGOMA HOMES.

I—the band-stand; *K*—"The Industrial," with workshops for teaching trades (stone, with frame attachment); *L*—the cemetery; *M*—Site of proposed "Central Building," to have dining hall, kitchens, cellars, and Superintendent's office on lower, and school-rooms on upper flat. *N*—Site of proposed new "Wawanosh Home" for Indian girls; the old one, which is at the inconvenient distance of three miles, to be disposed of. *O*—Site of proposed new Laundry. If these plans are carried out there will be accommodation for one hundred boys and fifty girls, and all will attend the one building for school and meals.

These Homes, situated at Elkhorn, Manitoba, originated with a little leaflet called "Red-hot Shot," printed in red and black letters, which, in God's providence, brought forth fruit in the shape of a cheque for \$1000. This sum, augmented by other contributions and a liberal Government grant, erected these buildings. On the left is the "Washakada Home" for Indian girls; on the right is the "Kasota Home" for In-



THE MANITOBA HOMES.

ian boys; and in the middle, the "Central Building," the lower floor of which contains dining hall, kitchens, and superintendent's quarters, and the upper floor, school rooms. The buildings were opened for use by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Rupert's Land, early in August, 1889. They have accommodation for about seventy pupils.



SITE OF THE PROPOSED HOME AT MEDICINE HAT, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

amount of \$400 and upwards. The Hon. E. Dewdney, on the occasion of his recent visit, was asked—"Will the Government aid the Industrial School which is to be established here?" and replied, "The Government will certainly do all in its power to aid the Institution." In order to secure a Government grant we ought to make a good start ourselves, and we trust that many of our friends will come liberally to our aid.

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A SIXTEEN-PAGE ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE, edited by Rev. E. F. WILSON. Price 50 cents per annum. Friends of our work among the Indian children, will very greatly aid us by subscribing. The expense of getting out nine or ten new cuts for each issue is very great, and the Magazine cannot pay its own way until we have about 2000 subscribers.

H. Hale, Clinton, Ont., says:—"A most agreeable and instructive monthly visitor, full of information, conveyed in a pleasant style, and enlivened by sketches of personal adventure, very well told and attractively illustrated."

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Clothing for the Algoma Homes should be addressed to MRS. WILSON, Shingwauk Home, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. For the Manitoba Homes, to MISS VIDAL, Washakada Home, Elkhorn, Manitoba.

(stone), with ladies' cottage (frame) adjoining; *E*—the farm-man's cottage (frame); *F*—the barn and cattle sheds—built 1888—(frame); *G*—the foreman of factory's cottage—built 1889—(stone); *H*—sash, door, and furniture factory (frame);

The Right Rev. the Bishop of Qu'Appelle, says of the proposed Home at Medicine Hat:—

"I welcome most heartily and thankfully the independent work which you are proposing to commence. Medicine Hat is a place excellently suited for the work, being within reach of several large Indian Reserves, and has an abundant water and coal supply. I trust you may have every success in raising the money."

At the present time, December, 1889, we have \$1100 on hand, towards the Medicine Hat Home; and the people of Medicine Hat have promised subscriptions to the

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, No. 11.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, FEBRUARY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, No. 9.

NOTICE.—“Stray Leaf from the Forest,” for the Sunday School children:—The first two pages and the last two pages of “OUR FOREST CHILDREN” will in future be written in a style specially suited for our Sunday School helpers, and extra copies will be printed for free distribution in those Sunday Schools that have undertaken the support of Indian children. The “Stray Leaf” will always contain one or two illustrations and will be made as attractive as possible; there will generally be a letter from “Barbara Birchbark,” telling all the ins and outs of a pupil’s life at the Indian Homes under Mr. Wilson’s control. While distributing these “stray leaves” free for the children, we hope that in each Sunday School there will be a few subscribers to the entire Magazine, at 50 cents per annum. This is a very low price, considering that it is sixteen pages and illustrated, and it requires great labor and expense to bring it out every month.

Our Needs.

AT our various Institutions, namely the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, and the Washakada and Kasota Homes at Elkhorn in Manitoba, we have now *one hundred and ten pupils*.

Some of these Indian pupils have Christian and comparatively civilized parents; others are little wild children taken from the teepees out on the prairies, and are just as wild as coyotes when they come to us, and generally run away a few days after we get them, and we have to run after them and get them back.

Many little boys have neither coat, hat, nor trousers, when they first come to us, nothing but a blanket over their shoulders and a strip of cloth round the waist.

A teepee is the sort of house that the wild Indians live in on the prairie. It is made of about fifteen poles, their thick ends resting on the ground in a circle, and their tops all meeting together at a point; this framework of sticks is covered over with tent cloth, except just at the top, where a hole is left for the smoke to go out. The door is a round hole on the side, with a flap of cloth falling over it. The little Indian children pop in and out of this round doorway like rabbits. They never knock at the door. They go into each others’ houses just when they please.

About ten years ago the Indian teepees used to be covered with buffalo hides. But there are no buffaloes now, so they have to buy tent cloth at the stores. A teepee can be bought from an Indian for about ten dollars.

A coyote is a prairie wolf; it should be pronounced Co-yo-ty. There are lots of them on the prairies in the North-west.

FORTY MORE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Yes, we want forty more Sunday Schools to undertake the support of our Indian pupils. We are always behind with funds. When we count up our money at the end of each year, we are always \$300 or \$400 or \$500 short, and this year we are \$700 behind. The reason, I suppose, is that we are always trying to do a little more than we have the means for. The Government gave us \$2,500 this summer for building purposes at the Shingwauk, but it is all used up, every cent gone; instead of spending \$2,500, we spent about \$2,800, so you see we are short again. But no money is wasted. Not one cent is wasted. We are prepared to prove this at any time. The other day a practical engineer and builder, quite a stranger to us, was looking over the new buildings and other improvements just completed, and he was astonished when we told him what each had cost; he did not understand how we could have built so cheaply. Well, the way is this: We have employed *just one* practical carpenter and builder, and all the rest of the work has been done by our Indian boys. Of course they get some pay for it, and they put about two-thirds of their earnings in the Savings Bank. Two of our best carpenters at present are William Riley, supported by St. Paul’s Sunday School, Toronto, and John Solomon, unsupported. The engine at our factory is driven by another boy, named Chas. Gilbert, who was supported last year by St. John’s Sunday School, St. Johns, N.B. Of our one hundred and ten pupils, only fifty-nine are at present receiving support by Sunday Schools. The Government grant, it should be understood, does not pay the cost of a child’s food and clothing; it is almost all expended in the general expenses of the Institutions, such as salaries of teachers, fuel, house expenses, &c. For the food and clothing

of each child we depend mainly on the \$50 a year from a Sunday School and the boxes of clothing made up by kind friends.

Yes. We want forty more Sunday Schools to undertake the support of our Indian pupils. TWELVE DOL- LARS AND A HALF EACH QUARTER. Any Sunday School that will do this can have an Indian pupil allotted to their care, to think of, to correspond with, and to pray for; they will receive the child's School Report, and can have twenty or thirty of these "Stray leaves from the Forest" each month to distribute among the scholars.

katchewan, on the opposite side from the town. We have bought nine acres there for \$700, and now we want to raise \$5000, 'right away,' and to begin building next spring. See how anxiously a certain gentleman is gazing on the spot from his grassy couch on the hill top, picturing in his mind the three handsome buildings which are to arise by-and-by, on those three vacant patches. Will you not help? Surely many a Sunday School, or Guild, or working party, could raise \$50 for Medicine Hat during this winter. After paying for the land, we have only \$400 left in hand; but the people of Medicine Hat have promised us another \$400; and



SITE OF THE PROPOSED HOME AT MEDICINE HAT, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

Medicine Hat.

HERE is another work for the Sunday Schools. We want the Sunday Schools to help us in this, and to set about it "right away" this winter. Our Elkhorn school is nine hundred miles west of Shingwauk, and Medicine Hat is about six hundred miles *still farther west*, almost under the shade of the Rocky Mountains. There are thousands of wild Indians about there—Crees, Stonies, Blackfeet, Sarcees, Bloods, Piegans, Assinaboinies. We want to have a big institution there at Medicine Hat and gather the little Indian children in. Will you not help us? See! (on the picture,) there is the very spot where the Institution is to be built, right on the banks of the River Sas-

surely, with God's help, we may raise the money. In case any of our English friends who do not understand dollars, should see this, we would explain that we want £1,000 for starting this new Institution in the centre of the wild blanketed Indians of Medicine Hat. All our pupils at these Institutions—at Sault Ste. Marie, at Elkhorn, and at Medicine Hat—will wear the same uniform, dark navy blue, trimmed with red, and bright brass buttons with O. I. H. (Our Indian Homes,) on them.

A COPY of Elliot's Indian Bible was sold at auction recently in Boston for \$210. The high value placed upon this book at the 'Hub' is owing to the fact that the word 'Mugwump' was derived therefrom.—*World.*

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 9.

THE ASSINABOINE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



ONE of the most extensive and widely distributed of the North American Indian Nations, in former days, was that generally known among white people as the *Sioux*. Their territory extended from the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers in Arkansas, to the north-west part of Dakota Territory; and east and west they ranged from the State of Wyoming to Lake Michigan. In course of time the great Siouan stock, as it is now designated by ethnologists, became broken up into numerous tribes. Chief among these are the Dakotas (or Sioux proper,) numbering some 39,000; then come the Omahas, the Osages, Poncas, Iowas, Mandans, Winnebagoes, Crows, Kaws, Quapaws, Otoes, and Assinaboines. Of these tribes the nearest related to the Dakotas, or Sioux proper, would seem to be the Assinaboines. Exactly when the Assinaboines separated from the Sioux and became a distinct tribe, it were difficult to say. In language, habits, and general appearance, they resemble one another very closely. Catlin, speaking of these people so long ago as the year 1832, says of them:—"At what time, or in what manner, these two parts of a nation got strayed away from each other is a mystery." The Assinaboines now living in the Canadian Northwest Territory, say that they came from the River Missouri, and that they used to roam all over the Northwest to the Rocky mountains. They call themselves Teaje ikidatabi. In Catlin's time, fifty years ago, this tribe was said to number about 8,000; but half of their number were destroyed by small-pox a few years later. At that time they were occupying the country from the mouth of the Yellowstone River to Lake Winnipeg, and were living in skin lodges or 'teepees,' like the Sioux.

The name Assinaboine was given to them by the Ojebways, and it means "stone boilers." The reason for their receiving such an appellation is thus described by Catlin: "There is a very curious custom among the Assinaboins, from which they have taken their name—a name given them by their neighbors, from a singular mode they have of boiling their meat, which is done in the following manner: When they kill meat a hole is dug in the ground about the size of a common pot, and

a piece of the raw hide of the animal, as taken from the back, is put over the hole, and then pressed down with the hands close around the sides, and filled with water. The meat to be boiled is then put in this hole or pot of water; and in a fire which is built near by, several large stones are heated to a red heat, which are successively dipped and held in the water until the meat is boiled; from which singular and peculiar custom they are called "stone boilers." In the Ojebway language *assín* means a stone, and *abwén* to make hot or cook. The Assinaboines made treaties with the United States after 1855, and up to July, 1880. They were forced to quit farming, and to locate on the Reservations in Northern Montana after 1875, by reason of the building of railroads, disappearance of game, and the incoming of settlers. Many of them crossed into Canada, and affiliated with the Crees. In June 1884, the Assinaboines at Fort Peck Agency, Montana, numbered 1,195, and at Fort Belknap Agency, Montana, 1000. In 1888 a careful census showed 830 at Fort Belknap, and 713 at Fort Peck—total 1543. In Canada there are 250 Assinaboines a few miles south of Indian Head in Assinaboia, and a few families, numbering 140 souls, at Moose Mountain, also in Assinaboia. In Alberta, near the foot of the Rocky Mountains, at a place called Morley, are some 600 Stoney, or Assinaboine Indians. In Saskatchewan, near Battleford, are 230, and at the Peace Hill Agency are 130. This would make the total number of Assinaboine Indians in Canada, 1350. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Canadian Province of Assinaboia, of which Regina is the capital, is called after this tribe.



ASSINABOINE SQUAW.

These people are described by Catlin as a fine and noble-looking race, bearing both in their looks and customs a striking resemblance to the Dakotas or Sioux, from whom, he says, they have undoubtedly sprung. The men, he continues, are tall, and graceful in their movements, and wear their pictured robes of the buffalo hide with great skill and pleasing effect. They are good hunters, and tolerably supplied with horses; and living

in a country abounding with buffaloes, are well supplied with the necessities of Indian life, and may be said to live well." The writer of this paper visited the Stoney Indians at Morley in 1887, and the Assinaboines at Indian Head in 1885 and 1889, and he would corroborate what Catlin has said as to their fine physical appearance; they appeared to him to be a bold, daring, proud race; those at Morley had accepted Christianity and were beginning to adopt in some measure European dress, though still living in teepees, while those at Indian Head were still heathen and seemed to be very wild and untameable. The name of their Chief was "The Man who took the Coat,"—or, as he is more familiarly known "Chief Jack." These people all live in teepees,—conical dwellings made of a frame-work of sticks covered with cotton—in summer time, and huddle together in little log mud-plastered windowless hovels in the winter time; the men go stalking proudly about in their bright colored blankets covering one or both shoulders or drawn loosely round the waist; on their legs they have fringed leggings, and beaded moccasins on their feet; their hair they wear in two long plaits one on each side of the face; they all seem to be adepts at riding, the only rein being a single rope fastened to the pony's lower jaw; for a whip they have a wooden cudgel studded with brass nails and with two leather thongs for a lash; it is said they use the lash for their ponies and the cudgel for their wives. During the writer's visit to these people in the summer of 1885 an Indian named "Young Eagle" was killed in a fit of jealousy by another Indian named "Fast Walker." The writer was sleeping that night in one of the Indian's mud hovels, his only companion being a young Indian boy from the Shingwauk Home. About 2 a.m. the rickety door was pushed suddenly open and two Indians and the interpreter entered and asked for a match—saying at the same time that one of their number was shot and there was going to be trouble in the camp; the wife of the murderer with her two little children were shoved into an adjoining compartment and locked up, as it was feared that should the murderer escape, the wife's blood would be demanded by the relatives of the murdered man.



THE HUT WHERE I SPENT THE NIGHT

However next morning "Fast Walker" was arrested by

the Mounted Police and placed under guard. The two little children mentioned are now pupils at the Washakada Home, Elkhorn.

The Assinaboines are not skilled in manufacture, but they make pretty moccasins and other articles ornamented with beadwork, also pipes of red soap stone, bows and arrows, spears, and spoons made of buffalo horns. The men often cultivate their hair to a very great length, sometimes reaching almost to the ground. Generally this great length is attained by *splicing*, just as the Chinese do,—namely, by adding on several lengths, which are fastened very ingeniously with glue, the joints being obscured by a sort of paste of red earth and glue with which the hair is filled at intervals. Like all other Indian tribes they are fond of ornamenting their persons. Both men and women wear necklaces, bracelets and finger rings, made of brass wire, beads, shells, bears' claws, elks' teeth, &c. Catlin says, the dresses of the women and children are usually made of the skins of the mountain goat, and ornamented with porcupine quills and rows of elk teeth. A missionary now among them, says: "A woman's dress is shaped almost like a bag, open in the waist at both sides, and a belt around the waist." The men sometimes have feathers in their hair, especially on state occasions. For food they formerly depended almost entirely on buffalo meat and berries. Now, both in the States and in Canada, they receive beef and flour from Government. They also do a little farming under the direction of a Government farm instructor. The 'prairie turnip' is also one of their staple articles of food. Their sticks for digging these up are often curiously carved. They collect the turnips by striking the end of the stick into the ground and prying them out; after which they are dried and preserved in their teepees for use during the season. Their games and amusements are many. Chief among them are ball play, the game of the moccasin, horse-racing and dancing. They are also inveterate gamblers. In gambling they sometimes use cards, but more often claws of birds, and bits of brass, which are mixed promiscuously in a dish and which they shake by striking the dish on the ground or floor. The change of position of the pieces will indicate the success or failure of the players. The pipe dance, which is a favorite amusement among them; is thus described by Catlin: "On a hard trodden pavement in front of their village, which is kept for such purposes, the young men had gathered around a small fire and each seated himself on a buffalo robe spread on the ground. In the centre was the medicine man

with a long pipe in his hand, which he lighted at the fire and smoked incessantly, grunting at the same time a half-strangled guttural song, while another grim-visaged fellow alongside accompanied him with his drum. Suddenly one of the young men sprang to his feet and commenced leaping up and down, first one foot then the other, and singing. After moving round the circle several times making the most violent gesticulations, bowing and brandishing his fist in the faces of each one seated, he at length grasped one of them suddenly by his wrists and jerked him up forcibly upon his feet. This one then joined in the dance, moving round the circle while the first one remained singing and dancing in the centre. One after another of the young men was thus jerked up and forced to join in the dance, until all were on their feet gesticulating and yelling till they seemed to make the earth quake ; they kept on in this way for about three quarters of an hour, and then broke up with the most piercing yells and barks, like so many frightened dogs."

As to their religious belief, the Assinaboinies, in their heathen state, are taught to regard the sun, moon, earth and stones all as gods. The great God, they say, is in the moon. They used formerly to practice sorcery, but this is falling into disuse as their medicine men and wizards of the past are now for the most part dead. Their dances they regard as acts of worship; especially "the sun dance," which they still engage in once a year, unless prevented from doing so by Government. This dance has often been described. It is accompanied by great cruelties, some of the young men who offer themselves as victims having wooden skewers thrust through the muscles of the chest or back, by which they are suspended by ropes, and from which the only way in which they may free themselves is by forcibly tearing away the flesh. Before these dances it is their custom to fast for three days. These people believe that each person is the possessor of four spirits. At death one goes up, one remains in the body, one goes to the east where the sun rises, and one they preserve in a lock of the deceased's hair. They bury their dead on a platform of sticks erected for the purpose, and leave the bodies exposed, after winding them up in a blanket or quilt. The parents, and sometimes other near relations, gash their limbs and cut their hair close as a token of sorrow for the loss of their friends, and quite frequently after the death they will go within sight of the graveyard and howl for the dead. Sign language, as with other Indian Tribes, is common among the Assinaboinies. To imply that *everything* is

exhausted, they will strike the palm of one hand against the other and slide it outwards. To signify *killing*, they shut the fist and put it downward and outward. For *fear*, they open the fist and draw the hand horizontally towards the eye, with index finger slightly elevated and back of hand towards the face.

These people do not seem to indulge much in tradition, their ideas as to their own origin and the origin of the human race are very vague. They say that there was a flood at one time, and that the muskrat rescued the only man who was saved.



WI-JUN-JON, GOING TO AND RETURNING FROM WASHINGTON.

The following story of *Wijunjon*, an Assinaboine chief, is abridged from Catlin : " *Wijunjon* (the Pigeon's egg head), was a brave and a warrior of the Assinaboinies, young, handsome and proud. He was selected by Major Sanford, the Indian agent in the year 1832, to be one of a delegation of chiefs to go to Washington. And so, clad in a dress of mountain goat skin, beautifully ornamented with porcupine quills and scalp locks, his head adorned with war eagles' plumes, and a buffalo robe over his shoulders, he embarked with the other members of the party in a Mackinaw boat to descend the Missouri river two thousand miles to St. Louis. While descending the river, *Wijunjon* began cutting a notch in his pipe-stem for every white man's house he saw, intending thus to keep a careful record which he might make use of among his people on his return home. After a little while, the pipe-stem was filled with marks ; then he began on his war club. When this was filled he cut a long slender stick out of the bush on the river bank and began notching it ; but the houses kept increasing. Several sticks were cut and all filled with notches ; and at length when St. Louis was reached, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, *Wijunjon*

threw away his sticks in despair. A wonderful metamorphosis had taken place in the person of this Indian Chief when he returned from his visit to the East. His Indian dress was all left behind, and in its place he wore a bright blue frock coat of military pattern, golden epaulettes on his shoulders, a high-crowned beaver hat, surmounted by a huge red feather, on his head; boots on his feet, white kid gloves on his hands, and was carrying a blue umbrella and a large fan. Sad was the ending of this Assinaboine Chief who had been to see the world. His people would not believe all the stories that he told them of the wonders he had seen; they put him down as an inveterate liar; they believed him bewitched; they resolved that he must die. The young man who was deputed to dispose of him had a dream that the only weapon that would kill the wizard was a gun made with the handle of an iron pot. He spent a whole day improvising this gun, and with it he blew out poor Wijunjon's brains.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

Very little attention appears to have been given at any time to the Assinaboine language. Pilling's Bibliography mentions several small vocabularies that have been compiled at different times, but no grammar or dictionary has ever been published. The following notes have been kindly furnished by Mr. McLean, teacher among the Assinaboines near Indian Head, and by John Thunder, his interpreter. The letters *f*, *l*, *r*, *v*, *x*, are unused. No distinction is made in the inflection of article, noun, adjective or verb, between animate or inanimate objects. The personal pronoun when used with the verb is incorporated with it, not used separately. There is a dual form of the verb, as we two go, *napin un ya*. To make a verb causative, *ya* or *kiya* is affixed. There is a reflexive form of the verb. The plural ending is *pi*, whether affixed to noun or verb. Certain particles prefixed to a verb, indicate the mode in which the action is done, as *yuksa*, to break off in any way; *yaksa*, to bite off; *paksa*, to break off by pushing; *naksa*, to break off with the foot; *kaksa*, to cut off with an axe; *boksa*, to shoot or punch off; *baksa*, to cut off with a knife or saw. A verbal root may be built on to by prefixes and affixes, thus: *ye-chi-ye-kte-ish*, I will not make you go, from the verb *ya*, to go.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *ɛ*, as in they, met; *i*, *ɪ*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ɔ*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ă*, *ü*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *tc*, as in church; *di*, as in judge; *j*, as in *jamais*, (Fr.),

pleasure; <i>â</i> , as in law; <i>ă</i> , as in fair; <i>ḡ</i> , a <i>gh</i> guttural sound; <i>h</i> , as in German <i>ich</i> ; <i>ñ</i> as in French <i>bon</i> .
man, wi tcâsh ta.
woman, wi' ye.
boy, hokshi' na.
house, washî tcu ti.
boat (or canoe), wa' ta.
river, wak pa'.
water, mini.
fire, pe' ta.
tree, tcan.
horse, shu'nga tun' ga.
dog, shun'ga.
fish, hogân'.
town, washitcuti ota.
kettle, tce' ga.
knife, min.
tobacco, tcandi.
day, an' pa.
night, ahe' bi.
yes, han.
no, hi' ya
I, miye'.
thou, niye'.
he, iye'.
my father, ate'.
it is good, wash' te.
red, sha.
white, ska.
black, sa' pa.
one, wan̄ ji.
two, nom.
three, ya'mni.
four, tom.
five, sap' tan̄.
six, shak' pe.
seven, iyush' na.
eight, shak-no' gan̄.
nine, nap teu' wak.
ten, wik tecm' na.
twenty, wik tecmna nom.
hundred, Opâ' w wige.
come here, kwa' wo.
be quick, kun' na.
to-day, anpa den.
to-morrow, anpa sten.
good morning, han kun na.
Indian, iktce wi tcahsita.
white man, washî tcu.
God, Wakan tunga.
Devil, Wakan shitca.
heaven, (no word).
the " "
a hand, nape.
my hand, nape mita'wa.
your hand, nape nita'wa.
John's hand, John nape.
my knife, min mitawa.
axe, usp̄e'.
little axe, usp̄e' tcu'shin.
bad axe, usp̄e' shitca.
big axe, usp̄e' tunga.
big tree, tcan tunga.
black kettle, tcegâ sapa.
money, maza ska.
bird, zit' kan.
snake, sno hén.
I walk, ma wa' ni.
thou walkest, ma ya' ni.
he walks, mani.
we walk, ma un ni bi.
they walk, ma ni bi.
he is asleep, ishtin' ma.
is he asleep? ishtin' ma he?
I sleep, mi shtin ma.
I slept, mi shtin ma tce' ha.
I shall sleep, mi shtin me' kta.
he does not sleep, ishtin me'sh.
we two sleep, unkishtin ma.
we sleep, unki shtin ma bi.
donot sleep, ishtin mesh wo.
don't be afraid, kini hash wo.
give it to me, ma ku'.
I am hungry, i ma tuka.
are you sick? ni ya'san he?
he is very sick, nina ya'san.
it is cold, osni'.
it is not cold, osnish.

he is a man, wicashta she. I see myself, a mi tci tci da.
it is a house, tipi she. we see each other, un ga ki
I see him, wan mda'ga. tci tci da.

thou seest him, wan da'ga. do you see him? wan da'ga
he sees him, wan ya'ka. he.
he sees it, wan yaka. I do not see you, wan tcem-
if I see him, wan mdagasten. dakesh.

thou seest me, wan maya- two men, wicashta nom.
da'ga. three dogs, shunga yamni.
I see thee, wan tci mda ga. four knives, mina tom.
he sees me, wan ma ya ga.

Did John see the horse? John shungatunga wanyaka he?
I will see you to-morrow, ai akeca wan tci mda kin kta.
John saw a big canoe, John wata tunga wan ya'ka.
I shall not go if I see him, wan mdaga shte miniktesh.
If he goes he will see you, ya shte wan yaki kta tce.
What is your name? Tohen enitciyabi he?
Where are you going? Toki da?

The following books and papers have been referred to in the above account of the Assinaboine Indians:—Catlin's Works; the Indian Bureau Report (Washington); Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); the Indian Department Report (Ottawa). For the vocabulary and several interesting notes on the habits and history of the people, I am indebted to Mr. McLean, teacher, and Mr. John Thunder, interpreter, at the Assinaboine Reserve, near Indian Head.

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

 THE scheme for the formation of the above Society was given in our January number.

The Bishop of Quebec has signed his name as a member, and writes very kindly, expressing his hope that the Society may be set on foot.

George E. Barnum, Secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society, writes: "I heartily endorse the noble work you are doing in the interest of Indian education and civilization, and, as far as I know them, approve your plans for the connection of a scientific study of the race, their present and past condition."

Henry Phillips, U. S. Commissioner, Philadelphia, writes: "I heartily approve of your project for forming an Association for the closer study of the Indians of Canada, and hope it can be pushed to a successful termination; the results to ethnology should be very

copious from the material existing within the Dominion."

The Bishop of Rupert's Land signs his name as member, and sends his first year's subscription, but wishes it to be understood that he is not to be called upon to take active part in the Society's operations; nor does he approve of archaeological specimens, collected by members, being sent to Toronto.

The Bishop of Niagara writes: "The aims of your proposed Society in restraining injustice and improving the condition of the Indians, and promoting a deeper interest in their welfare, have my hearty approval and shall receive such support as I may able to render."

The Bishop of Qu'Appelle has signed his name as a member of the proposed Society.

Dr. Brinton, Professor of American Linguistics in the University of Pennsylvania, writes:—"It gives me much pleasure cordially to endorse and recommend the plan proposed by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of forming a Society for the education of the Indians of Canada, and for uniting with this a scientific study of their present and past condition and characteristics. This enlightened project will, I trust, meet the hearty support both of philanthropic persons and Scientific Societies."

Herbert Welsh, Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia, writes:—"I take great pleasure in commending the project of Rev. E. F. Wilson, for organizing a Society in Canada similar in some respects in its aims to our Indian Rights Association, which for the past eight years has been in operation in the United States. This Association was the outgrowth of a deep interest on the part of two young men who saw, during a visit to Bishop Hare's Diocese in Dakota, evidences of what Christian and intelligent treatment can accomplish for the civilization of the Red man, who if left in barbarism would be sure to become the prey of designing men."

Any persons interested in the Indians and willing to become members of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, will please forward their names and addresses either to David Boyle, Esq., Canadian Institute, Toronto; or to Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. A meeting will be called for the election of President and officers, so soon as a goodly number of members have enrolled their names. Subscriptions need not be paid at present.

 THE Shingwauk Brass Band has been engaged to play twice a week at the Sault Ste. Marie rink.

Round Lake.

WE are always glad to receive letters from Indian pupils at other Institutes, whether in Canada or the United States, and, when space will admit, will give them publication. Following is a letter from an Indian girl at the Presbyterian Institution at Round Lake, north of Broadview, Assinaboia. A picture of this school appeared in our Christmas Number, 1888:

Nov. 19th, 1889.

Dear Mr. Wilson: I have been asked to send you a letter. You have a school for Indian children. I remember seeing you at our school. Tell all the boys and girls that we send our good wishes to them. We have about 30 at school now. Round Lake is covered with smooth ice and we have good play. We have a new schoolhouse and a new teacher. I will write a long letter the next time. I am,

ELIZA GEDDES.

Letter from Washington Territory, U.S.

Rev. E. F. Wilson:

DEAR SIR,—I will try to write a short letter to-day. I read a letter from an Indian boy, at Oneida Reserve Indian School, in your little paper "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." It was a very good letter, and I like to write a letter as good as that. I am in Jamestown School, Clallam Co., Washington. My teacher's name is J. M. Butchart. He is teaching good in this school. It is a small school, and it is not on a Reservation. On Saturday night I study my Sunday School lessons, and repeat it in the church on Sunday. In August, the Indians here take their canoes and go to Puyallup to pick hops, and we have vacation and go too. They make lots of money in picking hops. A man and his wife can pick about five or six boxes a day, and it is big boxes, about thirty-two bushels of hops in one box, and it is one dollar a box.

Next thing I am going to say is about these Indians here at Jamestown. They living like white people now. They have got horses, cows, pigs, sheep, etc.

Yours respectfully,

JOHNSON WILLIAM.

A MISSIONARY to the Indians in British Columbia took a keg of whiskey and poured it over the grass in the presence of the young people. It destroyed all the herbage. The Chief then told them that just as it burned the grass it would burn them if they drank it. This experiment has become a yearly ceremony with the Indians, and there has been very little trouble with the liquor question since.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XII.—PONCA.

MY Wife felt a little uncertain about Ponca. The name of the place was to her ear not particularly melodious. She was afraid she would not get warm water to wash with at Ponca.

We reached Ponca at just thirty-five minutes after midnight. I went on the station platform to see if there was a team from the Agency come to meet us, before taking my wife off the train. It was necessary to do this because there were no houses at Ponca. By the dim light of the new moon I could see three Indians in their blankets standing on the platform, and in their rear I discerned a vehicle with two mules attached. The conductor was holding the train for me. I told him it was all right, that we would alight, and I went back to get my wife. Then the train went on.

After a rather long drive in the chilly midnight air, the fagged mules came to a standstill in front of a house. My impression was it was the School; my wife thought it was the Agency; it was neither.

"Go right in at that door, turn to your right, and go in that room where the light is; that is your room, all the folks are abed by this time."

That is what the driver of the mules said to us as we alighted and pushed open a picket gate, which was held shut by a chain and weight.

So my wife and I went right in and turned to the right, and entered the room where the light was. The room had three windows and three doors. The blinds were all up. There were no curtains. The lamp was turned low. On one side of the room was a sofa and a sewing machine; in the middle of the room was a fireless box stove, with pipe going into a chimney in the wall; in one corner was a double bed, ready made, and looking as though it had been recently occupied; in another corner was a small oval table covered with dust, and near it a common yellow chair. Between the bed and one of the windows was a shelf, rather high up. On the shelf was a clock, going, and marking the hour of half-past one; also a hair brush and comb, a pair of scissors, and a pipe. The room was carpeted. On the wall over the sofa was a hanging looking glass. On the opposite wall was a picture of Lillie Langtry, with a pink printed notice pasted below it, "Fifth Avenue Opera House, Friday evening, Oct.

26th." There was nothing else in the room. No warm water, not even cold water, nor even a jug or basin. My wife looked at me. We did not sleep very well.

We were kept well acquainted with the hours as they passed—for the clock just over our bed kept us regularly informed. That clock had a very remarkable way of striking. It wheezed and gurgled for quite a considerable time between each stroke, when sounding the hour. There was no mistaking the hour struck; the wheezing and gurgling was very successful in drawing the attention, and each stroke was given very loudly, decidedly and separately.

My wife and I would have got up at half-past seven, as we felt sure that breakfast would be all over by eight, but we were deterred from doing so on account of the absence of any water to wash with. However, this

little matter was soon settled for us in a manner cheerful to relate. A ponderous knock was heard at the door, and a rather harsh woman's voice on the outside gave information as follows: "Theré's some water for ye, sitting right here outside at the door."

It was a matter of dressing under difficulties; but we managed to get through, and were very nearly ready to proceed to the next room, when the door at which the water with the jug and basin had been placed, was suddenly and unceremoniously opened (there was no lock,) and a huge woman, with bare arms, presented herself.

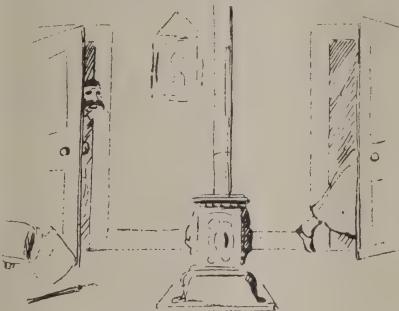
"Wall, ye are ready for breakfast, are ye? Can I have the chairs? We are short of chairs, ye see, in the dining room."

We assured our genial hostess that we would be ready for breakfast just in a few minutes, and would bring the two yellow chairs, viz., the one that had been in all night, and the one that had come with the jug and basin, with us.

No sooner was this door closed than the other one was pushed open. The outside boarders were beginning to come into breakfast; and it was evidently their

custom to pass through this hybrid of a room—half sitting room and half bedroom—in which we were domiciled.

My wife, with true womanly forethought, had placed her little box down at the door and her dressing bag on the top of it; and these two obstacles—to which, by the by, my umbrella was added—served to impede



INTERRUPTIONS WHILE DRESSING.

the entrance of the boarders, and seeing a gentleman and lady not quite dressed, they very considerately withdrew, and went round another way.

The breakfast at Ponca was not a success. We both felt more hungry after it was over than we did when we sat down to it. We went for a little walk to talk over matters; and we mutually agreed that when dinner time came, we would have a picnic lunch down by the river, make tea in the "etna," and eat some sandwiches and biscuit which we had brought with us. Then we went to call on the Indian agent, and I presented my credentials from Washington. We also visited the Ponca School. It was a large brick building, and had 84 pupils, all Poncas.

I noticed that several of the pupils had a dark tatoo mark on the centre of the forehead, just as though some one had dipped his finger in ink, and dabbed them on the forehead with it. We were told that this was to distinguish them as being of royal lineage in direct descent from some Ponca Chief. Several of them also had a star or other device tatooed on the back of their hands.

There were two large school rooms, and school was going on. Some of the pupils were writing out the multiplication tables from memory on their slates. Many of the children appeared to be scrofulous, and many of them had sore eyes. The teacher said that the attendance at the school depended mainly on the



"HERE'S WATER FOR YE."

native police; if it were not for their exertions the school would probably be empty more than half the time, for the parents were all heathen and were quite indifferent about sending their children, or would even try to keep them away.

The Ponca Indians braid their hair on each side of the face in the same way as the Cheyennes, and they wear blankets, and ornament themselves with shell and bead necklaces, bracelets, &c.

Our little lunch down by the river was a success; we sat on the sloping bank under the trees, and spread a white napkin for a cloth, and lighted the "etna" and boiled some water, and each had two cups of nice hot tea.

As we were strolling back through the woods towards the Agency, our solitude was suddenly broken in upon by the arrival of a detachment of U.S. cavalry. They came threading their way in single file along the narrow trail, and at the word from their captain came to a halt just close to where we were standing, and proceeded to unsaddle their horses and turn them loose to browse. Then some mule teams arrived, and for an hour or more there was a busy scene—the soldiers in their shirt sleeves putting up their tents, cutting firewood, chopping up beef, and getting all ready for the night's bivouac. After watching them for a little time, and making acquaintance with their captain, we went on to the Agency, and for the next hour I was busy writing up a vocabulary of Ponca words. The chief of the police, whose name was Antoine, and who knew a little English, gave me the words. He was a Ponca half-breed, with long black hair, a slight moustache, and a little tuft of beard; his face was pock marked, and he wore the blue U.S. uniform with a slouch hat. A young educated Indian, named Charlie, sat on the floor, and kept putting in a word or two now and then.

Late at night we left for Arkansas city. A wild Ponca Indian drove us to the station. He seemed bound to make his mules go.

CHAPTER XIII.—DENVER.

We reached Arkansas city on our return trip from Indian Territory, at two o'clock in the night, drove in a bus to the "Gladstone," and went to bed.

Our train for Denver would not start till 2.30 p.m., and I had planned to occupy the morning by paying a visit to the Chilocco School, six miles out. My wife being tired, I left her at the hotel, and engaged a buggy

and pair of horses, and a man to drive me to the School. It was a crisp, frosty morning, and the sun was shining brightly. In the hedges which we passed, were some big yellow things that looked like large ripe oranges; the man said that there were lots of them on the hedges, and that they were no good except for seed. We also passed a cotton field; this was the extreme northern limit for cotton, my driver said.

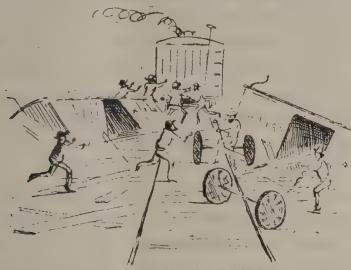
Arkansas City is on the southern border of the State of Kansas, and the Chilocco School was just across the line, in Indian Territory; a broad strip of but little used roadway marked the boundary. The school stands in the open prairie, and as we approached it, presented the appearance of a large, substantially-built white stone building. It had accommodation for 175 pupils; it was at the time occupied by 169—boys and girls—of the Caddo, Oto, Pottowatami, Quapaw, Sac and Fox, Tonkawa, Iowa, and several other tribes. Attached to the school were 8,000 acres of land, of which 400 were under cultivation, and the remainder used for grazing purposes. My visit to the school was necessarily a hurried one. The first thing, after introducing myself to the authorities, was to interview some children of the Caddo, Oto, and Tonkawa tribes, and take down words in their languages; then I went through the school with the Superintendent, and saw the class rooms, dining hall, &c., all very neat, clean, and well kept. The boys were taught carpentering, shoemaking, blacksmithing, and tailoring.

I got back to the hotel at one, and had just time to get dinner and put our things together before it was time to start.

It was a long journey of 630 miles from Arkansas City to Denver, and it took us from 2.30 p.m. Friday, to 7.30 p.m. Saturday, to get there.

There was a delay, however, on the road. We were occupying a lower berth on a Pullman car. The hour was 7 a.m. The train was at a standstill. It seemed to us both to have been at a standstill for a very considerable period. We compared notes. We had both awakened and gone to sleep again, and awakened and gone to sleep again several times during the night, and each time we had awakened the train was at a standstill. Something evidently was wrong. I put aside the blind and looked out. Morning seemed to be just dawning, and a cock was crowing; there were the outlines of several buildings just visible. I got up and went out to the wash room. A black porter was there blacking the boots, and I enquired of him the

cause of the delay. He answered low, and answered ambiguously. I completed my dressing, and was going out, but the door was locked. "Can you open this door for me?" I said. "No, sah! Conductor's orders were not to open the door; you see we don't want the passengers wake up, they are all sleeping nicely." I went to the other end of the car, found the door unlocked, and went out. It was blowing a blizzard, and the air full of snow. "What's the matter up the line?" I asked of a solitary individual whom I



RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

encountered on the station platform. "Oh, its just a freight train mashed up, they say, about half a mile ahead there, where you see the fire." I saw the name of the place was Garden City, and looking at my Railway guide, found that we were already six hours late. As it did not seem likely that we should be moving on for some time yet, I walked out to the wreck. Two freight cars were smashed up, lying bottom up, and all in splinters; an engine with a hawser was at work clearing the wreckage; a couple of fresh rails and a few fresh ties would have to be put in. I made a sketch of the scene, and then went back to the Pullman.

No other adventure befel us on the way, and about 4 p.m. we got our first sight of the Rocky Mountains. We passed Pike's Peak just at dusk, and were a little disappointed with it. It is only about 1200 feet high from the ground where the station stands, but then the station is 5000 feet or more above the sea level.

We reached Denver at 7.30 p.m., and alighted at the Union Station. The Union Station is a grand, I might almost say majestic edifice, and was lighted up brilliantly with electric lights. The general waiting room is an immense room, its floor paved, and its ceiling supported by handsome iron pillars; on one side are the Ticket, Pullman, and Telegraph offices; in one corner is the cloak room, where anything a passenger may wish to leave is ticketed and taken care of; on another side is the lunch bar, where can be

got a good cup of tea or coffee, and all one can want to eat. Opposite to the train doors are the street doors leading out to the cabs and street cars. Then, adjoining the main waiting room, through a short but lofty hall, is the ladies' large spacious room, and beyond that, through another hall, is the baggage room. There is no need for any crowding, for all is so wide and spacious, and all is so systematically arranged. We had given our checks to the transfer agent, and hired a hack to take us to our friend Dr. Martin's house, where my wife was to stay while I went down into New Mexico and Arizona.



ARRIVAL AT DENVER.

Denver is at present a thriving city of some 70,000 or 80,000 inhabitants. It is destined, so think the Denverites, to be THE city of the West, ranking in importance with Chicago on its right hand, and San Francisco on its left. The sources of wealth are firstly mines, secondly cows and sheep, thirdly grain. The Rocky Mountains, at the foot of which Denver is situated, are full of mineral wealth. There are silver mines, and gold mines. Also copper, tellurium, iron, lead and coal. The yield of gold and silver in the State of Colorado since first the mines were worked, has been \$154,000,000.

Of cattle, there are 1,500,000 in the State, and about the same number of sheep. The cattle get fat on the buffalo grass, wretched looking stuff, though it looks to a stranger unacquainted with its virtues—mere tufts of coarse, worthless-looking grass, cropping up here and there in a wide waste of bare, hopeless-looking land; and yet the cattle feed on it and thrive on it, and become a great source of revenue at a very small expense.

The crops that succeed best in Colorado, are hay, wheat and oats; Indian corn, barley, and potatoes are also grown extensively. In order to overcome the excessive dryness of the climate, irrigation is very generally resorted to.

(To be continued.)

Disadvantages of the Tribal System.

BY OJIJATEKHA, TORONTO.

AM well pleased with the tone and aims of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," published to elevate Indian education and civilization, to bring more closely together the two ideas, so vastly misrepresented by both. The Indian population, permeated with the instincts of tribal affairs, naturally looks upon individualistic struggles as *forward*, and *done just to show off*, more than from a matter of duty and conclusive desire to advance. They also point to the cities and say, "pity the poor" of your own first, we do not desire those distinguishing features which characterize your civilization. We want to live as free men; we want to preserve the freedom our forefathers enjoyed in peacefulness.

For myself, I do not wish to be placed on the list as opposed to civilization, or the education of my fellow Indians from their present state of ignorance. No, no! but I cannot consider myself justified in voicing for the elevation of my people, without acknowledging the good points possessed by the people whom we would deprive of their habits, because it is not now in harmony with the sweeping onward march of civilization. As an Indian, I wish to encourage all the advantages of civilization, not its disadvantages, far from it. In doing so, the present tribal system must cease. The Indian will ask me what I mean by tribal system. By tribal system, I mean those advantages which every Indian expects to have because another Indian possesses it; and the idea that all must work in harmony, *i.e.*, in one mind, no Indian having any right to do certain things without the consent of his chief or the Indian agent; who cannot use his own judgment without being afraid of undergoing severe lecturing at the hands of those who do not know any better, but assert their authority just because our forefathers subjected themselves to such custom. Another great damaging evidence why the tribal system should be abolished, is the fact that such system only allows the education of the few, consequently the elevation of the few must be the result—otherwise, prejudice and hatred springs up at seeing one (whom we would despise to have rule over us) possessing more than ordinary influence. More especially does the sore appear more hurting, when we fail to connect the ambitious young aspirant to some tribal distinction of his ancestors. It is awfully hard for an Indian to allow himself to be dictated to by one of his own blood or

color. We take, for example, the freed negroes just after the war of 1865, when the writer's father was in Georgia, Va. They almost preferred slavery than being commanded by an officer of their color. "I don't want him to play the white man ober me," they would exclaim. Since then they have learned to appreciate and respect the learning and authority of their own color. So are the Indians yearly learning to appreciate efforts made amongst them; they are learning to throw aside that prejudicial foolishness which retards the inward desire to prosper.

To my fellow-Indians who aspire to rise, I would say: The field is broad—all you require is brains, and you are equipped to battle forth. Be honest with yourself and your convictions, and you save your burden by half and accomplish more by half.

With a plea to abolish tribal system, and an invitation extended to show why it should not be abolished, I beg leave to place my contribution, and wish this bright champion of Indian cause *success*—"OUR FOREST CHILDREN"—from an ex-pupil of the Mohawk Institution at Brantford.

Let us Work Together.

THE editor of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" is particularly anxious that all Protestant Institutions for Indian children in Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-west, should work harmoniously together, sink all petty feelings of rivalry and jealousy, and keep the one great end in view—namely, to gain over the Indians as a people, not to this creed or that creed, or for this faith or that faith, but for civilization, enlightenment, purity, and Christ. It is impossible, of course, "but that offences will come," little jarring notes of discord will now and then arise, ill thoughts will sometimes crop up, words that were best unspoken will sometimes slip out. But let all who are engaged in this great work of emancipating the Indians from the chains of ignorance and darkness, protecting them from insult, robbery and injustice, caring for and training their little children—determine that by the grace of God they will keep under and smother down in their own breasts every feeling unworthy of so great a cause; and that they will, so far as lies in their own power, work harmoniously with others of the Protestant faith who are engaged in a similar work. There is ample room at present for all the Institutions that can be built. There is a large Church of England one at Battleford, supported by the Government. There

is a very large one being built by Government at Regina for the Presbyterians; there is Dr. Burman's newly-built Institution six miles north of Winnipeg. There is Rev. Mr. McKay's Presbyterian Institution at Round Lake, north of Broadview; another small Presbyterian Institution lately started at Birtle, in Manitoba. The Methodists have the Macdougall Orphanage at Morleyville, in Alberta, and are starting a large Government Institution up north of Red Deer Lake. Then out West, the C. M. S. Missionaries among the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegan, are each taking steps to start small local Institutions. All these have each their work to do, and each will, we trust, be liberally supported by the members of their own Church, besides the aid they get from Government. The O. I. H. Institutions under Mr. Wilson's control, are the two Homes at Sault Ste Marie, the Homes at Elkhorn, in Manitoba, and the prospective Homes at Medicine Hat, in Alberta. The chief difficulty just at present—a difficulty which will doubtless be acknowledged by all who have Indian Institutions under their charge, is to induce wild Indian parents to give up their children to be educated. They do not themselves see the advantage of it; they are suspicious of the White man's motives; are unwilling for their children to be parted from them, and are only too ready to accept a bribe or price before giving up a child. We feel sure that all our readers must feel that it is a very unwise thing to give an Indian parent any bribe for yielding a child to be educated; for ourselves, we are entirely averse to any such proceeding; still our friends will, we are sure, see the difficulty, the great difficulty, that stands in the way of filling our Institutions, when built, with a suitable class of Indian children, and the difficulty again in keeping them when once we have got them. The merest pretext is often sufficient for a child to decamp, or for his parent to come and take him away. All this is, we know, *very trying* to those who are doing their best to secure and educate the little wild Indian children. But we feel certain that in order to succeed, and to make these Institutions of real profit to the Indians, all petty feelings of rivalry must be sunk away out of sight, and we must all strive to help and not hinder one another's work.

While offering the above remarks, the Editor wishes it to be understood that he will readily publish any letters on the subject from those interested in the matter, if written in a kind and temperate spirit.

Jottings.

THERE are said to be 600,000 Indians in Brazil.

MISS FLORENCE MARACLE, an Indian lady from the Grand River reserve, near Brantford, arrived here to-day to take a position in the Department of Indian Affairs. This is the first instance on record in which an Indian *lady* has secured an appointment in the departmental buildings in the history of the Government. It is only a few days ago since Captain Elliott, a Six Nation Indian, received an appointment in the same department.

THE site of Penn's Treaty Elm is on the east side of Beach Street, north of Hanover Street, Philadelphia. A monument is erected there, and the place held for public use. Access is by the Second and Third streets line of horse cars.

HONESTY: At the Shingwauk social, on the night of Dec. 12, a gentleman asked one of the Indian apprentice boys to give him change for \$2, handing him, as he thought, a two-dollar bill. Next morning, the boy, on looking at the note by daylight, saw that it was a five-dollar bill. He at once showed it to the Superintendent, and took steps to find the owner.

Indian Dudes.

THE feathers most prized by the dandy Chiefs of certain tribes of Indians at the far West, are those taken from the tail of the calumet eagle, sometimes called the war eagle. These tail feathers are twelve in number, broad, and of unequal length. They are white until within two inches of the end, where they change to a deep black. The calumet eagle is somewhat smaller than the common kinds, but it is remarkably swift and fierce and domineers over them all, driving them away from the carcass upon which they may happen to be feeding. Among some tribes the tail feathers of two eagles—sufficient to compose a head-dress—are often bartered by the lucky hunter for a good horse or a rifle; and it is stated that the bird is not unfrequently domesticated about the camps for the purpose of affording an annual supply of tail to the aboriginal "swells."—*Pipe of Peace*.

At the Sitka School, some of the boys took a worn-out bread trough, that had been thrown out from the bakery, and rigging oars to it, take solid comfort in rowing around the bay.

Why the Crow Is Black.

THE Indians of the extreme North-west have some very remarkable legends about the Creation, in which the crow takes the leading part, bringing order out of chaos. Perhaps the most curious is that which accounted for the raven coat of the crow. One night, while making a tour through his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for a lodging and a drink of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but on account of the scarcity of water, he refused to give him anything to drink. When all the rest were asleep, the crow got up to hunt for water, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum-wood upon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke escaped, but Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had black plumage. It was previously white.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

Origin of the Term "Yankee."

THERE are comparatively few people who know the origin or the meaning of the term "Yankee," by which we are accustomed more or less affectionately to designate our American cousins born in the United States. In view of the approaching American Exhibition of the Arts, Inventions, Manufactures, and products of the United States, to be held next year at Earl's Court, Kensington, and which has already been nicknamed in some quarters the "Yankeries," it may be of interest to know what the word means. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, the friendly Indians asked of what people they were, to which query they replied "English." But the red man could not twist his tongue around that word, and "Yangeese" was as near as he could get to it. It was but a very short time, and by a natural and easy transition, before "Yangeese" became transformed into "Yankees." The use of this word also is peculiar. The people of the Southern States call all Northerners both east and west, "Yankees," as will be remembered by those familiar with the great Civil War. The people of the Western States call only those living in the Eastern States, or east of the Hudson River, "Yankees," and these are the only people who acknowledge the name, and always so describe themselves. On the other hand, all the English colonists and the people of Great Britain invariably call all citizens of the United

States "Yankees," and when abroad they cheerfully accept, and are generally proud of the title, which, as we have seen, means and is only a corruption of the word "English."—*Iron*, (English paper.)

AN Indian boy who returned from a farm where he had had an experience of getting up early and working all day, writes in his school composition:

"The farmer is like a hen—he gets up early in the morning, and never comes in till in the evening and it is time to go to roost." ◆◆◆

THE people of the United States are known among the natives of Alaska as "Boston people." Not long since a mining company brought to Alaska some donkeys. One of the boys who had been reading in school about rabbits having long ears, wanted to know if the donkeys were "Boston rabbits."—*The North Star.*

WE will be glad to see the day come when compulsory law will take effect, as many of the natives are not sensible of their needs of an education. I am sure if all children of school age were to attend school regularly until they got a reasonable education, there would be no difficulty in having full schools in the next generation.—*North Star.*

ALL the sentiment and poetry has not died out of the noble Red man. An Indian named Hinock, sentenced at Happy Camp, Del Norte county, Cal., to sixty days in the county jail for misdemeanor, presented himself to the Sheriff at Yreka, lately, for admission to that institution, bringing with him his commitment. He travelled sixty miles, unaccompanied, and bore his own expenses.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

THE self-sacrifice of the teachers among the natives of Alaska can scarcely be overestimated. Take this sample case from Miss Huber's diary:

"Balonga, the girl we dressed, is fifteen years old. The first day the lice were so thick on her head that they fell off and ran around on the desk. I washed her and put blue ointment on her head. After I had combed out the tangles with a coarse-tooth comb, I used a fine one. About the ears there were so many kinks that the hair was quite stiff and the lice came off in combfuls. I left her go before her hair was quite cleaned, because I was afraid her head would hurt. Next day I put some more ointment on and we gave her two combs and told her to use them. Bro. Wolf gave each a small piece of soap and a comb and told them how to use them."—*North Star.*

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I am going to write you a letter every month, and tell you something about the Indian children living in these Homes. This month it shall be an account of the Christmas festivities. I daresay many of you know that Santa Claus generally pays us a visit at the Shingwauk Home, and last Christmas eve he did not forget us. At seven o'clock in the evening everyone assembled in the school-room for prayers. When prayers were over, Mr. Wilson said, "Now, do the juniors want to go to bed?" But the poor little juniors did not look as if they wanted to go to bed at all. Many of them were new boys and had not the faintest idea what was going to happen, but they all looked as if they would prefer staying where they were to going up into the dark dormitories. Then Mr. Wilson asked who would go up-stairs and see if Santa Claus was about. A great many volunteered, but when it came to the point, none of them would go. At last, however, two plucked up courage and went creeping up the stairs, but, oh! how quickly they came down, tumbling head-long from the top to the bottom, crying out, "He's up there; that fellow, is up-stairs, Santa Claus!" Only those who have seen it, know what a commotion those words caused; how the boys all tumbled over the forms and desks, and over each other." Little Anthony, the five-year-old "baby" of the school, took refuge under the wing (or rather the apron) of the portly matron. Santa Claus was a very jolly little old man, not five feet in height, with white beard and hair, and a rosy good-humored face; he carried a pack on his back and scattered nuts and candies in all directions, as he rushed through the rooms. That night sixty socks hung round the beds in the dormitories, but in the morning, they had all disappeared, and were found at last by sixty boys (who, by the way, were hopping about with "one shoe off and one shoe on,") hanging round the drums in the school-room. At 7:30 came breakfast; at 8:30, prayers in the school-room, which had been tastefully decorated with evergreens, by some of the older boys, the day before. At 11 o'clock, the lady Superintendent, the matron and thirty girls, arrived from the Wawanosh, just in time for the service in the chapel, which looked beautiful, all wreathed with cedar, stag-horn moss, etc. After service the white people set to work and laid the dinner tables for the boys and girls. First came the nice white tablecloths, with pot plants here and there. Some kind friends in the Sault had sent a lot of nuts,

candies, apples and figs, so these were distributed about the tables, with a pretty Christmas card at each plate, then the boys and girls took their places, and the roast beef, plum-pudding, cakes, etc., were served. After dinner some of them went out on the ice, and the rest played games indoors. The girls went home at 4:30, accompanied as far as the Sault by the brass band. The girls had their Christmas tree on Friday. Only the boys who had sisters there were allowed to go, but this did not matter in the least, for in less than half an hour nearly every boy in the school discovered that he had a sister at the Wawanosh. Unhappily Mr. Wilson could not trace the relationship as quickly as they did. A beautiful doll, sent by Miss McLaren's class, Hamilton, was given by election to Dora Jacobs that same evening. The boys had their tree on New Year's eve; each boy got three presents, a jubilee medal, sent by Chief Brant, and a bag of candies. After the tree—every one in the Home was weighed and measured, and a prize given to the one who had gained most in weight, and another to whoever had grown the most. Then coffee and biscuits were served and at 11:30 came service in the chapel, followed by a general hand-shaking and many wishes for "A Happy New Year."

I shall be very pleased to hear from any of our young friends and helpers, and will gladly answer any questions in my next letter; but they must reach me not later than the eighth of the preceding month.

Address,

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,
(*Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson*)

Shingwauk Home,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.**DECEMBER.**

REV. MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following clothing and also presents for Xmas:

Mrs. Nivin and Miss Crusor, \$5.00.

From Mr. W. H. Plummer, a watch as prize to a boy.

The King's Daughters of Memorial Hall, Ottawa, a beautiful box of clothing, books, Xmas presents; also kind presents to Mrs. Wilson, from "Friends in Ottawa," per Miss M. K. Johnson.

From the Ladies' Working Party, Niagara, per Miss M. Beaven, a second donation of clothing this year for boys and girls—flannel, cloth; also presents to Mrs. Wilson and family.

From the W.A.M.S., New Liverpool, per Mrs. Smith, a barrel of clothing for boys and girls; also \$6.00 from the Children's S.S. Missionary box, for Xmas.

Gift from the "King's Daughters," St. Stephen, N.B., per Mrs. Bolton, for Mary P., a box of material and articles of clothing.

From St. Thomas, per Mrs. Beaumont, a barrel containing clothing and other articles for the boys and girls of the Homes,

- From the Ladies' Aid Society, Niagara Falls South, per Mrs. Bull, yarn for knitting, plaid flannel and other kind gifts.
- From the St. John's Branch of the Ottawa F.G. Society, per Miss Thompson, a box of dolls, scrap books, etc., for the boys and girls.
- From the Fergus non-Sectarian Mission Band, per Miss Green-Armytage, for the Wawanosh Home, clothing, dolls, etc.
- From the boys of Miss Baird's S.S. Class, Paisley, a box of presents for the Indian boys' Xmas tree.
- From Portsmouth Indian Mission, per Miss L. Betts, a beautiful supply of flannel shirts and other articles; also some Xmas gifts for the Indian children and a work bag for Mrs. Wilson.
- Miss E. Wood, Port Rowan, sent a parcel containing some articles of clothing made by her S.S. girls, also \$1.00 from a friend.
- From Mrs. Hamwood, Craigleighth, \$1.00.
- Mrs. A. E. Hearing, London, a box of Christmas presents and candy bags.
- From St. Mark's Church, Deseronto, a box of clothing and toys.
- From Mrs. W. Gallinger, Cornwall, six pairs of mitts.
- From the W. A., Cobourg, a large bale of new and most useful clothing for boys and girls.
- The Camden East branch of the W. A., sent a box of new and second-hand clothing—all most acceptable.
- From Revd. Canon Churton, King's College, Cambridge, almanacs and illustrated papers.
- Mrs. Vidal, Washakada Home, Elkhorn, desires most gratefully to acknowledge a large bale full of most excellent and useful clothing for the Elkhorn pupils, from the W. A., Ottawa; also a box of useful second-hand clothing from "The Missionary Gleaners," Clarenceville, Quebec.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM DEC. 9TH TO JAN. 9TH, 1890.

Memorial Church S. S., London, for boy, \$18.75; Emmanuel Church, London Tp., \$4.21; "Kings Daughters," St. Stephen, N.B., for girl, \$12.50; St. Peter's S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; T. Millman, for Shingwauk \$10, for Wawanosh \$5; St. Martin's S.S., Montreal, for girl, \$12.50; Holy Trinity S.S., Lucan, \$10; Holy Trinity S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$30; Miss Harmon's Boarding School, \$1.35; Trinity S.S. Aylmer, for girl, \$12.50; Mrs. M. H. Gault, for the three Homes, \$15; Mrs. Clench, \$10; Revd. T. Walker, 50 cents; Trinity S.S., St. John, N. B., for boy \$18.75, for girl \$18.75; Sunday School, St. John's, London Tp., \$8; Miss A. Kinnear, \$5; Harrison Kinnear, \$2; Frank A. Kinnear, \$2; St. Mark's S.S. Longueuil, \$16.13; St. John's S.S., St. Thomas, for boy, \$25; St. Paul's S.S., Port Dover, for boy, \$12; All Saints' S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$25; Sunday School, Portsmouth, \$15; Children's Mission Sale, Market Rasen, England, for boy, \$29.

Receipts—O.F.C.

W. W. Newell, 50c.; C. A. Hirschfelder, 50c.; W. M. Stephen, \$3; Mrs. H. Roberts, \$1; Miss K. E. Baker, \$1; Dr. Millman, 50c.; H. A. Kaulback, 50c.; Mrs. Moody, 50c.; Jas. McElroy, 50c.; Mrs. H. Bent, \$1; Mrs. A. Williston, \$1; Rev. Dr. Sweeney, 50c.; Mrs. Trigge, 50c.; Miss Bowman, \$1; G. T. Spencer, 50c.; Rev. Geo. Keys, \$1; C. F. Kite, 50c.; F. J. Child, 50c.; J. N. Fradenber, 50c.; Rev. A. E. Miller, 50c.; K. G. Thwaites, 50c.; Rev. H. L. Wood, 50c.; The Bishop of Rupert's Land, \$3; C. Thompson, \$1; Rev. L. G. Roberts, \$1; Rev. J. A. Fletcher, 50c.; G. M. Cox, \$1; Rev. R. Lindsay, 50c.; Miss Day, \$2; Canon Belt, \$1; M. G. Poole, \$1; F. H. Furniss, 50c.; Rev. T. Walker, 50c.; Miss L. Betts, 50c.; V. Keffer, 50c.; Archdeacon Lonsdale, 50c.; Rev. D. W. Pickett, 50c.;

C. H. Harris, \$1; W. Reid, 50c.; J. Stewart, 50c.; W. Robinson, 50c.; A. H. Hamilton, 50c.; Geo. Gander, 50c.; Rev. G. B. Bell, \$1; Rev. C. Abbot, 50c.; J. A. Kaulback, 50c.; H. J. Cundall, \$1; Rev. C. Hamington, 50c.; Miss Hearing, \$1; Rev. J. Osborne, 50c.; Rev. F. Willis, \$1.50; Miss Davidson, 50c.; Mrs. Osler, \$1; Thomas Geddes, 50c.; Rev. B. P. Leurs, 50c.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE.

AT SHINGWAUK HOME.

A. Beautiful Photograph of the SHINGWAUK PUPILS who went with Mr. Wilson to Montreal and Ottawa, mailed 50c.
The two BLACKFEET BOYS, mailed 30c.
WILLIE and ELLIAH (who went with Mr. Wilson in 1886), mailed 25c.
SHINGWAUK, CHAPEL and a General View of the Shingwauk Buildings from the river (mailed), each 35c.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

EDITED BY THE

REV. E. F. WILSON
SAULT STE. MARIE, ONTARIO.

50 CENTS (2s.) PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Sunday School Teachers or Scholars sending ten subscriptions to the O.F.C. will receive a copy free for one year.

Sunday Schools supporting Indian pupils in the O.I.H. Institutions will receive from 10 to 20 copies of the "Stray Leaf" from OUR FOREST CHILDREN, gratis

MANUAL OF THE OJIBWAY LANGUAGE.

Containing GRAMMAR, DIALOGUES and DICTIONARY.

By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, \$1.25. For sale at the Shingwauk Home. This little book appeared in 1874.

A Toronto paper of that date said about it: "The arrangement is simple and comprehensive; and the explanations clear and lucid. We doubt not the Manual will be found most useful in clearing away many of the obstacles that beset the path of the Missionary."

Missionary Work among the Ojibway Indians.

By REV. E. F. WILSON. Published by the S.P.C.K. Price, 85 cents. For sale at Rowsell & Hutchison's, Toronto; E. A. Taylor, London, Ont.; Williamson & Co.; and at the Shingwauk Home.

A Church paper says of the above: "It is full of interest from cover to cover; and, though published in London, is a real contribution to Canadian literature. The history begins in the year 1868 when Mr. Wilson came to Canada, and is continued to the year 1884. It is well written, and contains much about Indian life and customs. The book is a modest monument to Mr. Wilson's life labor, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation."

The English Record says: "We recommend this little volume to the organizers of Missionary Libraries. The story of Mr. Wilson's work is interesting and encouraging in a high degree."

Another English paper says: "This volume will fire the heart of every one whose sympathies are with Christian Missions."

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III, No. 13.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, APRIL, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 11.



WAWANOSH HOME.

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—To-day we are going to pay a visit to the Wawanosh Home, and see if we cannot find out something interesting about the Indian girls for whom it was built. First, you must know that Wawanosh is an Indian word, meaning “a large bird sailing overhead.” It was the name of an old Indian chief with white hair, who used to live on the Indian reserve at Sarnia. We have had several girls of that name at the Home. The first was named Alice—she came sixteen or seventeen years ago; was, in fact, one of the first pupils; and when she grew up she married Adam Kiyoshk, a Shingwauk boy;—their son, a little fellow just eleven years old, is now at the Home. There are twenty-six girls at the Wawanosh at present. Three have quite lately gone out to service, and we hear that they are doing very nicely. We have girls of all ages at the Home—indeed, at one time, a married woman arrived as a pupil, with her two children, a little boy of about three years, and a papoose, or baby. Her husband had been a Shingwauk boy, so he sent his wife to the Wawanosh to be educated. Unhappily, she had rather an idea that her position as a married woman gave her a right to scold

mother did to the two offenders, history does not relate.

But this happened several years ago; there are no girls more than eighteen or nineteen years of age at the Wawanosh now. They all dress alike, in dark blue serge dresses, trimmed with red braid. These are their uniform dresses; on week-days they have to wear whatever their friends send them.

On Sundays, they all come down to the Shingwauk chapel (a distance of about three miles) in time for morning service at 11 o'clock. The little ones drive, and the older ones walk. They have their lunch at the Shingwauk, and stay for Sunday School and afternoon service, returning home at about 5 p.m. On high days and holidays, the boys and girls always spend the day together, and enjoy themselves very much.

The Wawanosh is very nicely situated; though the river is some distance away, there are lovely woods close by, which in summer abound with wild flowers and berries, and often on a Sunday the girls bring a pretty nosegay to some favored Sunday School teacher at the Shingwauk. The building is a large stone one, with a nice broad verandah in front. On the right hand side going in is the Lady Superintendent's cosy little sitting room; on the left, the school-room, with

folding doors separating it from a smaller class-room; opposite this is the dining-room. At the end of the hall is the bright, sunshiny kitchen, in which everything is kept beautifully white and spotless. Up-stairs are the two dormitories, the Lady Superintendent's bedroom, a spare room, and the matron's bedroom and sitting-room. The girls do all the house-work, and help with the cooking; and one of them takes charge of the Lady Superintendent's sitting-room, lays the table, &c. Several of the bigger girls take turns week about in working at the laundry, which is just opposite the Home, and where all the washing for both Homes is done.

The girls have a captain and monitors, just as the boys do, and the rules and order of proceedings are much the same as those of the Shingwauk.

I fear this letter will be of interest to girls only; next month I must try and give the boys a turn.

Please address any communications or questions to be answered in these letters, to

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,
(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson,)
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Extracts from Pupil's Examination Papers.

GEOGRAPHY.

Ques.—How are day and night, summer and winter, produced?

Fox—We get day and night by the earth turning on its axis once every twenty-four hours, and the seasons by the earth going around the sun.

Joe—Because the earth move round on its axis every twenty-four hours, that is why it alternate or produce the day and night. Earth goes round the sun once in a year, producing the seasons; the earth points always to the North star at the poles. When the North pole points or facing towards North it is winter with us; when the South pole pointing or facing towards the sun, it is we have the summer with us.

Sylvester—North pole is incline toward the sun, it is summer; and the South pole inclines towards the sun, it is winter. The earth turns round every twenty-four hours, when it goes down we cannot see the sun, but when it comes up again we see the sun.

Eliza Jane—Every twenty-four hours the earth turns round on its axis. When the South part of the earth leans towards the sun it is summer, and when the North part leans towards the sun it is winter.

Dora—A day and night is formed by the earth turning round on its axis, and summer and winter by

the earth turning round the sun. When the North pole inclines towards the sun it is summer for the North of the equator, and when the South inclines towards the sun it is summer for the South and winter for the North.

Caroline A—In the summer time the nights are short, but the days are long. In winter the nights are long, but the days are short.

Pascoe—Every twenty-four hours it turns round on its axis, which gives us day and night; every year it turns round once the sun.

Alexander—The earth keeps turning round on its axis once in twenty-four hours. The earth goes round the sun in one year. The North pole is always turning to the North, and when the North of the equator turns to the sun, it is summer with us and winter with the South of the equator.

Ques.—What is a peninsula, a lagoon, a glacier, an estuary?

Angus—A peninsula is a portion of land almost surrounded by water. A glacier is a huge mass of ice on a mountain.

Wesley—Peninsula are florida, lower California, lap-dora. A glacier is a large mass of ice floating on the Ocean.

Johnny—Peninsula is a portion of land almost surrounded by water. A lagoon is a shallow lake or inlet of the sea. A glacier is a huge mass of ice on a mountain. An estuary is an arm of the sea extending into the land to meet a river, and appearing to form a continuation of the sea.

Caroline W—A peninsula is a piece of land almost surrounded by water. A lagoon is a very shallow lake or inlet of the sea. A glacier is a river-like field of ice which forms in the upper valleys of lofty mountains, and melts when reaching the warmer valleys. Estuary is an arm of the sea extending into the land to meet a river and appearing to form a continuation of the river.

Ques.—What is the first meridian?

Johnny—Meridian is a line that goes round the world.

Caroline W—Christopher Columbus.

Dora—The first meridian is reckoned from the royal observatory, Grenich.

Sarah—first meridian is first line drawn from north to south and used for reckon distances of east to west.

BIBLE LESSON.

Ques.—Describe the first battle fought by the Israelites.

Wilson—The Children of Israel fort the Ammekl and Mosis went up on the Mount and pray. And Mosis lifted up his hands and if Mosis his hand to get

tide the Israel can beat and so Aaron and Hur help Mosis to lift his hands.

Joe—Rephidim, that is the place where the battle was fought at first between the Israelites and Ameleck. Moses held up his hands towards heaven. Aaron and Hur helped Moses. The Israelites conquer the Ameleck. Joshua was the captain in Israel.

Dora—The Amelakites came to fight Israel the first time, and Joshua was commander. Moses went up to the mountain and held up his hands in prayer, and as long as he did that, Israel prevailed; but when he got tired and let his hands down, then Amelak prevailed and Aaron and Hur put a stone for him and helped him to hold his hands up until the sun went down.

Pascoe—The first fight of the Israelites when they were fighting with Amlake, they were fighting in the Mt. Hor. Aaron hold his hands up for Isreal to beat.

Sahguy—The Israelites were camping at Rephidim when the Amalakites came to fight against them. Moses chose Joshua to be a captain of the fight men. Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the mountain where they could see the fight. As long as Moses held up his hands the Israelites were stronger than the Amalakites. Aaron and Hur took a stone and put it by him to rest his arms and they held up his hands. The Amalakites were beaten.

QUES.—What advice did Jethro give to Moses?

Fox—Jethro told Moses his son-in-law to make the chief men to be judges over thousands and over hundreds and over fifties, and they were to judge the small matters, and the big matters to be brought to Moses.

Joseph—Jethro gave an advice to his son-in-law the time when he came to see him in the wilderness. He saw that Moses judging the people from morning till night. He told him that his work was too hard for him to do. The people and you will wear away, he said. So he told him he must appoint some men to judge.

Leslie—Jethro give Moses a wife to marry her.

Naudée—Jethro said to Moses that he had doing right that God want him to do. Jethro bring Moses his wife and his son.

Caroline W.—Jethro thought that Moses work too hard looking after the people by himself. So he told him to choose out some men to help him to rule the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens.

QUES.—What was the good report and what was the evil report brought by the twelve spies?

Arthur—The good report was brought by Caleb and

Joshua, that the land was very rich, and its beautiful situation on coast of Jordan. They brought fruits to shew the people how rich the country was. The other ten spies brought an evil report that the people were giants and living in strong cities with strong walls round them.

Matthew—Good report was good land flowing with milk and honey, lots of fruit, we will be able to fight against the people, we will take the country. The bad report was that they wear too strong to fight against, they are like joints when stand with them like grasshoppers.

Charles—The good report is that the fruit is lots of grabs, and the bad Report is that they are gaunts their are big and strong, and the ten spise said were as small as grasshoppers.

Frank—Caleb and Josha brought good report, they said that Cannan was flowing with milk and honey, and also they brought bunch of grapes and figs but the other ten they say that their was giants their.

Angus—The good report is about the grapes and figs lots to eat. The evil report is about the giants and about the people were strong and big.

Caroline A.—They said it was lot of milk and honey and that they were gaunts.

Dora—Two of them said it was very beautiful but there were high walls and giants, but they could overcome them if God would help them and that He would, and they shewed the fruit, but the others said that they could not overcome the big giants of Anak and that there were large cities with strong walls and that they looked like grasshoppers.

Note.—The Editor O.F.C. will always be glad to receive letters or extracts from Examination papers from other Indian Schools.

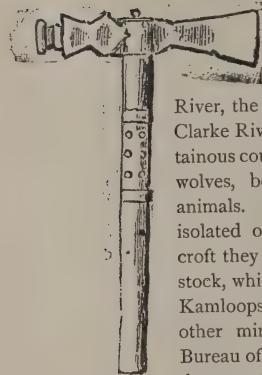
SEVERAL Wawanosh girls are now out in service. The mistress of one writes: "We find N. very satisfactory. She is kind and obliging, and if not hurried, does very nicely. She is also very honest. She seldom goes out except with one of the children, or to Church with ourselves."

THE RUPERT'S LAND INDIAN SCHOOL, near Winnipeg, has thirty-four pupils, twenty-one of whom are boys, and thirteen girls. Of these five are from Fairford, two from Fort Alexander, six from Lac Seul and Waubegoon, and the rest from the Cree and Saulteaux bands at St. Peters. Some of the children had to travel two, three, and even seven days over prairie and ice. Four little people walked forty-five miles on their snow-shoes.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. II.

THE KOOTENAY INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



THE Kootenay Indians live in the space bounded by the Columbia River, the Rocky Mountains, and Clarke River—a rugged and mountainous country abounding in bears, wolves, beavers, and other wild animals. The tribe is a small and isolated one. According to Bancroft they belong to the *Thushwap* stock, which embraces the Atnahs, Kamloops, Okanagans, and several other minor tribes; but by the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, they are classed under the *Kutunahan* stock. Dr. Franz Boas, of Clark University, who has been among them and investigated their language, spells their name *Kutona'ga*; other spellings are Kutanae, Kutani, Kutunaha, Kutneha, Couteanies, and Kootenais. They are also spoken of by some writers as the "Flat-bow" Indians. *Kootenay* is the spelling adopted by the Indian Department, Ottawa, in its Annual Report.

The Kootenay Indians are partly in Canada, partly in the States. Those in Canada occupy the south-eastern corner of British Columbia; those in the States, the northern angle of Idaho and Montana; this, it will be seen, comprises the triangular piece of country already alluded to. There are about 300 of them at present in Idaho, 480 in Montana, and 590 in British Columbia—total 1370. They seem always to have lived much in the same locality, there being no tradition among them of their having migrated from other parts. Those who live in British Columbia were some few years ago very jealous of the Whites, and would resist all attempts at immigration. So lately as July, 1887, their chief, Isadore, defied both the mounted police and the Government. Now, however, as a result of judicious management, gifts of farming implements, seed, etc., these Indians have become quieted and are shewing a more friendly feeling; their general conduct is reported by the local Indian agent to be good, and as regards morality, they are said to be far superior to the generality of Indians in the North-west. Formerly, these people made their living entirely by hunting and

fishing. In the plains they hunted the buffalo, and on the mountains the grizzly bear, the cariboo, and the wild goat; and in the rivers they caught salmon and other fish. Now, under the fostering care of their respective Governments, they are commencing to do a little farming. The American agent does not speak well of their progress in agriculture, and describes his Indians as loafers and gamblers; but the Canadian agent claims for those in the northern part of his agency, that both their grain and their vegetables are looking well. Those in the southern part, the "Flat-bows," he says, are canoe Indians, and earn their money chiefly by canoeing for the miners. They possess also several large herds of unbroken horses, and a number of cattle. Their horses feed in large droves, each being marked with some sign of ownership, such as clipping the ears, and when required for use are taken by the lariat. The method of breaking and training horses is a quick and effectual one; it consists in catching and tying the animal; then buffalo-skins and other objects are thrown at and upon the trembling beast until all its fear is frightened out of it. Their horses are never shod and are never taught to trot. The Kootenay Indians are skilful riders, and can keep their seat well at great speed over a rough country; but they are very hard on their horses, those in use having almost always sore backs and mouths. Women ride astride and quite as well as the men; children also learn to ride about as early as walk. Salmon fishing, during the season, is carried on quite extensively by these Indians, in the Columbia River. They camp together on its banks, and make



KOOTENAY INDIANS

common stock of the fish obtained, the division being made each day according to the number of women, each getting an equal share. At the Kootenay Falls, they are taken by spearing, and in huge baskets submerged

in the water below the Falls. The salmon, during the spring run, weigh from six to forty pounds, and 3000 are not unfrequently taken in a single day. Father DeSmet, who spent several days at the Kootenay Falls in the spring of 1862, says that the share which fell to him as one of the party, when dried, required thirty pack mules to carry. The fish are split open, scarified, and dried on scaffolds, after which they are packed in baskets, and then removed to their villages.

The Kootenay Indians in summer live in teepees—conical-shaped dwellings, made of poles covered over with tent-cloth or skins; and in winter, in log cabins plastered over with mud. The dress of the men consists of a shirt of European manufacture, blanket breech-cloth, and blanket leggings, the hips and outer parts of the thighs being left exposed; on their feet they have moccasins, and their necks and ears are adorned with ornaments made of bears' claws and moose teeth. The women wear a loose cotton garment reaching almost to the feet and confined round the waist by a leathern belt. Most of the people, both in Canada and the States, are now members of the Roman Catholic Church.

The diseases most prevalent among these Indians are ophthalmia and scrofula. Steam baths are universally used among them both for cleanliness and medical purposes. The bath-house is a hole dug in the ground

natives, one, two, or perhaps three or four of them together, revel for a long time in the steam and mud, singing, howling, praying, and finally they rush out dripping with perspiration, and plunge into the nearest stream. In cases of sickness these people have more faith in sorcery than in the use of medicines. They believe that some evil spirit has caused the sickness, and that the evil spirit must be driven out. The patient, usually is stretched on his back in the centre of a large lodge, and his friends sit round in a circle beating drums. The sorcerer, grotesquely painted, enters the ring, chanting a song, and proceeds to force the evil spirit from the sick person by pressing both clenched fists with all his might in the pit of his stomach, kneading and pounding also other parts of the body, blowing occasionally through his own fingers, and sucking blood from the part supposed to be affected.

The manufactures of the Kootenay Indians consist in pipe heads carved out of soft stone, some of which are very handsome; baskets and vessels for holding water, woven of willow, bark and grasses; mats made of rushes; rude bowls and spoons carved out of horn or wood; birch bark canoes; saddles for their horses, consisting of a rude wooden frame, under and over which is thrown a buffalo skin, and which is bound to the horse by a very narrow thong of hide under the body, and a raw-hide crupper over the tail, the stirrups being made of three straight pieces of wood or bone bound together and suspended by a strip of raw-hide; lastly, bridles: these are merely a rope of twisted horse-hair or skin made fast with a half hitch round the animal's lower jaw.

The Kootenays are not a particularly warlike race, but they have had many bloody conflicts with the Bloods and the Blackfeet. Warlike expeditions are preceded by ceremonious preparation, such as councils, smoking the pipe, harangues by the chief, dances, and a general review. The warriors are mounted, and both they and their steeds are gaily painted and decked with feathers and bright-colored cloths; they are under the command of their war-chief, and they rush on the enemy like a whirlwind, with terrific yells, discharge their guns or arrows and retire to prepare for another attack. They scalp the dead and torture their prisoners.

These people, like most other Indians, are polyg-



from three to eight feet deep, and sometimes fifteen feet in diameter, in some locality where wood and water are at hand, often on the river bank. Above ground it is covered with a dome-shaped roof of willow branches covered with grass and earth. Only a small hole is left for entrance, and this is closed up after the bathers enter. Stones are heated red-hot on the outside and passed within and water poured over them. In this oven, heated to a suffocating temperature, the naked

amous. Capacity for work is regarded as the standard of female excellence. Having made his selection, the man buys his wife from her parents by the payment of so many horses or other property. To give away a wife without a price is regarded as in the highest degree disgraceful to her family. The Rev. J. McLean gives an amusing story in illustration of this:—He had been telling some Indians in their camp how he got his own wife—the courtship, application to and consent of the young lady's parents, the marriage-ceremony, the feast, and lastly he came to the *presents*, some of which, he said, were given by the young lady's mother. On hearing this, all the Indians roared with laughter. "What!" they exclaimed, "Her mother paid you for taking her!"

Like nearly all other Indians the Kootenays are fond of gambling, although the Government has done a good deal of late to put a stop to it. They do it by means of stick-shuffling, or by guessing in which hand a small bit of polished bone or wood is concealed; or by rolling a small wooden ring and then throwing a spear for the ring to fall over its head. But their most common sport is horse-racing, and on the speed of his favorite horse the native will stake all that he owns.

These people have a number of strange legends and traditions, which are told and told again over their council fires.

Their tradition about the origin of the Americans has a broad vein of humor in it, and shows their hatred of that nation. Once on a time, they say, they and the Pesioux (French-Canadian voyageurs) lived together in such happiness that the Great Spirit above envied their happy condition. So he came to the earth, and as he was riding on the prairies on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, he killed a buffalo, and out of the buffalo crawled a lank, lean figure, called a "Boston man," and from that day to this their troubles commenced, and there never will be peace again till they go to the land of their fathers. They have also another tradition as to the origin of mosquitoes. Once on a time, say they, there lived on the banks of the Fraser River, a bad woman, who caught young children and ate them, and carried them in a basket woven of water snakes. One day she caught a number of little children and carried them back into the bush in her basket. The children peeped out of the basket and saw her digging a pit and making stones hot in the fire, and they knew that she was going to cook them as the Indians cook their meat, and so they plotted together what they would do. By and by the old hag came to the basket and lifted them out one by one and told them to dance around her on

the grass, and she began putting something on their eyes so that they could not open them; but the elder ones watched their opportunity, and while she was putting the hot stones into the pit they all rushed forward and toppled her over, and piled the fire into the pit on the top of her till see was burned to ashes. But her evil spirit lived after her, for out of her ashes, blown about by the wind, sprang the dreadful pest of mosquitoes.



MOSQUITO HAG.

The two following stories were gathered from the Kootenay Indians by Dr. Boas, and their accuracy can be vouched for:

I.—Origin of the Sun and Moon :

"It was mid-winter. The rabbit, who was grandson of the frog, went out hunting. While doing so he came upon the tracks of a herd of elks. All the people in the world were then animals, and they all started off to hunt the elks. The rabbit's wife was a red bird, but the red bird had left the rabbit and gone and married the hawk because she knew that the hawk was a good hunter. The rabbit finding himself so faithlessly deserted went and married the doe. Then he set to work to make snow-shoes for himself, on which to follow the herd of elks over the frozen snow. His grandfather, the frog, said to him 'Do not use snow-shoes, but put these mittens on your feet and you will then travel very fast over the snow.' So the rabbit put on the mittens and started after the elks. He was behind all the other animals in starting and met them coming back from the hunt. They had none of them overtaken the elks, and they jeered at him for being so late. However, the rabbit pursued and found the elks, and shot the whole herd of them with two arrows. He brought the

tallow back with him and told all the people to go and fetch the meat. During his absence, hunting, the doe had proved as unfaithful to him as had his first wife, and had gone to live with the wild-cat. They had two sons. One day while the wild-cat was away fishing, the mother said to her sons, ‘Do you know that the animals are all making the sun?’ So the young men went. The animals were all gathered together near a high mountain. The raven had just risen, and when its great black body and outspread wings appeared, a gloom was cast over the country; then one of the wild-cat’s sons tried, and his efforts were successful; the sun shone out brightly; it was neither too hot nor too cold, and the days were neither too short or too long, and so he was accepted as the sun. Then the younger brother tried rising behind the mountains, and he too was successful and became the moon. The coyote, who had been trying before, was angry when he saw the success of the two brothers, and he shot an arrow at the sun, but it missed its mark and fell on the grass, and thus started the first prairie fire.”

2.—*The Chain of Arrows:*

The musk-rat was angry with his step-mother and determined to kill her. He made a new arrow for the purpose and shot her with it. The animals gathered around her dead body and drew out the arrow, but no one could tell whose arrow it was because it was a new one. They showed it to the musk-rat, and the musk-rat said it must have fallen from the sky. So they all began to shoot at the sky to punish the malefactor. The arrows fell back harmless, as they could not reach the sky. At length the hawk succeeded in making his arrow stick in the sky, and he shot another and another until there was a long chain of arrows sticking one into the other, reaching from the sky down to the earth. The musk-rat climbed up first, and all the other animals followed. When the musk-rat got to the top, he began shooting at the other animals, but they returned the fire and killed the musk-rat. Then the chain broke and all the arrows were piled up in a heap and became the Rocky Mountains. The animals were nearly all left up in the sky, and did not know how to come down again. They made a sling and caught the great thunder-bird and pulled out its feathers. The feathers were distributed to the animals as far as they would go, and they made for themselves wings and flew down and became birds; and others, who could not get feathers, fell into the sea and became fishes. The sucker fell on a rock and broke all his bones, and had

to borrow new ones from all the other animals, that is why the sucker is so full of bones.

The Kootenay Indians bury their dead in the ground without a coffin, and they pay very little attention to their burial places. They manifest grief at the death of a relative by cutting the hair and smearing the face with black. The women also howl at intervals for a period of several weeks or even months. The dead person’s property is usually sacrificed, and his horses are generally killed over the grave.

No books have as yet been published in the Kootenay language.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

There are no *f*, *v*, or *r* sounds in the language. Singular and plural have no separate forms. There are no cases. The genitive is frequently expressed by the possessive pronoun. A great number of nouns have the prefix *ah*—it is not the definite article, and the meaning is at present unknown. The adjective precedes the noun. A noun does not take verbal suffixes and prefixes, but is used with an auxiliary verb. The interrogative particle is *kan* or *nahkan* prefixed. The negative is formed by the prefix *k'a* following the pronominal prefix. The past tense of the verb is formed by prefixing *ma*, the future by *tshatl*. In the transitive verbs, both the nominative and objective pronouns are expressed by inflection, thus, *you see me* is one word. Most of the words in the language are very long, and are made up of a number of prefixes and suffixes attached to a central root.

VOCABULARY.

man, tit kät.	yes, á.
woman, päl ke.	no, o-ah.
boy, ins-tält na na.	I, ka min.
house, ak ä klana.	thou, ni nko.
boat (or canoe), yäk so mel.	he, ninko'is.
river, ak in mit uk.	my father, kä tito.
water, wo-o.	it is good, su-ki-në.
fire, akin kökö.	red, kan na'hüs.
tree, akitsklan.	white, käm-a-nök-lu.
horse, katla haltein.	black, kämka-kük-kül.
dog, haltcin.	one, o kin.
fish, ke etc.	two, as.
town, ake klu ene.	three, kälsä.
kettle, its-kim.	four, hä'tca.
knife, ak a tcämél.	five, yë k ko.
tobacco, ya'ket.	six, éna missa.
day, yu-ku it.	seven, ás tetla.
night, tcil mu it.	eight, o ha tca.

nine, ki kitavo.
ten, étavo.
twenty, ivo.
hundred, éta vonvo.
come here, klană.
be quick, wai-sük-ă-nă.
to-day, nau sän mit kă.
to-morrow, kän mî it.
good morning, kî sük-yu
kû it.
Indian, Së ma kan ik.
White man, Sü-ë-a'pi.
God, Ya'kasín kina waní.
Devil, Sa han ki mat tilth.
heaven, a kith mi it.
the, (nothing).
a hand, a'kin'äm.
my hand, ka kî.
your hand, a kî nis.
John's hand, a kî is John.
my knife, ka ka'tcamél.
axe, a ku'tel.
little axe, akutel nana.
bad axe, sa an akutel.
big axe, wil kan a kuteł.
big tree, wil kan akitsklan.
black kettle, kam ka kük
kul its kim.
money, { nil ko = metal.
{ si na = beaver.
bird, toka ka'néna.
snake, ak a nu'l mak.
I walk, u mu sa ha.
thou walkest, kin u o sam.
he walks, u-sa-ha.
we walk, u mu sa ha klän.
they walk, u sa ham.
he is asleep, küm nän.
is he asleep? küm nî?
I sleep, ü küm nän.
I slept, ü küm nän.
I shall sleep, uts hälth-küm
nän.
Did John see the horse? kup ha katlahaltein John?
I will see you to-morrow, orts uphan nisini kan mî-it.
John saw a big canoe, nup han ku wilka yâk so min John.
I shall not go if I see him, uts-ka-tcin-a-ha nipit u nup ha.
If he goes he will see you, nipit tcin am its halth up-han
nisini.

he does not sleep, ka küm
nän.
we two sleep, u-as-kum
nän a wa lan.
we sleep (excl.), küm nän
näm.
we sleep (incl.), ü küm nän
a thlan.
do not sleep, mäts-küm ni.
don't be afraid, mäts u
nilth ni.
give it to me, a mat tik tsu.
I am hungry, en a was en.
are you sick? kin sanlth
hu nän?
he is very sick, käskim ka-
ka sanlth hu nän.
it is cold, ska-klit-en.
it is not cold, ka e skütithlit.
he is a man, tit kat in.
it is a house, in ak kit
thlan em.
I see him, ü-nüp-hän.
thou seest him, in nüp-ha.
he sees him, nup ha.
he sees it, nüp hän.
if I see him, nipit ü nup
hän.
thou seest me, in nüp han
näp.
I see thee, u nup han nisini.
he sees me, nup han náp ini.
I see myself, u nup ha mik.
we see each other, u-nup
han a wäs ini.
do you see him? ki nup hä?
I do not see you, u ka wuk
at tis ini.
two men, as én tit kat.
three dogs, kalsén hältcin.
four knives, hätcén ak-a-
tca-mel.

What is your name? ka kin akkük thlik?
Where are you going? kakín tsa kan nám?

The following books and papers have been referred to in the foregoing account of the Kootenia Indians: Bancroft's Works; Geological Survey Report (Washington); Races of Mankind; Indian Bureau Report (Washington); Indian Department Report (Ottawa); Very valuable assistance was also rendered by Dr. Franz Boas, of Clark University, Massachusetts, who kindly lent a quantity of manuscript; and by Mr Michael Phillipps, of Kootenay Agency, B.C., who kindly filled in the Question Pamphlet and furnished a number of valuable notes.

A Visit to the Shingwauk Home.

(BY REV. R. RENISON).



N February the 12th, in company with eight of my brother clergy, who attended the Western Convocation of the Diocese of Algoma, held at Bishophurst, Sault Ste. Marie, I visited the Shingwauk Home. The drive from Bishophurst to the Home, in the "Shingwauk van," drawn

by two horses, was most enjoyable, especially to one who spent eight years in the most isolated part of Algoma, where a team of horses was never yet seen, and where I have had to travel many a mile lying at full length on a toboggan drawn by three or four dogs.

We were most courteously received and heartily welcomed by Mr. Wilson and family; and then, with Mr. Wilberforce Wilson, the Assistant Superintendent, for our guide, we commenced a regular survey and minute inspection of the Home in all its varied departments, both of education and industry.

We first visited the school-room. Here we found about fifty boys, sedulously engaged at their lessons—some writing, some reading, some working sums on slates. The boys were working hard, and what was better, doing their work in the "majesty of silence."

Passing from the school-room, we ascended a flight of stairs, which brought us into two dormitories, scrupulously clean, well ventilated, containing iron bedsteads and some hammocks, with blankets and quilts as white as snow. Close to the dormitories is the Captain's room, neatly furnished, containing bed,

lounge, alarm clock, some chairs and a small library. Before the boys retire at night in these dormitories, there is an interval of calm, not a voice or whisper is heard. It is the hour of silent prayer; and each boy kneels down by his bed-side and speaks to his Father in heaven, and commits himself into the care of the Good Shepherd, before he closes his eyes in sleep; and thus they are early taught the duty and privilege of silent and private prayer. No wonder, then, that we find many of these boys and girls leading holy Christian lives, confessing Christ before their companions, and walking day by day in the clear sunshine of God's love.

convalescents, who looked at us with smiling faces, the pictures of happiness and contentment. Miss Pigot asked me to say a word to one boy who had been dangerously ill, but was then gradually improving and almost out of danger: "My boy," said I, "do you know who the Great Physician is?" "Yes, sir; His name is Jesus—I know Jesus." And, indeed, the very way in which the words were uttered and the "lambent aurora" of a heavenly smile that played upon his lips, showed that the Saviour was to him a real personal friend, in whose company he had often been.

From the Hospital we passed over to the work-shops. First we saw a hand-loom, in which was a piece of black



SHINGWAUK FROM THE RIVER.

From the Captain's room we passed downward by another flight of stairs into the kitchen and dining-room, and then out through the reception hall—where we registered our names in the "visitors' book." We crossed over the lawn and play-ground to the Hospital, which is a very neat structure indeed, possessing the same architectural beauty which characterizes all of Mr. Wilson's buildings. Here Miss Pigot, an English lady of deep piety and indefatigable love and zeal for the Indian cause, gives all her time, nursing—with all the tenderness and care of a fond mother—the sick Indians from the Homes, committed to her charge. As there was a case of "typhoid," we did not pass through all the sick-rooms, but we saw some of the

These Indian boys are certainly capable of making a livelihood in any place where *hand* work is not superseded by *machinery*. The boots and shoes which we saw were as substantially and neatly made as any of the same kind could be.

We next visited the "Furniture Factory." Here we found the work in full operation. The engineer was an Indian boy, and, what is better, a consistent Christian. Two young Indians attended to the saw, cutting boards and planks into almost every shape and form. One young fellow working at the "jig saw," was cutting something like ginger-cake edges on boards, which were, I suppose, intended for bordering cornice or something else.

We then passed over to the "Memorial Chapel," which is, without exaggeration, the neatest little sanctuary in the whole Diocese of Algoma, planned in its minutest details by Mr. Wilson himself. Here we found about fifty boys, with their teacher, sitting quietly in their pews, with the Assistant Superintendent, Mr. Wilberforce Wilson, at their head. At a given signal all the boys stood up; the teacher played the organ and a hymn was sung in sweet and solemn tones—some taking *treble*, some *tenor* and some *bass*. After this they chanted the "Nunc Dimittis." The music of which was to me quite new, and was very sweet and well-rendered. The musical part of their education is certainly not ignored, and I think their teacher deserves great credit for their training.

From the "Memorial Chapel" we next proceeded to Mr. Wilson's dining room, where we sat down to a table bountifully supplied with good things, provided by Mrs. Wilson for the clergy and ladies who accompanied them.

Anyone who has seen the Indian in his wild, untutored state, lounging around the wigwam, in filth, idleness and the darkness of Paganism—unless one be prejudiced and prepossessed with the old proverb, "A dead Indian is the best Indian"—must really thank God that these Homes exist, where the civilizing and evangelizing powers of the Gospel are brought to bear in such a powerful manner upon the hearts and lives of these poor "Children of the forest." I speak from experience; I have not only visited the Homes, but I have been a teacher there myself for some time; I have been with the boys in the school, in the playground, in the church, in the Bible class, and in the prayer meeting; and I have always felt that the pure Christian atmosphere that pervades every department of Mr. Wilson's work, and permeates all his plans and all his motives, is both elevating and ennobling; and as a proof that these boys and other members of the Homes are taught the Bible maxim, that it is "more blessed to give than to receive," I need only refer to the fact that when our Mission House, at Negwinne-nang, was consumed last fall, I received from the "Shing-wauk Onward and Upward Club," the sum of sixty-seven dollars, before ever an appeal was made, and before ever tidings of the calamity got into the church papers.

That Mr. Wilson can keep all this work in motion under the pressure of great discouragements, lack of sympathy and substantial support from Christians outside, who could, if they would, hold up his hands and

encourage him in this purely Christian, self-denying and philanthropic labor, proves him to be a man of great faith and courage, and with great organizing powers.

Church Work among the Dakotas.

BISHOP HARE, in a leaflet sent out in October, gives an interesting review of his work among the Dakotas. A comparative view of the mission in 1872 and again in 1889, shows that from six missions at three agencies, the work has increased to forty-eight missions scattered about through ten agencies, besides four large and well-equipped boarding schools. All this work is under Bishop Hare's direct and constant supervision, and is the most perfect of its kind.

"The Indians with whom the mission has had to deal, have been some of the most reckless and the wildest of our North American Tribes, and they are scattered over a district some parts of which are twelve days' travel distant from others; nevertheless, the Missionaries have penetrated the most distant camps and reached the wildest of the tribes. We have missions now among the Sissetons, Wahpetons, Santees, Yanktons, Lower Brules, Yanktonnais, Blackfeet, Sans Arcs, Onepapas, Minneconjoux, Two Kettle, Upper Brules, and Ogalalas."

THE BOARDING SCHOOL WORK.—Sixteen years ago there was not to be found among any of these Indians a single Boarding School! Our Mission Boarding Schools were the first venture among them in this line. We have now *four* in successful operation among these Indians, in which live 180 children; the Congregationalists have *three*, the Government has *nine*.—*Southern Workman.*

Indians and the Iliad.

GOFT our literature Homer's Iliad comes near to a correct representation of the Wild Indians of the west as they were, not many years ago. His heroes on the plains of Troy engaged in war, exhibited the same bluster and braggadocio, bravery and brutality, criminality and recrimination, with the unreliable courage of impulse, excitement and circumstance, instead of reason, philosophy and patriotism; one moment the bravest of the brave, and the next the most arrant cowards, using the same weapons, spears, bows and arrows, and shields of bull's hide. While those ancient warriors had horses and chariots, our modern braves were mounted; while they invoked the aid and cursed the interference of the immortal gods and goddesses,

these more naturally invited the presence and counsel of the ghosts of their sires, thereby evincing their knowledge of immortality. While the former offered sacrifices to appease the wrath, or to flatter the heavenly powers, the latter with great tenderness and love, and with a reverence truly pathetic, offered food and raiment to the shades of their sainted dead.—S.F.T., *Redman*.

A Successful Cheyenne

WHEN we began this school, ten years ago, there came to it a full-blooded young Cheyenne, from the Cheyenne Agency. He was about twelve years old. His father then was a thoroughly wild Indian, and the lad as much an one as he could well be. He had been a few months at the Agency school, and that made him willing to come to Carlisle when the chance offered. He remained in this school eight years, and then married a Pawnee girl, who had come here seven years before under about the same conditions. When they married they were offered employment by a farmer, stock-breeder and dairyman, at West Grove, forty miles from Philadelphia. They went there the day they were married, and have lived in the same house with their employer and his wife until last week. Mr. Harvey was so well pleased with the young man that he soon placed him in charge of all his dairy affairs, which is a very considerable responsibility. He supplies about eighty quarts of cream daily for Mr. Wanamaker's great Philadelphia store.

Mr. Harvey's confidence and satisfaction have increased so much, that he has built a snug little tenant house for the young Indian couple and their babe, not far from his home. They recently moved into their new house.—*Carlisle "Red Man."*

Indians and Israelites.

COL. GARRICK MALLORY, of the Smithsonian institution, a recognized authority on Indian traditions, religions and languages, has completed a contribution to science that is likely to cause considerable discussion. It is entitled "Israelite and Indian; a parallel in plans of culture." In this report Col. Mallory overthrows a popular and almost universal theory that all the savage tribes of America before their contact with civilization had a formulated and established religious faith, believed in a single supreme being, a future life, and a system of rewards and punishment after death. This theory, which has been accepted and disseminated by religious missionaries of

all denominations among the Indians, has been the chief link to connect them with the prehistoric races of the Mosaic era, and at the same time has been used to demonstrate that man as a creature, however ignorant or degraded, was divinely inspired with a revelation or instinct that recognized the One Supreme Being, the immortality of the soul, and hope of happiness or fear of misery after death, according as his worldly life was spent. Col. Mallory reports that after years of investigation into traditions, of all the North American tribes, representing fifty-eight linguistic stocks and more than three hundred languages, he has been forced to the conclusion that the aborigines had no such instinct and such religious belief until after contact with European civilization, when they gained it from the missionaries. These missionaries, he says, were imbued with the dogma, and sought and therefore found evidence of one primeval faith, but were misled by their enthusiasm. He continues: After careful examinations, with the assistance of explorers and linguists, I reassert my statement that no tribe or body of Indians before missionary influence, entertained, formulated or had distinct belief in a single over-ruling great spirit, or any being that corresponded to the Christian conception of God. But I freely admit, with even great emphasis, that an astounding number of customs of the North American Indians are the same as those recorded of the ancient Israelites.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

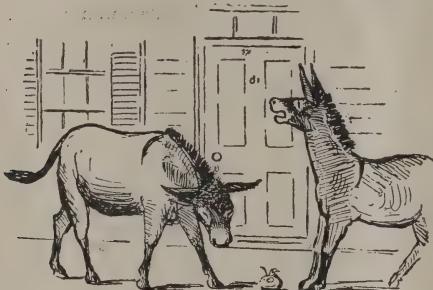
By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

ON leaving Espanola, a grand panoramic view unfolds itself before us. In front, is the wide, grey pebbly bed of the Rio Grande, through which winds its course, a narrow, green sparkling stream of water like an emerald serpent;—beyond this reach of pebbly strand is a flat stretch of sombre green—the fields of the Mexican villagers; then comes a gently rising slope of adobe soil, which, under the brilliant light of the setting sun looks fiery red—as red and as golden as the sunset light in the Western sky; then the dark purple of the distant hills; then the white peaks of the far-off mountains, and lastly, the purple glow of a clear evening sky.

After a run of thirty-eight miles from Espanola, our train reached the renowned old city of Santa Fe, at

6.30 p.m. I drove in a 'bus to the "Hotel Capital;" it was situated on the Grand Plaza, was two storeys high, and had a wide piazza in front. I asked for a room. A key was given me, and a darkey shouldered my baggage and bade me follow. He led me out on the piazza, round the corner, down a side street, stopped at a door, unlocked it, went in, lighted the gas, and bade me enter. It was a large, comfortably-furnished apartment. The darkey asked me if I would like a fire, and I said no, then he withdrew. In a little while I went back to the hotel office in quest of supper; I noticed that all the way up this side street were bedroom doors, numbered, and evidently belonging to



MY BEDROOM AT SANTA FE.

the hotel. It is strange the way these Mexicans seem to have of making the rooms in their houses as little accessible to each other as possible, and the same with the streets in their towns;—as a hack driver, lately from the East, said to me: "You never know where you will find yourself in these Mexican streets—before you know it you are come to a standstill in somebody's back yard." The dining hall of the hotel was just back of the office, and there seemed to be nothing beyond that except the kitchen. To get to any other rooms, one had either to go round outside the house, or to mount to the upper verandah by an outside staircase. The bill of fare offered nothing out of the way, at which I was rather disappointed; I had hoped there would be Mexican fruits and Mexican dishes, and it seemed rather tame to sup off ordinary mutton-chops and hot cakes. The waiters were Mexicans; they seemed a little slow, but were polite and attentive, and "Seignior" sounded much prettier than "sir." After supper, I went out in the town, found my way to a bazaar, and spent three quarters of an hour looking over Indian curiosities, Indian and Mexican pottery, and Mexican silver filagree work. It ended

with a purchase, and an order to express a box to Denver.

CHAPTER XV.—SANTA FÉ.

Santa Fé is generally regarded as the oldest town in America. It has a population now of about 6,000. Before the year 1500 it is said to have been a flourishing Pueblo village. The Spaniards occupied it in 1692, and the Americans took possession of it in 1846. The old adobe palace, which was the government building in the time of the Spanish occupation, and was the scene of much torture and suffering as well as gaiety, still stands; it occupies the north side of the Grand Plaza, or public square. The walls are over five feet thick, and every one of its rooms has its history. The east end of the building contains the Historical Society's rooms, in the centre is the Governor's residence, and at the west end is the Post Office. A United States' army band gives a concert in the plaza every day in the week except Sunday. On the west side of the plaza was the Hotel Capital, where I was staying, and on the two remaining sides were pueblo dwellings and modern-looking shops and stores. The morning after my arrival at Santa Fé, I went to visit the Ramona School, founded in memory of Helen Jackson, who wrote the touching tale "Ramona" and the "Century of Dishonor," and did so much during her lifetime to champion the Indian cause. It was about a mile out of the town, and, owing to the complex arrangement of the streets, one had to go by a round-about way to get there. I passed the old San Miguel church, said to be the oldest church in America; it had been recently patched up, the old walls coated over with a thick plaster of adobe, and two great, rough stone buttresses placed to support it on either side of the entrance. I would have made a sketch of it, but it was too ugly. There were no windows visible,—only just a bare face of adobe wall and the two great buttresses, with the black entrance door between them, and an adobe bell tower above, surmounted by a plain, newly-gilded cross. The door was locked, and on it was posted a notice: "25 cents admission; pull the bell-rope three times for the janitor." So I pulled the bell-rope three times,—and was just going to pull three times more, when a lanky boy unbolted the door and looked out. I went in, signed my name in the visitors' book, and informed the boy I was going to make a sketch of the interior. He seemed disconcerted, but did not know enough English to express his feelings. He mumbled in Mexican, shuffled his

feet, and said, "don't know." In the meantime, I had my sketch-book out, and was already well advanced in the performance. I gave the boy some of my finished sketches to look at to keep him quiet. He seemed very uneasy, appeared to be afraid that a priest or some one would come in,—every now and then he sighed, shuffled his feet and said, "better go now," but I kept talking amicably to him till I got through, asked him about the pictures on the wall, ascertained that one was 700 years old, and two others each 400 years old. Then I replaced my drawing materials in my satchel, and continued my pilgrimage.

After mounting a long hill through a narrow, winding lane, with adobe houses on either side, donkeys meandering about, and Mexicans sitting on the door-steps



DONKEYS, DONKEYS EVERYWHERE.

or standing about chatting to their neighbors. I came at length out on the open, and a man who was passing pointed out to me the "escuela." It lay some distance below me—a red brick building, with a bright, red roof, backed by distant mountains. It looked pretty from where I stood, so I made a sketch of it, with a dilapidated adobe dwelling, and an ox and two or three burros in the foreground.

(To be continued.)

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

ARRAVEMENTS are being made for the inaugural meeting of this Society, to be held in Ottawa, about the 18th of April, when it is hoped that the Minister of the Interior, the Bishop of Ontario, Principal Grant, Dr. G. M. Dawson, and others, will be present to take part in the proceedings. As soon as the date can be definitely fixed upon, a printed circular will be mailed to all intending members, and notice

also will be given in the papers. *The Minister of the Interior* says of the proposed Society: "I hope it will prove successful, and, being of a distinctly national character, I think it should command general sympathy and endorsement." *The Bishop of Caledonia*, writing from Metlakatla, B.C., says: "I have just read your prospectus. I shall gladly subscribe, and shall be one of the most sympathetic readers of the proposed journal." *Chief J. B. Brant* (Mohawk), writes: "Among all the schemes which have been broached for assisting the Indian cause, I believe none is so powerful and so thoroughly effective as this one, the summoning of all to co-operate in the work. The Society will be a shield from restraining injustice, and improving the condition of the Indians of Canada for this and future generations." *Rev. Dr. Sutherland*, Toronto, writes that he is very glad the scheme is assuming a practical shape, and that he will bring the matter before their committee of consultation at their next meeting, and, if approved, publish the circular in next issue of the *Outlook*. *The Rev. John McDougall*, of Morley, Alberta, writes: "I will do as you wish about getting names, and help all I can in the matter. If you held your meeting in first week in April, I would try and be present." *Mr. I. K. Drinnan*, Editor of the *Times*, Medicine Hat, Assiniboia, writes: "I shall be pleased to further your worthy scheme, embodied in the 'Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society,' to the utmost of my power." *The Editor of the Regina Leader* writes: "I shall be happy to do what I can in the direction indicated; also to hear from time to time as to the success of the undertaking."

Among those who have either given their names as members, or written kindly, approving of the scheme, since last issue of O. F. C., are:—The Bishop of Caledonia; Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, Winnipeg; Rev. F. W. Dobbs, Portsmouth; the Bishop of Algoma; the Bishop of Ontario; Dr. G. M. Dawson; Rev. J. McDougall, Morley; Chief J. B. Brant; Andrew Maracle; Chief Solomon Loft; H. H. Egar; Neil McLeod; Dr. C. K. Clarke, Kingston; Dr. John Robinson; Allen McLean; Rev. J. H. Fletcher. Any others willing to join in the movement, please send their names as soon as possible, either to Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste Marie, or to David Boyle, Esq., Canadian Institute, Toronto.

THE Shingwauk Shoe Shop has received an order for two dozen pairs of boots for the Rupert's Land School.



SAULTEAUX CAMP.

Our Indian Wards.

THE *Toronto Mail*, in an article under the above heading, after shewing that the cost of the Indians to the country last year was \$1,112,000, goes on to say:—"The question which naturally suggests itself to everyone who contemplates the large outlay is whether it is wisely spent. In order to decide this point it is necessary to consider the condition of the Indian when we first took possession of the North-west. Then the Indian was truly the wild man of the plains. Lawless, restless, and ignorant of all ideas of civilization, he was at once a danger to the whites who traversed the country, and, by reason of his improvidence, a source of misery to himself and to those depending on him. In the summer his wants were abundantly supplied by nature; in the winter he starved or fell a victim to disease. Under the treaties which Canada has succeeded in making with him, it has been the endeavor of all the Governments to wean him from his nomadic habits and attach him to the soil. On the sudden disappearance of the buffalo the Indian had the choice of dying on the prairie or of turning his mind to industry. By liberal expenditure of money the country saved him from starvation, and by equally large grants put him in the way of making a living. A great many of the North-west Indians are now settled upon their reserves and are learning, under the farm instructors,

the mysteries of agriculture, and under the school teachers and missionaries the rudiments of English. Looking over the Indian report for the past year it is found that on many of the reserves important strides have been made. This fact will be the more apparent when it is mentioned that whereas twenty years ago the Indians of Manitoba and the Territories were nomads, cultivating no land and dwelling exclusively in teepees, they now own 5,365 houses, 1,659 barns, 12,067 acres of cultivated land, 1,216 ploughs, 707 harrows, 756 waggons, 52 fanning mills, 2,158 cows, 42 bulls, 1,848 oxen, 3,904 young cattle, 4,482 horses, 412 sheep, and 356 pigs, while they have grown in one year 36,109 bushels of wheat, 20,861 of oats, 21,308 of barley, 102,613 of potatoes, 18,155 tons of hay. Among the further evidences of advancement to be gleaned from the report may be mentioned the circumstance that they have begun to trade. TAKES-THE-GUN-LAST drove his steers to the nearest village last year and exchanged them for a mower, a rake, six heifers, and \$60 in cash. Again, RED CROW, one of the Bloods, built himself a storey-and-a-half shingled cottage. CROP-EARED-WOLF was so enamoured of the new structure that he went into the building business also and with excellent results. What is more, both of these Indians floored their cottages. STRIPED BLANKET has provided himself with four mowing machines, for

two of which he has paid in full, and a File Hill Indian has bought a mower out of his wheat sales. WAYNOW, on the other hand, has turned to carpentry and masonry, and certain of his brethren instead of spending their money on playing-cards and feathers, now invest in window sashes and lumber. DAY-STAR, an enterprising Indian, boasts a Durham bull.

One of the Indian agents reports further that the old fashion of painting the face has been abandoned. Both men and women now use soap and appear to like it. The men, too, have in many cases submitted to the barber, thus imitating the white brother in the matter of hair. In many instances the blanket wrap has made way for the tweed suit. The most northerly treaty Indians, the Chippeways of Head Lake, wear English-made suits and knee boots. Nearer to civilization, collars are coming into fashion. Certain of the Blackfeet have set the example of wearing linen collars, neckties, and hard felt hats, and it is stated that others have it as the ambition of their life to follow this example. The idea of justice is also making itself felt. Old CROWFOOT last year compelled certain of his men who stole horses to give up their plunder, and then laid information against them that they might be punished. The Government last year appointed some of the Indians to the police force. It is evident from all this the money spent by Canada is bearing good fruit. The Indians, slowly it may be, are improving. To those who think the expenditure large it can only be said that it is far cheaper to educate the Indians than to fight them.

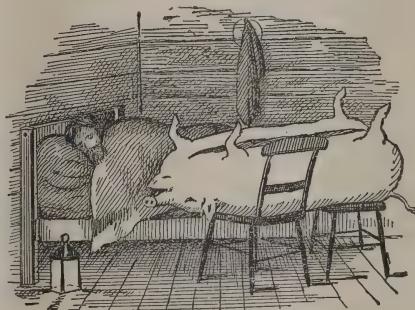
Notice to Sunday Schools.

AS our Funds are at present so low, the Indian Homes Maintenance account being \$600 or \$700 in debt, and the O.F.C. publishing account about \$150 in debt, we hope those Sunday Schools that have been kindly supporting pupils in our Institutions will kindly bear with us if in future we make a small charge for the "Stray Leaves from the Forest," sent to them, instead of supplying them free. The charge will be at the rate of *\$1 per annum for every ten copies, to whoever may wish to take them.* Thus Sunday Schools giving us \$75 per annum towards the support of an Indian child, can either pay the \$1 at once, or else send \$19 per quarter instead of \$18.75, in order to receive 10 copies of the "Stray Leaf" each month; those giving us \$50 per annum can either pay the \$1, or else send us \$12.75 per quarter instead of \$12.50, and so on (and 25 cents per quarter for each

additional ten copies.) This will be only a very small tax on each Sunday School, but in the aggregate it will make a great difference to us; it will also save us a good deal of labor and complication, by doing away altogether with the "free list." Those who have never had anything to do with it, little know how much labor and anxiety are involved in issuing a monthly magazine and a separate 4-page sheet in addition, and having to collect the small annual subscriptions and keep accurate account of everything—especially where the sole workers are the Editor, whose hands are already full with other work, and a young daughter. Our friends will greatly help us by subscribing for "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," at 50 cents per annum; or for the "Stray Leaves from the Forest," at \$1 per annum for every ten copies—*never less than ten copies of the "Stray Leaves"—\$1 for 10, \$2 for 20, \$3 for 30, \$10 for 100, and so on; always by tens, and always one price.*

A Night with a Pig.

ONE night I slept with a Pig! It was a vacant room in the Chief's new house. After our services were over, and we had had supper, Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnuhquud took a clean blanket on her shoulder and a lantern in her hand, and calling me to follow, led me to the apartment. There was a bedstead with a mattress on it, in a corner; and on two chairs in the middle of the room, lay a pig, which had been killed the day before. Early next morning, before I was fully awake, the door opened, and Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnuhquud appeared with a knife in her hand. What could she want at this hour of the morning. I opened one eye to see. Her back was turned to me, and I could not distinguish what she was doing; but I heard



a cutting and slicing and wheezing. Then the good lady turned around, and closing the eye I had opened, I did not venture to look out again till the door was

shut, and Mrs. Abettuhwahnuhqud departed; then I peeped out from my rug—poor piggy was minus one leg! Next time I saw the missing limb it was steaming on the breakfast table!

Jottings.

WE are sorry to record the death of the Rev. B. Jones, son-in-law of the Rev. J. Macdougall, who for some years has been engaged in educational work at the Round Lake Indian School in Assiniboia. A friend writing, says: "I think it would stimulate both the interest and love of Christians could they but have witnessed the poor Indians coming in all day long to look at the body of him who had gone before, and then sit quietly down for some hours to condole with the bereaved widow, while the dear children filed round the coffin to take a last look at and kiss the cold face of their late friend and teacher."

REV. E. F. WILSON will be glad to hear of a lady, fond of hospital work, who would be willing to nurse sick cases when there are any, receiving board and lodgings only for her services.

WILL our subscribers, when sending in their subscriptions, please always say up to what month the subscription pays, as our subscription lists are divided into months and it is easier thus to trace their names.

IN the United States there is the Women's National Indian Association, the Syracuse Indian Association, the New Haven Indian Association, the Pittsburg Indian Association, and a multitude of other similar societies. Why have we nothing of the kind in Canada?

A LETTER received from John A. Maggrah, a former pupil of the Shingwauk Home, has been crowded out this issue for want of space.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

FEBRUARY.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following kind gifts of clothing:

From Miss. Leaves Association, England, a large bale containing boys' and girls' clothing, also a number of woollen shawls, mufflers, socks, etc.

From Miss G. Milne-Home, Scotland, boys' shirts, socks, etc., and shawls for girls; also two petticoats made by Miss Almond's children.

From St. Luke's Church, Montreal, boys' shirts and socks; also frocks and girls' underclothing.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM FEB. 10TH TO MARCH 10TH, 1890.

MRS. E. S. STUBBS, \$14.32; St. Charles' S.S., Dereham, \$4; St. Paul's, S.S., Uxbridge, for boy, \$9.29; St. Paul's S.S.,

Rothesay, \$5; Mrs. Roper, \$1; Miss Edith Roper, \$1; J. Roper, \$1; S.S., Yarmouth, N.S., for boy, \$25; St. John S.S., St. John N.B., for boy, \$75; Mrs. Merritt, \$2; St. John the Evangelist S.S., London, for boy, \$10; "Kings' daughters," Ottawa, for girl, \$35; All Saints' S.S., Windsor, N.S., for boy, \$12.50; St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, for girl, \$18.75; S.S., Colborne, for boy, \$6.50; S.S. Mission boxes, Lambeth, \$6.40; Mrs. Gore, (L10) \$4.21; Trinity S.S., St. Thomas, for boy, \$6.25; St. Martin's S.S., Montreal, for girl, \$25.25; St. George's S.S., Kingston, for girl, \$12.50; Catarqui S.S., \$8.77; St. Paul's S.S., Kingston, for Shingwauk, \$12.50, and for Medicine Hat, \$12.50; S.S., Kemptville, for Wawanosh, \$8.25; Miss Veal's Boarding School, for girl, \$6.90; All Saints' S.S., Collingwood, for boy, \$18.75; St. George's S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$37.50; Rev. F. R. Murray, \$7.50.

Receipts—O.F.C.

FEBRUARY 10TH, 1890.

MRS. G. A. SMITH, 50c.; Miss McCormick, \$1; Rev. E. A. Miller, 50c.; Miss A. E. Herding, 50c.; Mrs. Pinney, 50c.; Mrs. Roper, 50c.; Mrs. Almon, \$5; G. E. Loud, 50c.; Mrs. T. R. Merritt, \$1; J. R. Castleden, \$5; Miss Cooper, \$1; Rev. F. A. Smith, 25c.; W. O. Hart, 50c.; Rev. L. J. Donaldson, 50c.; C. D. McKenzie, 50c.; T. A. Brown, 50c.; J. B. Tyrell, \$1; Mrs. Dunsmore, \$1; Mrs. Travers, 50c.; Dr. W. Matthews, 50c.; Mr. Covert, \$1; Miss Johnson, 50c.; Mrs. Magee, 50c.; E. W. Boyd, \$3.50; Miss Magee, 50c.; Mrs. H. L. Ross, 50c.; Miss A. Holton, \$1.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

EDITED BY THE
REV. E. F. WILSON
SAULT STE. MARIE,
ONTARIO.

50 CENTS (2s.) PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Sunday School Teachers or Scholars sending ten subscriptions to the O.F.C. will receive a copy free for one year.

Sunday Schools supporting Indian pupils in the O.I.H. Institutions will be furnished with copies of "Stray Leaves from the Forest" as follows: 10 copies, \$1; 20 copies, \$2; 30 copies, \$3; 100 copies, \$10, and so on. *Never less than ten copies sent.*

INDIAN HOMES.

THE SHINGWAUK HOME, for Indian boys; THE WAWANOSH HOME, for Indian girls; both at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Also, THE WASHAKAHA HOME, for Indian children, at Elkhorn, Manitoba.

CONTRIBUTIONS EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

\$75 (L15) feeds and clothes a pupil in either of the Homes for one year. In England, address MRS. WM. MARTIN, 27 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C. In Canada, REV. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE. AT SHINGWAUK HOME.

A Beautiful Photograph of the SHINGWAUK PUPILS who went with Mr. Wilson to Montreal and Ottawa, mailed 50c.	50c.
The two BLACKFEET BOYS, mailed	30c.
WILLIE and ELLIAH (who went with Mr. Wilson in 1886), mailed 25c.	25c.
SHINGWAUK, CHAFEL and a General View of the Shingwauk Buildings from the river (mailed), each	35c.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV., No. 2.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, MAY, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 12.

Missionary Experiences.

 ONE bitterly cold night in the late autumn, I remember passing in a little boarded shanty at Kettle Point. I was nearly perished in the morning, and was glad to get inside David Sabpah's comfortable log house; a huge fire was blazing on the hearth, and the Indian women all busy, some with their pots and frying-pans, boiling potatoes and baking cakes, others dressing and cleaning the children. Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnuhgwud gave me a chair, and down I sat by the blazing fire, and gazed with a feeling of happy contentment into the yellow flames. The scene was certainly a novel one. In a dark corner by the chimney sat a dirty old couple on the couch where they had been passing the night; they were visitors from Muncey Town, and were staying a few nights only at Kettle Point. The old woman lighted up her pipe, and whiffed away with her eyes half shut; after enjoying it for about twenty minutes or so, her old husband thought she had had enough, and taking it from her put it into his own mouth and had his whiff. When he had done, he restored it again to his wife. Underneath another old bedstead were a couple of large dogs, which occasionally let their voices be heard in a dispute; some of the stones on one side of the fireplace had broken away, making a little window through which the dogs could reach the fire, and it was amusing to see how they put their noses and paws through the opening and warmed themselves just like human beings. Down in another corner sat an antiquated old woman enveloped in a blanket, and in vain endeavoring to comfort a little fat boy of about ten months old, who was crying. Finding that she could not content him, she at length got up, and taking off her blanket, put one end of it around the baby's shoulders, tucked the ends under its arms, and then, with one sweep placed baby and blanket together on her back, and with one or two pulls once more got the blanket wrapped completely round her, and the little fat boy snugly ensconced between her shoulders; then she marched off to give him an airing.

The bigger children were set to clean themselves, a



MORNING ABLUTIONS.

tin bowl of water being given them in turns. I was wondering whether my turn would come, when Mrs. Ahbettuhwahnuhgwud, having once more filled the bowl, addressed me with the words, "Maund, uhpee," which, in polite English, would mean, "Here you are!" "Ah meegwach ahpeche"—"thank you kindly,"—said I, and forthwith began my ablutions, while the children stood around me in wonderment.

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

 MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I want to try and make this letter rather more interesting to the boys than the last, which had certainly more about girls in it than anything else. I can hardly do better than tell you something about our "Onward and Upward Club," as nothing much has ever been said about it in this magazine. The club was first started in March, 1887; when Mr. Wilson returned from a visit to the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn., where a similar club was in existence. The pupils took great interest in it, and Mr. Wilson thought it would be very nice to have one for the pupils of the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, and any white persons who cared to join it. There are 105 members' names on the books, but of course, many of these have left the place, and there are not more than 65 members really attending the meetings. Mr. Wilson is the president; all the other officers are elected every seventh week,—very often some Indian boy that writes a nice clear hand is elected as secretary, and with a little help generally does very nicely. The weekly meetings are held every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, in the dining hall; they generally last about an hour and a half. Of course, all the business has to be got through with first,

—reading of minutes, correspondence, new motions, etc., and then comes the programme for the evening, which generally consists of a song, reading, recitation, dialogue, lecture, and so on. Of course, the great object is to teach the boys how to speak in public, and it certainly is very good practice for them. When the programme is ended, the critic is called upon for his criticism of the evening's performance; and he gives the members, the boys especially, many a valuable hint. There are three grades in the club,—the members of the first wear red badges, the second red and blue, the third red, blue and white;—all have O. U. C. worked on in gold letters. Those who have joined the third grade have a framed certificate given them, and are members for life. About twice in the year the O.U.C. gives an entertainment, open to the public, consisting of music, readings, dialogues, etc. The proceeds either go into the funds of the club, or are used for some special object. Last winter (aided by a collection taken up for the purpose by a friend) they bought the instruments for the Shingwauk brass band, which is a source of great delight to the boys. Many funny little incidents occur during the course of the meetings. Some time ago there was a boy in the Home of the most melancholy disposition possible. He always looked unhappy, no matter what was going on. At one of the meetings, a boy was reciting a piece of poetry, in every verse of which was the line, "There's a good time coming, boys." He got on swimmingly for some time, then he faltered, got red, blurted out "There's a good time coming, boys," and stopped short. But the melancholy boy was equal to the occasion, and amid the profound silence, remarked in his usual doleful tone, "He tell lie, that fellow."

I must not forget to answer Bessie H.—'s question, "Are the boys fond of flowers?" Well, it looked very like it the Saturday before Easter Sunday. Of course, the snow was still deep on the ground, and there was not even a green leaf to be found anywhere, but some one at the Home sent away for a few hot-house flowers to sell again to the boys, if they cared to buy them. Little fear of their not buying them. Up the stairs they crowded, all eager to get a look and a sniff at the exquisite roses, lilies, carnations and hyacinths, lying upon their bed of green. Many of the boys had never seen anything like them before, and nearly all had saved their pocket money, so as to be able to buy one. On Easter Sunday there was hardly a person who had not a little bouquet, and they helped to make the chapel look bright and pretty in spite of the lack of more ex-

tensive decorations, which it was quite impossible to get at this time of year.

Please address any communications or questions to be answered in my next letter, to

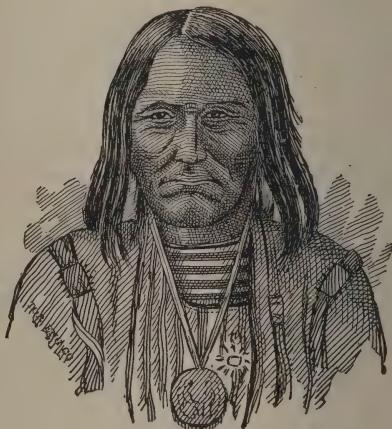
BARBARA BIRCHBARK,
(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson.)

Chief Crowfoot.



HIEF CROWFOOT is a grand old man, one of the finest-looking and most intelligent Indians now living in Canada. He is the head Chief over the Blackfoot nation, and lives in the far west on the prairies, just within sight of the Rocky Mountains.

On account of his behaving well during the rebellion of 1885, the C. P. R. authorities presented him with a framed railway ticket, by wearing which on his breast he would have the right to travel East and West over their line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In acknowledgement of this courtesy, Chief Crowfoot sent the following reply. It was written in the Blackfoot language, but this is the translation:—



CHIEF CROWFOOT.

Great Chief of the Railway:

FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

I salute you O chief, O great. I am pleased with railway key, opening road free to me. The chains and

rich covering of your name writing, its wonderful power to open the road show the greatness of your chieftainship. I have done.

His
CROW X FOOT.
mark.

The Rev. J. W. Tims, living at Gleichen, in Alberta, is missionary to the Blackfeet Indians. He has just returned from England, where he has been attending to the printing of the first grammar and dictionary published in the Blackfoot language.

Letter from David Minominee.

(FORMER PUPIL OF SHINGWAUK.)

HENVEY INLET, April 19th.

Rev. E. F. Wilson, Shingwauk Home:

DEAR SIR,—Thank you very much for your Summer number, of OUR FOREST CHILDREN. I think it is a very interesting one to study about the Indians. They are not paupers and beggars only, but they have an ability to learn' and to work. Just give them a chance to learn and work.

David Osahgee is getting on well. I feel quite proud of him getting on so well among his white friends. I hope he will keep it up, and be an example to the Red men in Canada.

I will let you know and tell you about my work here. I have twenty-six pupils' names on the roll at present. There are three divisions in the school—the second class, the B class, Pt. II., and the A class, Pt. I.—number of each class as following: The second class, two boys and four girls; the B class, four boys and four girls; the A class, seven boys and five girls. The second class were reading the second part last fall, the B class were reading the first part last fall, the others A B C, &c., now in words. All of them are anxious to get on well in every way they can.

The former teacher didn't do much what he was appointed to do, during the time he was here. If he had payed attention to his duty, the pupils would be little better than they are now. I am working hard, both in teaching school and my daily studies. I like to get the pupils to learn fast. They can make short sentences in English; Indian into English, or English into Indian.

I am very fond of studying now,—sometimes from morning till one or two o'clock at night,—this is the only way to get on.

The Indians like me very much, both the Protestants and the Catholics,—some of them wishing me to live

with them all the time; but I am sorry to say that I must go as soon as the summer vacation begins, on account of wanting to go on my studies. I made up my mind to try and pass the High School Entrance Examination next December, or year from next July.

I certainly hope that the Almighty God will open the way for me to do some good in the world, to raise the poor and tell about the Saviour, who died for all. I humbly asking Him in my prayers to have mercy on me, to give me wisdom and knowledge.

I often thought of you,—your great desire is to raise and teach the Indian. May God help you to do this great and noble work for God and man. Don't mind what the other people saying about you,—spending money, many thousands annually, saying that the Indians are not worth to be cared for. The foolish people can say that; but the wise will not, but "have faith in God." This is your duty to do, to raise the God's poor towards in civilizing, educating and Christianizing them.

There are some boys and girls would like to go up to the Shingwauk and Wawanosh. The trouble is, that the Indian parents would not let them go away from their homes, they want to stay with them all the time. If they only know how good it is to get their children school while they are young, they would let them go at once.

I have to enclose to you thirty-five cents worth of stamps for the "Summer number" of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, and a four pages "O. F. C."

Yours truly,

D. MONOMINEE.

PLANS are being prepared for some additional buildings at the Shingwauk Home; but their erection must depend on whether the asked-for grant from Government is forthcoming.

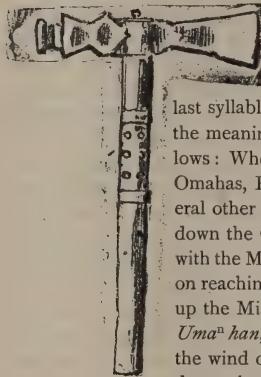
THE Lenten self-denial contributions at the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, amounted to \$65. Some of this is sent to Jerusalem, some to the London poor, some to Medicine Hat, and some to Japan. The pupils vote how to dispose of it.

MR. WILSON is at present travelling in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia with two little Indian boys—Willie Soney, a Pottawatami, from Walpole Island, and Zosie Dosum, an Ojebway, from north of Lake Superior; they are attending meetings nearly every night. The boys sing hymns, recite a dialogue, and dress up in the costume of wild Indians.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 12.

THE OMAHA INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



THE real name of the Omahas is *Umaⁿ hanⁿ*, with the accent on the last syllable. The tradition as to the meaning of the word is as follows: When the ancestors of the Omahas, Poncas, Osages, and several other cognate tribes travelled down the Ohio river to its junction with the Mississippi, they separated on reaching that river. Some went up the Mississippi and were called *Umaⁿ hanⁿ*, meaning, "to go against the wind or stream;" the rest went down the river, and were called

Kwapa, meaning, "to float down the stream." This is said to be the origin of the Omaha (or Omahaw) and Kwapa (or Quapaw) Indians.

The tribes that went up the Mississippi were the Omahas, Poncas, Osages and Kaws. Some of the Omahas remember a tradition that their ancestors once dwelt at the place where St. Louis now stands; and the Osages and Kaws say that they used to be all one people, inhabiting an extensive peninsula on the Missouri river.

After a time the Omahas and Poncas separated from the other tribes, crossed the Missouri, and, accompanied by the Iowas, proceeded by degrees through the States of Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota, till they reached the neighborhood of the famous Red pipe stone quarry. This must have taken many years, as their course was marked by a succession of villages, consisting of earth lodges. Here, in the southern part of Minnesota, they appear to have remained, hunting along the course of the Des Moines and Blue Earth rivers. There is a large battle mound near the Pipe Stone, where it is said the Iowas and Omahas fought a century or more ago.

The Omahas were noticed by Marquette so long ago as 1673, and by Carver in 1766. At that time they were divided into two bands, lived in villages, and cultivated Indian corn, melons and beans. In 1802, from a tribe numbering about 3,500, they were reduced to less than a tenth of that number by small-pox, when they burned their village and became wanderers, pur-

sued by their relentless enemies, the Sioux. In 1843 they returned to their village between the Elkhorn and Missouri rivers, and since then have devoted themselves mainly to agriculture, first under the fostering care of the Friends, and more lately under the teaching of the Presbyterian church. In 1875 they numbered 1,005. In 1888 their numbers had increased to 1,135. They are regarded now as one of the most advanced and civilized tribes, and since 1884 have held their land in severalty, each family having a forty-acre allotment and a respectable dwelling house. Their present reservation is in Eastern Nebraska, on the west side of the Missouri river, above Omaha and below Sioux City, directly west from Chicago. The soil is of excellent quality, nearly every acre being fit for cultivation; the people are moderately well supplied with stock, waggons, ploughs and other necessary farming implements, and they have good mills, shops and schoolhouses; and have generally been very successful in their farming operations.

The Omahas belong to the great Siouan stock, to which pertain also the Quapaws, Poncas, Osages, Kaws, Otoes, Dakotas, Mandans, Winnebagos, &c.

They have been described as a steady, sober, industrious and progressive people, whose greatest desire was to secure permanent homes for themselves and their posterity. Their present prosperity has been due in great measure to the exertions and example of their late chief, Joseph LaFlesche, who died in September, 1888. Joseph LaFlesche was descended on his father's side from an old French family; his mother was a Ponca woman, related to the Omaha chief "Big Elk." Upon the death of Big Elk, in 1853, Joseph LaFlesche succeeded to the chieftainship, and at once inaugurated a well-thought-out system of reform. By the year 1859 the old village of sod lodges, erected in the ancient form of a circle, was well nigh deserted and a new village, built on the American plan, had been established. LaFlesche built for himself a large frame house, fenced in a garden, planted an orchard and cultivated a farm. The other men built houses, erected bridges and took up farms. By the settlers around they were derisively called "the make-believe White men;" but they soon taught the settlers there was not much "make believe" about them, but that they could be as industrious and hard working as any of their white neighbors. The Indian name of LaFlesche was *In-sta-ma-zoe*, meaning "Iron Eye." A son and a daughter of his were educated at the Carlisle and Hampton Indian Schools. The son is now employed

in the Indian office at Washington, on a salary of \$1200 per annum, and the daughter is now Dr. Susan LaFlesche, practising medicine at Bancroft, Nebraska.

A very different chief to LaFlesche, was his prede-



BIG ELK.

cessor, *Om-pah-to'n-ga*, the "Big Elk." This man was a great warrior and a great orator. He became chief in the year 1800, and died in 1846. About the year 1824 he, in company with other chiefs, visited "the great Father" at Washington. In the course of his speech before the President, he said, "The Great Spirit made my skin red, and He made us to live as we do now. We love our country, we love our customs and habits, we wish permission to enjoy them as long as we live. When we become hungry and naked, when the game is exhausted, when misery comes to us, then, and not till then, do we want white teachers to come among us."

Before "Big Elk," was another great Chief named *Wa-shin-ga-sah-ba*, the "Blackbird." This chief was buried seated erect on his live war-horse. It was a beautiful white horse; the dead chief was placed astride with his bow in his hand, his shield and quiver slung, his pipe and his medicine bag, his tobacco pouch well filled, and a good supply of dried meat; his flint and steel and tinder ready for lighting his pipe, the scalps of his enemies hanging to his horse's bridle, a beautiful head-dress of war-eagle plumes on his head and streaming down his back. Every warrior of his band was

present, and each one painted the palm of his hand vermillion and imprinted it on the white sides of the doomed horse. Then they brought turfs and placed them around the poor creature's feet and legs—kept building him up in his living tomb—a thick wall of turf and lumps of clay around him, under him, up his sides, over his back and withers, enclosing both him and his dead master together, up his neck, over his snorting nostrils, over the crest of his mane, then up his master's shoulders—up—up—till the last proud eagle feather was covered up within that great earthen mound, and it stood forth a proud and terrible beacon on the high bluff overhanging the Missouri river.



BLACKBIRD'S BURIAL.

Blackbird, before his death, had expressed his wish to be buried in this manner and on this spot, where, as he said, his spirit would see the White men passing to and fro in their boats.

The Omahas, like most of the Indian tribes in the bygone days, used to be horse stealers; most of the petty wars with other neighboring tribes originated in this way. Two young men would agree that they would go on a horse-stealing expedition. The first step would be to send a messenger secretly to the various lodges in the camp to tell of the intended expedition and to seek recruits; they took care not to let the chief know, as the chief might stop them; then the party, being thus secretly organized, stole away during the night and approached the village which they intended to attack. They would arrange to reach the camp of the enemy just before dawn; then with the first streaks of daylight, the captain of the party would shoot an arrow, wave his medicine bag and give the war cry. All the party would then give the "scalp yell" and commence

shooting at the lodges. The fight would be short and quick and soon over; and then, if successful, they would return home with their booty and the scalps of their enemies. There were certain recognized signals which as they approached their own camp would be understood by their friends. Firing their guns meant that foes had been killed. If horses had been captured, they set the prairie on fire and threw horse-hair upon it and the color of the smoke conveyed the news.

The Omahas had a regular system of government. There were two head chiefs, one to govern each of the two principal bands or gentes. One of these bands was called the "Ishtasunda," the other the "Hangashenu." Whenever they camped they pitched their tents, or tepees, in a circle, the trail along which they passed dividing the circle into two equal parts. The Ishtasunda people always camped on the right side, and



SACRED PIPE.

the Hangashenus on the left. Within the circle were three sacred tents. The two sacred pipes belonging to the tribe and other mystic articles were kept in the sacred tents. Each of the two principal gentes was divided into five minor ones, and little children would

have their hair cut so as to show to what gens they belonged; those that belonged to the elk gens had all the hair cut off except a tuft in front and a long lock behind, typical of the elk's head and tail; those that belonged to the buffalo gens had all the head shorn except a ridge of hair about two inches wide from the forehead to the neck, and so on through the other gentes. This plan of cutting the hair had the effect of impressing upon the child's mind, and also upon the minds of his companions, the clan or gens to which he belonged.

Among the Omahas a child would belong to the same gens as his father; with other tribes it was generally the mother.



MODE OF DRESSING HAIR.

These people never did anything in hap-hazard way. When they started on a buffalo hunt certain rules were always strictly observed. The attacking party was always led by two men, one bearing the sacred pipe, the other the sacred standard; they marched abreast, and behind them came two young men who had been appointed to collect the hearts and tongues for an offering to the deity; then came the hunters, each going as he pleased. When the two leaders were a proper distance from the herd they separated, one going to the right, the other to the left, each shaping his course to a semi-circle and followed by half the men. Thus the herd would be gradually surrounded, the leaders going on till they met and passed each other. Then the hunt began. The two young men who were to get the hearts and tongues had to be constantly on the alert, rushing up to each buffalo as it fell, cutting into the side of its throat, and drawing out the tongue backward through the hole, and then the heart. On the return trip these two young men kept in advance of the hunters and presented the tongues and hearts to the keeper of the sacred tents. Every part of the dead buffalo was made use of; the brains were used for dressing the hides; the meat was cut into thin slices and dried in the sun or before a slow fire on scaffolds; the marrow was roasted in the bones and eaten; the tongue and the hump were considered the choicest parts; the dried intestines were woven in the form of mats and kept for use or eating as need might require. The Omahas had two modes of fishing; one was by spearing the fish with long wooden darts, the other by shooting them with their bows and arrows; they never used nets or lines until taught to do so by the White people.

The dwellings of the Omahas resembled those of the Mandans (described in November No. O.F.C.), in shape like an inverted sugar kettle, made of posts and sticks and covered over with earth, with a hole at the side for entrance and another hole at the top for the smoke to escape. Some of the Omahas were still occupying these earth lodges so lately as 1888. For dress, the people in former days wore the skins of the deer, antelope and buffalo. No special distinction was made between the dress of a chief and the dress of an ordinary person. Little boys, up to four years of age, would in warm weather run about naked, but little girls were always clothed. Little girls at four or five years of age would be taught by their mothers to carry wood; at eight years old they would learn to make up and carry a pack. Boys were allowed their liberty, and at

an early age were furnished with bows and blunt arrows and taught to shoot at a mark. Boys and girls never played together. When a boy was seven or eight years old he was expected to undergo a fast for a single day. He had to ascend a bluff, and remain there crying to Wakanda (the Great Spirit) to pity him and make him a great man. At sixteen years old the boy would fast in a similar manner for two days; and when nineteen or twenty years of age, for four days.

These people used to gain their living by hunting, trapping, fishing, and the cultivation of the ground. Indian corn and buffalo meat were their main food. They regarded corn as their "mother," and the buffalo as their "grandfather." It was the custom at harvest time for one of the keepers of the sacred tents to select a number of ears of red corn and lay them by for the next planting season. All these ears had to be perfect ones. They were regarded as sacred, and were given out in the Spring to mix with the ordinary seed corn of each household.

The Omahas had strict marriage laws. No man was allowed to marry within his gens, or within his father's or mother's gens. A man would not usually marry until he was between twenty-five and thirty, and a girl when between sixteen and twenty. Parents did not sell their daughters (as some tribes do), or compel them to marry against their will. Mutual presents were generally made by both sides. No man would have more than three wives, and he would not take a second without consulting his first wife. The first wife always retained the right to manage household affairs. Etiquette required that a man should never speak to his wife's mother or grandmother, and a woman should never pass in front of her daughter's husband, if possible to avoid it. A widow was obliged to wait from four to seven years after the death of her husband before marrying again. Miss Fletcher one day came upon a little group of Omaha girls laughing and chattering away together, and all looking at each other's fingernails. She wondered what they could be doing, and was told by an Indian woman standing by that they were seeing if there were any white spots on them. "What would that mean?" she asked. "That summer is coming," was the reply. Another day she saw a young man signallling with a small mirror to his sweetheart, then he played a few notes on a flute, and in a few moments the girl came in sight. In common with other tribes of the Dakota stock, the Omahas give the children "birth names." These names show not only to what gens they belong, but also the place they hold

in the family; thus, the name "Four horns" is given to the fourth boy in a family of the Elk gens, the name "Bad arrow," to the third boy of the *Hanga* gens, and so on. The Omahas are not an uncleanly people; they generally bathe every day in warm weather, early in the morning and at night; in winter they will heat water in a kettle and wash themselves; they have been known also to rub the whole body over with snow. When buffalo was abundant they used to be great eaters; the average amount of meat at a meal for an adult was two pounds, but some ate three pounds or even four. Their tobacco, before the coming of the white man, was a narcotic plant called *nini*, with bluish-colored leaves; it is not planted now. They used to mix with it the inner bark of the red willow dried over the fire. When so mixed it was called *killickinnick*.

The Omahas believed in a Great Spirit, whom they called *Wakanda*. They held that all their laws for fasting, dancing, consecrating the hearts and tongues of buffaloes, planting corn, anointing the sacred pole, &c., were received by their ancestors from Wakanda. They believed that Wakanda would punish them if they did wrong. They have a curious myth to account for the origin of vegetation. A mythical being, Eshetenekay, they say, created fruits and vegetables out of parts of himself. Three degrees of power, they say, come to a man through visions: (1) If the vision takes the form of an animal, which addresses the man, he will have success in life; (2) If the vision appears like a cloud, and a voice addresses him, he will be able to foretell events; (3) If the vision is without any semblance, and a voice only is heard, he will be able to foresee the coming of death. When an Omaha dies, the relatives strip off their ornaments and cut their hair, scattering the locks about the fireplace; the older women pull off their leggings and moccasins and gash their legs, all the while wailing and calling upon the dead. With every new arrival the wailing starts afresh, and by the time they are ready for burial the relatives are so exhausted that they can scarcely speak above a whisper. Soon after death the corpse is placed in a sitting position facing east and dressed in gala costume and the face painted vermillion, a black line is drawn with charcoal and grease across the forehead, lines down each cheek and another across the chin, forming a square. Then the funeral song is sung. Gifts are presented to the dead. A grave is dug four feet deep and the body is placed within in a sitting position. If a man, his weapons are laid beside him; if a woman, her sewing bag, awls, quills, &c.; if a child, his play-

things. Then the favorite horse, painted and decorated, is brought forward; two men draw the opposite ends of a raw-hide rope, which is round its throat, and it falls dead on its master's grave. As soon as the grave is covered up the wailing ceases, and the gifts which have been collected are divided among the poor. For four successive nights after the burial, the loving mother or other near female relative carries wood and kindles a fire near the mound to light the dear departed one to the land of happiness. This service has to be done without weeping lest it should distress the spirit on its travels.

No grammar or vocabulary of the Omaha language has as yet been published.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The Omaha language has the *th* sound as in the and the *th* sound as in think; also a sound between *th* and *r*, formed by placing the tongue at the roots of the front teeth.

The letters *t*, *k*, *h*, are sometimes explosive, *i.e.*, they are spoken with a click or sudden expulsion of breath.

e, prefixed to a verb, denotes that the action expressed was performed by the preceding noun.

The mode of expressing ideas in Omaha may be gathered from two or three illustrations, thus:—

They are milking the cows—Te (buffalo) *thka* (white) *ma-dhe-ni* (breast-water) *rēdhni* (they are there) *edēa ma ha* (taking).

He was driving the cattle out of the field,—*Tethkama* (cattle) *uwekedīta* (field in) *gashēbe* (out) *re warāeha* (go them he made).

I saw them going to Sioux city,—*Sha'a* (Sioux) *tawangra* (town) *nata* (at) *areama* (they going) *watambe* (them I saw).

The personal pronoun, as with most Indian languages, is incorporated in the verb, thus: He sees me, *antam-be*.

There is a dual form of the verb, as, We two sleep, *angu' aja'ha*.

There are causative, reflective and reciprocal forms of the verb.

Certain particles prefixed to the verb indicate the mode in which the action is done, *e.g.*, *ba*, pushing or pressing; *ga*, shaking; *mia*, cutting with a knife; *na*, with the foot; *re*, with the hand; *ra*, with the mouth.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *é*, *ë*, as in they, met; *i*, *í*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ó*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ă*, *ú*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now;

tc, as in church; *dj*, as in judge; *j*, as in *Jamais* (Fr.), pleasure; *â*, as in law; *ă*, as in fan; *ü*, as in *tu* (Fr.), *h*, as in *ich* (German); *ñ*, as in sing; *dh*, as in that; *th*, as in thin; *ḡ*, a guttural ghr sound.

man, <i>nu</i> .	to-morrow, <i>găssa'ni</i> .
woman, <i>wa-ă</i> .	good morning, <i>a'mboda</i> .
boy, <i>no'-shingă</i> .	Indian, <i>n'ik shu kări</i> .
house, <i>ti</i> .	white man, <i>wăhe</i> .
boat, <i>mande</i> .	God, <i>Wa-ka'n-da</i> .
river, <i>ni' tang ga</i> .	Devil, <i>Wana'he pe a'jini</i> .
water, <i>ni</i> .	heaven, <i>aru' mashi atanihe</i> .
fire, <i>pede</i> .	the, <i>aka</i> .
tree, <i>gă'be</i> .	a hand, <i>nambe</i> .
horse, <i>sha'ngé</i> .	my hand, <i>nambe wiw'ikta</i> .
dog, <i>shi'nindă</i> .	your hand, <i>nambe diri'kta</i> .
fish, <i>huhu</i> .	John's hand, <i>J. nambe ekta'</i> .
town, <i>ta' wangidă</i> .	my knife, <i>mahi wiw'ik ta</i> .
kettle, <i>ne'l' he</i> .	axe, <i>ma'n-the-pe</i> .
knife, <i>ma'hi</i> .	little axe, <i>manthepe shinga</i> .
tobacco, <i>ninni</i> .	bad axe, <i>manthepe piaji</i> .
day, <i>a'mba</i> .	big axe, <i>manthepe tanga</i> .
night, <i>han̄</i> .	big tree, <i>gă'be tanga</i> .
yes, <i>a</i> .	black kettle, <i>ne'he the'we</i> .
no, <i>a'n kăje</i> .	money, <i>ma'-the-thka</i> .
I, <i>wi</i> .	bird, <i>wajinga</i> .
thou, <i>dhi</i> .	snake, <i>we' tha</i> .
he, <i>e</i> .	I walk, <i>wi mambri</i> .
my father, <i>'nda'di</i> .	thou walkest, <i>dhi mani</i> .
it is good, <i>e'uda'</i> .	he walks, <i>eman'i</i> .
red, <i>jide</i> .	we walk, <i>ängu mani</i> .
white, <i>thka</i> .	they walk, <i>emani</i> .
black, <i>the'we</i> .	he is asleep, <i>jan-ke-ha</i> .
one, <i>we'a tci</i> .	is he asleep? <i>ja'-a</i> .
two, <i>namba</i> .	if I sleep, <i>aja'ñ ke</i> .
three, <i>dha'bri</i> .	I sleep, <i>aja'</i> .
four, <i>du' ba</i> .	I slept, <i>aja' breshta</i> .
five, <i>sa' ta</i> .	I shall sleep, <i>aja' tamen ke hă</i> .
six, <i>sha'pe</i> .	he does not sleep, <i>ja' ajia</i> .
seven, <i>pe'näm ba</i> .	we two sleep, <i>angu' aja'ha</i> .
eight, <i>pe'r'a bri</i> .	we sleep (excl.), <i>angu' shna ajaha</i> .
nine, <i>sha'nka</i> .	we sleep (incl.), <i>angu' aja' eha</i> .
ten, <i>gē'ba</i> .	do not sleep, <i>ja a'jiga</i> .
twenty, <i>geba na'mba</i> .	don't be afraid, <i>n'ōmpa shigă</i> .
hundred, <i>geba he'wi</i> .	give it to me, <i>a'-ga</i> .
come here, <i>gigseha</i> .	
be quick, <i>wana' ringa</i> .	
to-day, <i>a'mbare</i> .	

I am hungry, nōm pa' he. I see thee, wi tambe.
 are you sick? war'i kaga. he sees me, ānta'mbe.
 he is very sick, wake'gah ti. I see myself, āki' ta'mbe.
 it is cold, osni. we see each other, āngu
 it is not cold, osni aji. ki' tambe.
 he is a man, e-nu-ha. do you sae him? shtām-
 it is a house, ti-ha. be-a?
 I see him, ta'mbe. I do not see you, wi-tam-
 thou seest him, sh-tambe. be ma' ji.
 he sees him, tampa. two men, nu namba.
 he sees it, ta'mba. three dogs, shinnindalabri.
 if I see him, tambe ki'. four knives, ma' hin du'ba.
 thou seest me, āsh tambe.

Did John see the horse? John shanga dam be a.
 I will see you to-morrow, gas'a-niha witambe taminkeha.
 John saw a big canoe, John mande tāngā dambēha.
 I shall not go if I see him, tambeki bra maji-ta-men-
 keha.
 If he goes he will see you, dheki dhedambetateha.
 What is your name? ijaje eda'da-a-shnia?
 Where are you going? awade shnea?

The following books and papers have been referred to in the foregoing account of the Omaha Indians:—Catlin; Bureau of Ethnology Report (Washington); Indian Bureau Report (Washington); History of the Indians; the "Red man;" "Word Carrier;" "Morning Star;" Journal of American Folk-lore; J. B. Harrison's Report; "Indians' Friend." Special thanks are due to the bureau of Ethnology, Washington, for the loan of several important manuscripts bearing on the language. Also to Levi Levering, of the Carlisle Indian school, for a partial vocabulary, and to Rev. W. Hamilton, Decatur, Nebraska, for vocabulary and grammatical notes.

Medicine Hat.

REV. W. G. LYON received a letter from Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, last week, requesting him to obtain a preliminary estimate of the cost of construction of the main building of the proposed industrial school; also to let contracts for the delivery of stone and sand required for the foundation. On Friday, Messrs. Lyon and Drinnan circulated the local subscription list, and succeeded in raising the \$400 asked from the town by Mr. Wilson. The list was mailed to Mr. Wilson on Saturday. He will use it in bringing pressure to bear on the Government, when asking them for a \$12,000 grant towards the

erection of the school. As before stated in these columns, the site is purchased and paid for. Mr. Cochran had the deeds signed on Monday.—*Medicine Hat Times, March 27.*

Elkhorn.

THREE are thirty-six pupils now at the Elkhorn Institution. The Colonial & Continental Church Society, England, in response to Mr. Wilson's application, has made a grant of £40 per annum towards the support of the Institution, to be paid through the Bishop of Rupert's Land. It was hoped that the Farm in connection with the Elkhorn schools might be got partly under cultivation this spring; but an application to Government for a grant towards erection of farm buildings and purchase of stock, having failed, we are afraid little can be done, unless our friends from outside will come to our help. Over and above the Government grant very little, thus far, has been contributed towards the support of the Elkhorn Institution, and want of funds is sadly keeping back the work.

Shingwauk Chips.



E have been greatly favored at both the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, in having escaped any serious attack of "La Grippe." Very few of our pupils suffered with it, and there were no serious cases.

The Shingwauk boot shop has received an order from the Indian Department, Ottawa, to make 240 pairs of boots for one of the Government schools,—so our foreman and boys are busy.

The click of the loom has been constantly heard in our weaving shop during the past month. One of the apprentices, John Monague, is becoming quite an adept at weaving. Dark blue cloth, for the boys' uniforms, is being made, and we have also received several orders for rag carpets.

As a result of the recent concert given in the Sault,

our Buckskin Base Ball Club is now supplied with base ball flannel suits.

Our carpenters are having a busy time at our furniture factory, making fancy articles—wall pockets, childrens' toys, fancy tables, &c. All the things we make for sale will be so contrived that they can be put into a small compass, and will be boxed ready for travel, so that visitors to the Institution can take away their purchases without inconvenience.

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

 N reaching the School and ringing the entrance door, I was told that Mr. Fenning, the Superintendent, was busy with some of his boys putting up a coal shed in the rear; so I walked round to the back, and found him there busy at work. He received me very cordially, and said he had been looking forward to my arrival ever since he had heard from me some weeks back. The boys who were working with him, at first looked at me curiously; but as soon as they knew that I had been living twenty years among the Indians and had looked at some of my photographs of Indian pupils, their faces lighted up and they very quickly made friends with me. They were all of them Apaches—the wildest and most untameable tribe still living in the States. They reminded me very much of the Blackfeet Indians in the North-west,—bright-faced, sociable and affectionate,—and yet, like the Blackfeet, of a wild, roving nature and opposed as a people to both Christianity and education. Mr. Fenning took me inside the building and introduced me to the school-room. Miss G——, the school-teacher, was engaged with a class of some twenty children, boys and girls, and I heard them read and spell, very nicely and clearly. Then I asked if I might make a sketch, and having been supplied with a glass of water, I got out my paints and brushes and sketched the children standing in class,—Miss G—— kindly prolonging the lesson a little so as to give me time to get them all in. The picture caused considerable merriment afterwards among the pupils when the time for recess came, and they pressed around me to see their likenesses and to look at my other sketches and photographs. The Ramona School was only started about four years ago, and the present building, which cost

\$8,000, was completed and occupied just a year ago. The pupils were all Apaches, and at the time of my visit numbered about thirty. Government was giving \$125 a head towards the support of the children; teachers were appointed by the American Missionary Society, and received salaries to the amount of \$2,500 per annum from that source. There was no farm attached, but the buildings stood on about five acres of ground. The children all seemed very happy and attached to their teachers, and the Superintendent seemed to be thoroughly devoted to his work. This school is only the beginning of what is to be. Plans have already been got out for a Memorial School to cost \$50,000, and to have accommodation for 150 pupils. I paid another visit to the Ramona School before leaving Santa Fé. A boy named Grover Cleveland gave me a list of Apache words and sentences; and in the evening I addressed the scholars and shewed them my pictures. I also exchanged my name with a little Apache boy. He gave me his name "Gultklidè" to add to my other Indian names, and I gave him my name "Wilson."

The day following my arrival at Santa Fé, Mr. Fenning very kindly offered to drive me out to an Indian pueblo village, called Tesuque, about eight miles distant from the town. We drove in a light buggy drawn by a chestnut pony. The pony had been bought by Mr. Fenning from a Navajo Indian, and cost \$45. The road was rather heavy, and travelling slow; our course lay through the sandy beds of several "aroyos" or dried up beds of streams, which only fill temporarily after heavy storms. Mr. Fenning said that he had sometimes seen the bed of the Santa Fé river, which as a rule has a mere trickling stream running through its centre, become a perfect torrent in the course of a few hours, the water coming down the valley in a solid body the whole width of the river bed and more than a foot high,—and then, in a few hours more, it would be all over, and nothing left but the usual little trickling stream. The hills on either side of our road were dry and arid, perfectly grassless, the only signs of vegetation being the dull grey sapless-looking sage brush, eighteen or twenty inches high, and the dark scrubby cedars and piñon. The cedars and piñon seem to have a great affinity one for the other; they are of just the same height and of nearly the same shade of brown green; they grow in little clumps, one, two or three stems in a clump, sometimes piñon or cedar separately, sometimes the two intertwined and looking like one tree, the branches of both spreading outward from

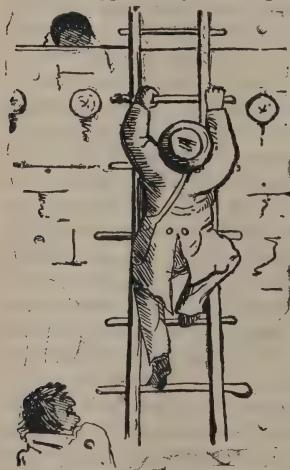
within a foot or so of the ground. The Mexican Indians cut down these little trees and use the twisted irregular stems to form the corrals for their cattle. For fuel, they go farther up in the mountains and get pine or pinon of larger growth. We met a number of Mexicans driving their burros into Santa Fé, most of them loaded with wood, cut and split into sticks about two feet long, and tied in a great semi-circular bundle over their backs and sides; others had sacks on their backs, filled with Indian corn or meal, and wild turkeys or deer meat hanging to their sides; the burros had Mexican saddles on them, but no bridles. A Mexican riding a burro or a pony, drove them along,—generally there were eight or ten of them in a drove—once I counted as many as thirteen. There were also flocks of horned sheep and flocks of goats,—brown, brown and white, black, and black and white,—passing along the road. The first part of our trip was mainly up hill, then we reached the “divide” and our track wound downwards, and a grand distant view of valleys and hills and snow-capped mountains lay spread before us. It was half-past one when we left the School; we had travelled slowly, for it was nearly half-past three, and we had not yet reached Tesuque: I feared that there would be but little time before dark to make sketches and to visit the Indian houses. It was half-past four when we at length crossed the dried-up bed and the little narrow stream of the Tesuque river, plodded up the sandy bank on the further side, passed an orchard and several cattle corrals, and at length found ourselves in the court-yard of the Tesuque Indian village.

I remained on my seat in the buggy and gazed around. At length, I was actually in a Pueblo village. I had seen photographs of them, I had examined models of them, I had pictured in my imagination what they would be like,—and here I was now actually in the midst of one of them. A pueblo village is a thing unique of its kind. I suppose there is nothing in any other part of the world like one. It is a curious mixture of the Eastern and Western. The flat-roofed houses, the women carrying their water-pots on their heads, the bright-colored dresses—stripes of dark and light colors generally alternating—would almost give one the idea of an Eastern village—a village from Syria or Palestine, transplanted to this Western hemisphere; and yet there is a barbarism about it all that would scarcely be connected with such a scene in the East. The people that I see stalking about or looking at me from the upper parapets or flat roofs of their houses,

are Indians—unmistakeable Indians;—their skins are dark, their hair long and black and falling over their shoulders, they have blankets wrapped about their persons, they have buckskin leggings covering their legs and moccasins on their feet. Their gait when they walk is not that of Eastern nations,—they tread like Indians, they have all the movements, all the gestures of Indians. It is a curious place, a very curious place. We have stopped in the middle of a spacious court-yard, a hundred yards or so square. Mr. Fenning has got down, and is tying the horse to a sort of manger made of a hollow log stuck on two posts, near the centre of the court; a number of burros—black, dark grey, and light grey, are snuffling about; several dogs are looking at us and murmuring low growls; in front of us is a long row of reddish-grey adobe houses, with little square windows pierced in their walls, and an irregular row of cedar beams protruding in a horizontal line ten feet or so above the ground. There are scarcely any doors in this lower storey, not more than one or two the whole length of the court. Then above is an upper row of houses of the same reddish-grey adobe, and setting a little back so as to leave space for a sort of terrace in front of them on the flat roofs of the lower set. This upper storey is reached by ladders—rough ladders made of two side sticks and smaller sticks for rungs put loosely in, which bend and rattle under the feet as one ascends. On the tops of the houses are the chimneys and the bake-ovens,—the chimneys, gaunt clay figures like the snow men which boys delight to make when the snow is soft and bindable,—and the bake ovens little domes of adobe, 3 feet or so high and about 4 feet in diameter at the base. They have a little bunghole near the top for the smoke to escape, and a larger hole on the side through which the things to be baked are placed. The oven is filled with combustible material and heated, then the ashes are drawn out, the things to be baked put in, and the apertures closed. Such was the sight that presented itself before me while the horse was being tied—this double tier of adobe houses, with the bake ovens and clay chimneys on the top, and women and children looking at me from the parapets. On my right hand was another double terrace of the same construction, but not joining the first one at the corner; and on my left was a third double terrace, joining the first one at the corner and making with it an L shaped collection of buildings, all two storeys high. In the court around me were burros—burros without number, and dogs, and children, and a curious old two-wheeled

cart of the old type, each wheel made out of a round block of wood.

And now, at Mr. Fenning's suggestion, having made my observations, I descended from my seat, and we proceeded together to investigate. We left the horse and buggy standing, and walked back towards the entrance to the court by which we had just driven in. To our right was an adobe building standing alone, its front whitewashed very white, and a bell-tower above with a bell. This was the Roman Catholic church. Many of the Pueblo Indians are professedly Roman Catholics, and a priest visits them once a month. Near the church a blanketed man was standing, and we went to him to enquire the whereabouts of the Governor's house,—for these Pueblo Indians have Governors,—not Chiefs, but Governors. Each Pueblo is a community ruled over by a Governor. There are 10,000 of these Pueblo Indians altogether, they live in nineteen Pueblo villages, scattered over New Mexico and Arizona, and they speak six or seven distinct languages. Mr. Fenning knew nothing whatever of the language of Tesuque, and very little Mexican, but he managed to make himself understood. Just the words "*mastro*," master, and "*casa*," house, were sufficient for the purpose, and the Indian whom we had accosted pointed us to an upper-storey dwelling close to the church,



VISITING A PUEBLO.

(To be continued.)

Letter from John A. Maggrah.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Winnipeg, Man.,
January 26th, 1890.

DEAR MR. WILSON,—You will remember asking me to tell you all about my college life, shortly after I came here. I can now perhaps answer you better. I never before felt so lonely as I did when I first came here last fall; but now I am feeling quite at home, and am free with every one in the College.

At the Xmas Exam. I took 2nd class in Greek and Euclid, 3rd class in Latin, Algebra, and Arithmetic—a special one for myself.

My daily life here is as follows: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, rise at 6.30, study till 8, then go over to the College School for breakfast (students, professors and boys all have meals in one room); at 9 attend prayers in the school; after prayers, go to class with the 3rd form boys, for Greek; 10.30 come over to the college and study till 12.30; then go over again to school for dinner; at 1.30, go to class with 4th and 5th form boys, for mathematics, come out at 3; then I have Latin with one boy, who, like myself, just started last fall; at 3.30, come over to the college and study for an hour; then I go out for a game of football, or walk till tea time (5.45); after tea, I go into one or two of the students' rooms for a half-hour, and then go into my room and study; at 10, go to prayers (short), after prayers go back to my books, and study till 11; then retire for the night. Wednesday morning is similar to Monday, Tuesday, &c., but the afternoon is not;—go to class like other times till 3; after class I will likely attend the Dean's lectures for divinity students, at which the students will preach and conduct the services alternately—private; at 7.30 p.m., I attend service, which is for the outsiders as well as for students. On Saturday, I do little study, and go to shops or to city library. On Sundays, I read from after breakfast till service time;—go to 8 a.m. communion every third Sunday; service is at 11. After dinner, I write letters or read till 4 o'clock; when I go for a walk till tea time; service at 7; after service I read little and then retire. Such is my life in this college.

J. A. MAGGRAH.

WE have 125 pupils now at our Indian Homes in Algoma and Manitoba, and the weekly cost to pay for everything is about \$300.

WE want forty more Sunday Schools to undertake the support of Indian pupils, at \$50 each per annum.

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.**INAUGURAL MEETING.**

THE inaugural meeting of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society was held at the City Hall, Ottawa, on Friday, the 18th day of April, 1890, Sir James Grant in the chair.

The Secretary read the following letter from Captain Colville, His Excellency the Governor-General's private secretary :

17th April, 1890.

DEAR SIR,—I am desired by His Excellency the Governor-General, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter respecting the "Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society," and to say that His Excellency has much pleasure, in response to your request, in accepting the office of Patron of the Society.

I am, dear sir, Yours truly,

CHARLES COLVILLE, *Captain,*
Governor-General's Secretary.

The following officers were elected : *President*—Sir William Dawson; *Vice-Presidents*—the Bishop of Ontario, Hon. G. W. Allan, Sir James Grant and Rev. Dr. Bryce; *Secretary*—Rev. E. F. Wilson; *Treasurer*—W. L. Marler. *Members of Council*—The Bishop of Algoma; Principal Grant, Kingston; Dr. Dawson, Dr. Thorburn, Mr. H. B. Small, Rev. H. Pollard, Ottawa; the Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Rev. Dr. Sweeney, Toronto; Chief Brant, Deseronto; the Bishop of Caledonia, N. W. T.; Rev. J. McDougall, Alberta, N. W. T.; Dr. Bernard Gilpin, Halifax, N.S.; G. F. Matthew, St. John, N.B.; J. M. Lemoinne, Quebec; G. M. Sproate, Nelson, B.C.; David Boyle, Toronto.

It was understood that any of the above-named members of the Council who were not present at the meeting, should be at liberty to withdraw their names if they wished to do so.

The meeting was largely attended, and quite an enthusiastic interest was taken in the proceedings. Among the speakers were the Bishop of Ontario, the Hon. G. W. Allan, the Bishop of Algoma, Mr. McLeod, Dr. G. M. Dawson, and Chief Brant. The Minister of the Interior would have been present, but was detained by a meeting of the Privy Council. He sent his secretary to represent him. Mr. Wilson was also called upon to give some account of his work among the Indians; and introduced his two little Indian boys, Soney and Zosie, who recited a dialogue and sang hymns. The proceedings were closed with the benediction, pronounced by the Bishop of Ontario, and "God Save the Queen."

NOTE.—Any persons wishing to become members of

the Society will please send their names and addresses, with subscription (\$2) enclosed, either to the Secretary, Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., or to the Treasurer, W. L. Marler, Merchants' Bank, Ottawa.

The next meeting of the Society will be held in Toronto on the second Thursday in May, 1891.

The Editors of the Journal will be Rev. E. F. Wilson and Mr. H. B. Small.

Seventy-three persons have already enrolled their names as members of the Society.

The following letter was received from Capt. Colville, Secretary to His Excellency, the Governor-General :

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

SIR,—I am desired by His Excellency the Governor-General, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 24th inst., and to say in reply, that he has much pleasure in extending his patronage to the meeting to be held on the 18th inst. in connection with the proposed Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

His Excellency requests me, however, to say that he cannot undertake to be present on the occasion.

I am, sir, Your obedt. servant,

CHARLES COLVILLE, *Captain,*
Gov.-Gen'l's Secy.

To Rev. E. F. Wilson,

Sault Ste. Marie.



TIT is estimated that in 1870 there were about 18,000,000 buffaloes in North America; to-day there are less than 700 not in captivity. Our neighbors have long since realized their folly in permitting the virtual extermination of this valuable animal, and it is now suggested that Congress should take steps to preserve the species, by protecting the small herd in the Yellowstone Park, and also to prevent the wholesale slaughter of the elk, moose and caribou, which are also in danger of becoming extinct. The present prospect is that to the next generation these animals will be almost as great curiosities as the mastodon and the ichthyosaurus are to us.

THE Barrie *Examiner* says:—"We have received the January number of OUR FOREST CHILDREN, which is, we believe, the only illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the education and Christian training of the Indians of North America. Its contents are of a most entertaining nature, consisting of interesting sketches of Indian life and character, illustrated by many instructive engravings. Should the merits of OUR FOREST CHILDREN as a treasury of valuable information on the Indian tribes, become more widely known, it will be sure to receive an extensive circulation in all parts of this continent. It is edited by the Rev. E. F.

Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., under whose able management it is not only a champion of the neglected Indian, but a most acceptable aid to the student of Indian life. It is published in the interests of the Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie, and should therefore receive a hearty support at the hands of the Canadian people."

At the Other Schools.

 A LARGE delegation of Sioux chiefs has been visiting the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania.

At Carlisle, sets of harness are made in the harness shop on Government contract, and are supplied to the various Indian reserves. Some of the visiting Indians expressed a wish that the harness might be of somewhat heavier construction, as the horses they use now are larger than the ponies they formerly employed. Their wish will be attended to.

Rupert's Land Industrial School is now in full operation.

The new Presbyterian Government School for Indian children, near Regina, expects to open next fall.

Following are two Indian children's letters—one from Ramona, in New Mexico, the other from the McDougall Orphanage in Alberta :—

RAMONA INDIAN SCHOOL, SANTA FE, }
New Mexico, March 29, 1889. }

DEAR CHILDREN,—I thought I would write to you this lovely morning. I want to tell you how I am getting along in my school. Our lesson in geography is about the New England States. In arithmetic we are working examples in addition, subtraction and multiplication. I am reading in a new Second Reader. We are all very well this winter. One little girl, Glenie, has gone home because she was sick. We have a half-holiday this afternoon. I don't know what we will do. The children are trying hard to talk English all the time. We are all writing letters this morning to our friends. I like to go to school here. Well, this is all I can think of this time. I hope I shall hear from you soon. Your friend,

MARY ARMSTRONG.

Rev. Mr. Wilson:

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to say a few words to you. I remember you showing us some pictures that were very good. I hope that your scholars are getting along very good with their work and whatever they do.

And now I will tell you what I have learned. I learn how to bake bread, and washing and knitting and

sewing. First thing I do in the morning I build a fire, and then put on the pot with water in it; and soon as the water boils, put the oatmeal in and stir it till it boils; then I put the pan over and let it stand till it is cooked enough, and put the pot on top of the stove and let it stand till the verses are recited, and then take up the porridge into the dishes. Some other girls set the tables and put the milk and the bread. We then sit down, sing grace and eat our breakfast.

My dear brothers and sisters at Shingwauk and Wawanosh, I hope you love your teacher as well as your parents. Good-bye, My name is

SUSAN EAR.

Life Among the Pueblos.

 HE "Indian Helper," published at the Carlisle Indian School, Pennsylvania, has recently had an interesting story, supposed to be written by a Pueblo girl pupil after returning to her own home in New Mexico. We publish a few extracts from it:—

I put some water in a boiler over the fire to heat, for now was my chance to wash that pile of clay plates, iron pans, pots, tin spoons, cups and other eating utensils, stacked away in the corner of the floor.

One would naturally suppose that using the same dishes day after day without proper washing would cause a filthy accumulation of dried food around the edges and in the corners and crevices.

The facts are, the ordinary Pueblo family does not have food in such superabundance and variety that they can afford to leave much sticking around the edges. Should a vestige of anything "smellable" be accidentally overlooked, the family dog visits the corner into which the dishes are shoved, and "does up the work." I had seen our dogs do so more than once.

"Dogs up that ladder?" you say.

Yes, indeed. Some of the Pueblo dogs can climb ladders as well as people can. Our house was only on the top of ONE house, while some of them are piled up one on top of the other five or six rooms high. They don't look like the four and five-story houses we see in large cities, because the roof of each house makes the balcony for the one above it; so, you see, they look like adobé terraces, and it is pretty hard to climb up to the fifth house over the shaky ladders, with rounds so far apart that a child can hardly reach. But children and women and dogs and men go up and down without the least trouble, and as I said in the first part of my story, rarely ever fall.

I do not believe that the Pueblo Indians have as many dogs as some other tribes. Why, I heard my Pawnee friend, Minnie, say one day at school that their people have hundreds of dogs.

"Where do they stay all the time, and what do they eat?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "they stay in the tent with the rest of us, and eat the same that we eat. Indeed many an old Indian woman has gone hungry that the dogs might not starve. Don't your dogs stay in the tent with you?" she asked.

"We do not live in tents," I replied.

It seemed hard to make the girls understand what kind of queer houses some of the Pueblos do live in.

"Our dogs come into the houses, though," I said, "but the best place they like to get is in the outside oven where we bake bread."

I did not see anything so very funny about that remark, but Minnie laughed heartily.

"The very idea," she said, "of dogs being in a bake oven!"

"Yes," I continued, "the ovens are just like little houses with round roofs, and just the right size for five or six dogs. They look so comfortable in there, too, with their shaggy heads lying close to the little hole made to put the bread in. And they don't like to be disturbed, either, when the bread has to be baked."

But, as I was saying, there was not a great deal of hard dry waste on the pans and pots and dishes; I knew how unclean they must be, however, and while my mother slept was the chance for me to wash them.

But where should I get a dish-cloth? Not a rag about that I could use for that purpose. I could not do as the girls at school said their mammas did, wipe out the dishes with dry prairie grass, for not a blade of grass grew upon the rocks where our village was built. And they said, too, that when their mammas preferred a rag to grass, they tore a piece off of their skirt, the garment next the body being the one used to supply the family with rags and strings.

No, I could not do that, but what? That is the question. "I know," said I to myself, a happy thought striking me. "There is that old calico dress in my trunk."

I was half angry with my school-mother as I stood by her side at Carlisle, while she was packing my trunk and filling in the chinks with old garments that I thought of no use; but they were clean, and had my name on, and now I know in the kindness of her heart she thought they might be of some use to me away

out here, and she would put them in instead of throwing them away.

How I did thank her as I took the old dress out of my trunk and tore it up into cloths, one for a towel to dry the dishes and one to wash them with!

Placing Indian Children Out.

ENERAL MORGAN, the United States Indian Commissioner, says in his Annual Report:

"I recently spent several days with Captain Pratt, visiting the pupils from Carlisle Industrial School, now scattered among the Pennsylvania farmers

"The system admits of large expansion and will be productive of the happiest results. These young Indians are brought into the most vital relationship with the highest type of American rural life. They acquire habits of neatness, industry, thrift and self-reliance. They acquire a good working knowledge of English, and a practical acquaintance with all kinds of domestic and farm work. They associate with the farmer's children, eat at the same table, attend the same church and Sunday School, and four months of each year attend the same day school. A better scheme for converting them into intelligent, honest American citizens, self-respectful and self-helpful, could scarcely be devised."

The *Red Man*, following up the same subject, says:

"This practice is so conducted as on the one hand to enable the scholars to earn money, which becomes their own; and on the other, to help many of them who are taken upon the rolls of the ordinary common schools to attend them along with the white children. Thus both at home and at school they profit by the civilization surrounding them. They are excluded from all Indian influence, the boys and girls being severally "homed" in different districts.

"Nearly four hundred of these Indian pupils were thus placed during the last fiscal year from Carlisle alone, and I am told by the superintendent the number could be increased to not less than a thousand if the proper means were furnished by Congress. The applications for such pupils are constant from all portions of the surrounding country. They are found apt to learn, industrious in service, and docile in character. Agents of the Carlisle school visit these pupils regularly, and both they and the persons with whom they are placed (farmers chiefly) report to the superintendent monthly upon their condition and progress."

[Why have we not the same system in Canada?—
ED. O. F. C.]

Remarks made by an Indian Boy at the Carlisle School.

It were well to build a mission
For the far-off Japanese ;
It were well to read a Bible,
To the patient, brown Chinese.

It were well to tell the story
Of a Saviour good and true,
To the Minnesota Indians
And the wronged but noble Sioux.

But I tell you it were folly
For these distant fields to care,
When your own minds need a mission
And your souls are cold and bare.

Turn and look within, a moment,
Of your own life take a view ;
Do not fret about the heathen
When you are a heathen, too.

Make yourself a Missionary
To yourself in darkness bound ;
Where a man's own heart is dreary
There his mission field is found.

Jottings.

OUR Indian Home funds are very low, and we need all the help we can possibly get.

WILL our young friends try and get subscribers to OUR FOREST CHILDREN. We want about 600 more subscribers, before the Magazine can pay its own way.

BEAVER will gnaw through a tree 11 inches thick and fell them to fill water-ways for their own convenience.

LEPROSY is spreading in New Caledonia. Three thousand aborigines and many convicts have been attacked.—*Toronto Mail.*

"TEACHER, is Queen Victoria George Washington's sister?" was the thoughtful query of a little Indian girl in school the other day, after reciting her history lesson.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

MARCH.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following clothing for the Indian Homes :

From St. George's, Clarksburg, a bale of girls' clothing and three small shirts.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM MARCH 10TH TO APRIL 10TH, 1890.

J. WHITE, \$5; a Friend, Campbellford, for Shingwauk, \$11, for Wawanosh, \$11; Memorial Church S.S., London, for boy, \$18.75; G. T., \$20; Jos. De Lisle, for girl, \$12.50; Mrs. Wood, \$10; Miss Wood, \$5; Miss Beaumont, 50c;

St John's S.S., Strathroy, for boy, \$6.25; St. John the Evangelist S.S., for boy, \$15; Ch. Ascension S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$40; H. Atkinson, \$9.50; Trinity S.S., St. John, N.B., for boy, \$18.75, for girl, \$18.75; Christ Church, Deer Park, for girl, \$9.38; Rev. T. W. Patterson, \$5.12, St. John Baptist S.S., Lakefield, \$11; Boys' Branch, W.A., Montreal, for boy, \$25; per Mrs. Tippet, 30 cents.

Receipts—O.F.C.

MARCH 10TH, 1890.

MRS. CLARKE, 50c.; Mrs. A. H. Holland, \$1; Mrs. Cook, \$1; E. A. Bog, 50c.; Miss Crusoe, \$1; W. VanAbbot, \$1; Miss J. Bawtree, 72c.; Miss Murray, 50c.; H. Henderson, 50c.; Miss Hamel, \$1; Rev. H. B. Morris, \$1; H. Atkinson, 50c.; Miss E. Doan, 50c.; Miss Caldwell, 25c.; Rev. T. W. Patterson, 50c.; R. Davis & Sons, \$2; Miss E. Noverre, 50c.; Mrs. Fennell, \$1; E. W. Boyd, \$2; Rev. T. Lloyd, \$1; Mrs. T. Dykes, \$1; Mrs. Marsh, 50c.; Mrs. Lawrence, 50c.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

EDITED BY THE

REV. E. F. WILSON

SAULT STE. MARIE, ————— ONTARIO.

50 CENTS (2s.) PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES 5c.

In sending subscriptions, please state to what month the subscription pays.

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Annual Subscription: \$1 (4s.) for every Ten Copies, (mailed monthly). Always one price—\$1 for every Ten Copies—and always by tens.

Sunday Schools supporting Indian pupils can have 10, 20, 30, 100 copies of S.L., sent monthly for distribution, by adding 25c., 50c., 75c., \$2.50, to their regular quarterly remittance. No copies sent free.

INDIAN HOMES.

THE SHINGWAUK HOME, for Indian boys; THE WAWANOSH HOME, for Indian girls; both at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Also, THE WASHAKADA HOME, for Indian children, at Elkhorn, Manitoba.

CONTRIBUTIONS EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

\$75 (\$15) feeds and clothes a pupil in either of the Homes for one year. In England, address MRS. WM. MARTIN, 27 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C. In Canada, REV. E. F. WILSON, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

**PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE.
AT SHINGWAUK HOME.**

A Beautiful Photograph of the SHINGWAUK PUPILS who went with Mr. Wilson to Montreal and Ottawa, mailed 50c.	30c.
The two BLACKFEET BOYS, mailed	30c.
WILLIE and ELIJAH (who went with Mr. Wilson in 1886,) mailed 25c.	
SHINGWAUK, CHAPEL and a General View of the Shingwauk Buildings from the river (mailed), each	35c.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV., No. 3.]

SHINGWAUK[®] HOME, JUNE, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 13.

A Night on the Rocks.

BY 8.15 a.m. we were fairly out on the bay. I steered and the boys rowed till the wind being favorable we hoisted our sails and made a good start, winding our way for some miles among islands,



LUNCH ON AN ISLAND.

rocks, with the dark rippling waves lapping their sides. Being on the side of the island exposed to the lake, we could not think of attempting to land until we should find a secure harbor for our boat, for a sudden storm rising in the night would knock her to pieces on such a coast. At length, groping about among the rocks, we espied a crevice into which it appeared "The Missionary" would just fit. But, oh! what a place for the night! High, slippery rocks, piled about us by some giant hand, no wood for a fire, no grass, no place for a camp—nothing but sharp ledges and points of rocks. The boys clambered about with their shoeless feet like cats, and we heard them shouting—"This is where I am going to sleep! This is where I shall sleep!" The Bishop

groaned and said, "I shall remain on the boat." I, for my part, followed the boys, and presently found a sort of small cavern under a ledge of rock, into which I had my camp bed carried, and having lighted a candle, sent Esquimau to bring the Bishop. It was really most comfortable, and, moreover, in the corner of the cavern we found a dry log, probably washed there by the waves in a storm; and with this log we lighted a fire and made some tea, and so—after all—we had quite a cosy time of it.

We all slept sweetly till about 5 a.m., when I think we awoke simultaneously; at any rate we were all on the stir soon after that hour. And now we were hungry, and there was no bread, no fire and no wood, and fourteen miles to get to the mainland, and a head wind. What was to be done? By the kindly light of day we discovered that our position was not so distressing as we had at first imagined. A little way over the rocks was a shore with driftwood lying on it, our cook was despatched with the frying-pan and his bag of flour, and after all we did famously. Before starting off we joined in repeating the morning Psalms. We had a hard pull against a steady head wind, and could only make two miles an hour, so that it was a little after three when we reached Pic River; and having run the boat on to a sandy shore, carried up our things and prepared our camp.—*Extract from Missionary Life among the Ojibway Indians.*



A NIGHT ON THE ROCKS.

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I am going to give you some extracts from a very interesting letter which came from the Indian Homes at Elkhorn not long ago. In speaking of the examinations it says: "The children all did fairly well; it is hard to bring them on as well as we should like, on account of their not understanding English. * * I took Mary and Agnes down to V—the other day; as the former has not been very well for some time we thought it best for her to see a doctor. The children attracted a good deal of attention; we had tea at the hotel and they behaved so nicely at the table I felt quite proud of my charges. * * Whenever there is any extra work or cleaning being done, the children always want to know if "Mr. Wilson is coming." In explaining to the children what a king was, I told them that he was the white man's chief. To-night I told Flossie that I was writing to Mr. Wilson, and asked her if she would not like to send a message to him; she said, 'which one—Mr. A—(whose surname is Wilson) or king?' I said, to king, so she said to tell you: 'Me like it here, no whip me, nice school.' A little later she was doing something naughty, so I said, 'now Flossie, I will not kiss you to-night, for doing that.' Says Flossie: 'When you go to bed, me come down, take key, go into your room, take very much kisses.' We could not help laughing at her last Sunday. We were in Sunday School and were all sitting around the table. I was trying to explain to them about Satan, when she, in the quietest and coolest way, informed them in Indian that the Devil was under the table; the look on their faces and the way they pushed back their chairs showed how frightened they were." What a little monkey Flossie must be, she seems to keep the whole school going.

George W—— wants to know if the boys ever play games like white boys do, and what game they like best. Well, last summer base ball was all the rage; a large piece of ground in front of the Home had been levelled and made a capital ground for playing on, and there every spare moment seemed to be spent both by master and boys. Last winter the "Buckskin Base Ball Club" (belonging to the Home) gave an entertainment in the town, the proceeds of which were used for the purchase of suits for the team, so they will turn out very grandly this summer. Mary F—— asks if the girls are like white girls in the way of copying their teacher, etc. I remember not so very long ago happening to

have done my hair up a little differently one Sunday. The next saw at least five out of my class of ten with their hair done in exactly the same manner. I suppose the moral to that is "set a good example." Please remember that all communications for my next letter must reach me not later than the tenth of the preceding month. Address,

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,
(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson.)

A Peep at the Pagans.

BISHOP SULLIVAN, accompanied by Mr. Renison, during the summer of 1889, made a flying visit to the north shore of Lake Nepigon. Three days of hard work, owing to bad weather and head winds, landed the party on the south shore, but some sixty miles of comparatively open water still stretched before them. The first day no less than forty-five miles were traversed—a strong south wind filling the blanket sails. Next day was wild and rough, and it was not till 9 o'clock at night that the voyage was re-commenced. The wind had gone down, but a heavy sea still rolled in from the east. The moon came out from the clouds, and lying low against the horizon the land looked like a gigantic serpent resting on the waves. As we drew near the trading-post, the hundreds of dogs belonging to the Indians began to howl, and a more melancholy, mournful sound was never heard. It had grown quite dark, and the noise seemed to come from some invisible pandemonium, and I think all were heartily glad when Mr. Botsford, the trader, gave us a very warm welcome to his lonely habitation. Next day, Sunday, dawned bright and clear. The Bishop spent the day in visiting the Pagans and extending invitations to a grand feast to be given on a little island on Monday. It came off next day, and I should think it was a feast! Pork, flour and tea comprised the bill of fare, and though it was the first time that many of them had ever tasted such delicacies, yet some of them actually grumbled owing to the absence of sugar. Some Indians are unsophisticated, and some are not. A large fire was lighted and the two dusky cooks began to turn out so-called pancakes, which looked the very incarnation of the spirit of indigestion, but then an Indian has

no digestion. Tea was boiled and also pork; but some young men were two hungry to wait, so getting a large flat stone, proceeded to make a horrible-looking paste of flour and water, which they literally absorbed, scooping it up with their fingers. The Bishop and Mr. Renison occupied the centre of the circle, the former looking a little un-episcopal, going his rounds with one of the aforesaid pancakes in one hand and a lump of pork on a two-pronged fork in the other. However, hungry Indians have no ears, and missionary work in Algoma is not confined to preaching and teaching. When all were satisfied (it took 150 pounds of flour to do it) the fragments were distributed and all gathered to hear the Bishop speak, Mr. Renison interpreting. He spoke simple words and plain, which were not new to some, and which all understood. At the end of his address a hymn was sung and baptism was administered to twenty-five adults. Some of these poor creatures journey two and three hundred miles to receive their government grant of four dollars each. Their sole possessions consist of a roll of birch-bark, a canoe, a crooked knife and a net. Fire is procured from the dry fibres on the inside of the beech tree. Theirs is a pitiable life indeed. Some of them seem but little removed from the animal. However, we have our duty toward them; and in Algoma, as elsewhere, there are earnest laborers in the good work.

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Shingwauk Boys' Letters.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

April 3rd, 1890.

We have got new teacher. The other one we had before went home last Saturday. We play marbles every day. I work at shoemaking half of the time and go to school the other half. The other day I got upon the cow's back instead of on the pony's, but I make a mistake for the cow did not like it much and she begin to kick and jump around, so I fell off and hurt myself, and I was in the hospital the whole day. And you do not know how kind Miss Pigot is. She tried all she could to make me happy.

Yours respectfully,

FRANK A. MAGRAH.

My Dear Friends :

I am glad to say that the snow is leaving. I expect the river will soon be open again. I see a team going across the river this morning; I don't know if they got across safely. Our teacher left us last Saturday. We all liked him very much. And we have a new teacher; very nice gentleman indeed. I think all

the boys like him. There are 63 boys now at Shingwauk, 26 girls at Wawanosh and 36 pupils at Elkhorn—125 pupils altogether. I am glad to say that I am trying to learn my lessons and doing all that I can do, and I think I am doing great deal better this year with my school work. I remain yours respectfully,

SYLVESTER F. KEESHIG.

My Dear Friends :

I wish to tell you that we have a nice school here and I learn more since I came here. I am now working at carpenter. It is a very nice trade. We have now a nice factory, which was built last summer. We work there all winter and have done lots of work. We have made all kinds of toys and articles. I am now also learning telegraph, and I can send messages and receive it, and there is one telegraph in the factory and I always receive messages every day from Shingwauk, and I hope I shall get along. I expect the sap will soon be running now and the Indians will bring some maple sugar; and I am keeping all the money I can get to buy some when they come.

Yours respectfully,

ALEXANDER ASSANCE.

My Dear Friends :

I am very glad to say that the Shingwauk Home is getting along very well. Some boys are learning trades. There are six boys in the bootmakers' shop, and two in weavers', and five in carpenters'; and one is learning to be an engineer. I am learning weaving. Our teacher left the Shingwauk last Saturday. We were very sorry to lose him; but we have another teacher came from England. He is very smart and he has very sharp eyes; he says he can see what the boys are doing behind him.

I remain yours respectfully,

JOHN W. MONAGUE.

◆◆◆

PRELIMINARY steps are being taken in Halifax, Nova Scotia, towards forming a branch of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

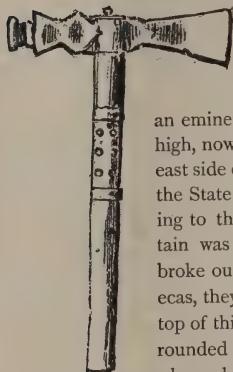
REV. E. F. WILSON expects to be in England with his two little Indian boys, Willie Soney and Zosie Dosum, from May 31st to June 24th, and to be back at Sault Ste. Marie by July 8th.

SINCE Mr. McNicol has left, his work of weaving has been carried on by Johnny Monague, who has become quite proficient in the art. This is only another proof that when Indian boys *will*, they *can*.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 13.

THE SENECA INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



HE Senecas call themselves *Nun-da-wa-o-no*, which signifies "the great hill people," from an eminence some 800 to 1000 ft. high, now called Bare Hill, on the east side of Canandaigua Lake, in the State of New York. According to their tradition, this mountain was their mother and they broke out of its side. The Senecas, they say, were in a fort at the top of this hill, which became surrounded by an immense serpent, whose head and tail came together. In attempting to make their escape they walked down its throat. Two orphan children alone escaped, and they killed the snake with poisoned arrows prepared for the purpose. The great snake when pierced by the arrows became sick, straightened itself out, and rolled down the hill, sweeping away all the trees in its passage and disgorging all the skulls of the people it had swallowed. The skulls became pétirified and rolled down the hill into the lake where they may still be seen.

As for the name *Seneca*—after fluctuating about like most other Indian names and words in various shapes, as *Seneka*, *Senaque*, *Siniker*, and so forth, it finally took the same spelling as that of the great Roman philosopher, and suitably so too, for was it not he who prophesied so strangely in his tragedy of *Medea*, that late in time an age would come when ocean would unchain the barriers of nature and a vast land would come into view—a new world be unveiled—and Thule would no longer be the ultimate end of the earth? *Sen-agae* is said to have been the appellation given to this tribe by others of the Iroquois confederacy, and to mean "the furthestmost people." When first known to the civilized world, the Senecas numbered 8,000 or 10,000, and from their position in the centre of the State of New York, held an important place in history.

About the middle of the fifteenth century the great Iroquois confederacy was formed, consisting of five noted tribes, all belonging to one linguistic stock, viz.: the Mohawks, the Onondagas, the Oneidas, the Cayugas and the Senecas; and later on these were joined by

the Tuscaroras, thus forming the great confederacy of "the Six Nation Indians." The confederate council was attended by delegates, as follows: nine from the Mohawks, nine from the Oneidas, fourteen from the Onondagas, ten from the Cayugas, and eight from the Senecas. Two Seneca chiefs held the title of "Door-keepers to the Long House," the "Long House" being their council chamber. The Six Nations are now dispersed, a large number of them having removed to Canada. Of those remaining in New York State, the Senecas are at present the most numerous, living in the neighborhood of Buffalo and Niagara Falls. There is also another small remnant of the tribe in Indian Territory. So far as can be ascertained the population of the Seneca nation is now as follows: On the Grand River, near Brantford, in Canada, 500 (?); in New York State, on the Alleghany Reserve, 806; on the Cattaraugus Reserve, 1288; on the Tonawanda Reserve, 545; in Indian Territory, 248—total 3387. They are engaged now mostly in farming, both in Canada and in the United States; most of them are professed Christians, and all wear white man's clothing. It is complained, however, that those in the State of New York are not making as much progress as could be desired. The last Annual Report of the Indian Orphan Asylum, on the Cattaraugus Reserve, says of these people:—

"Their slow progress is due not to their tribal relations, customs or superstitions, nor is it to be traced primarily to any peculiarity of race or hereditary traits, for they are a quick-witted and intellectual race; the trouble is simply the frail and anomalous tenure by which they hold their lands." It then goes on to show that a rich and powerful organization known as the Ogden Land Company owns or claims to own a superior title to the lands of the poor Senecas, and that they are only there as it were on sufferance, hence all their efforts to fructify and improve their lands are paralyzed, as they know not at what moment they may be turned adrift. "Unless this Land Company incubus," continues the Report, "be speedily removed, the popular prediction, which points to the extinction of this interesting member of the historic league of the Iroquois will soon be verified." The old system of government by chiefs, has, among the Senecas, given way to a system more in consonance with that of the United States. The Senecas in New York State elect annually a president, clerk, treasurer, and eight councillors upon each reservation.

Canadesaga or *Ga-nun-da-sa-ga*, meaning "new settlement village," used to be the capital of the Senecas;

it was situated nearly two miles west of the present town of Geneva, N.Y., and a little north-west of Seneca Lake. In 1756, Sir William Johnson surrounded the village with a palisade fortification and block houses, so as to prevent the French from mingling with and gaining influence among the people. The town was destroyed by Sullivan's army in 1779, and the locality was afterwards designated and known as the Old Castle.



CORN-PLANTER.

The Senecas have had several very noted chiefs; among them we may mention "Old Smoke," "Corn-planter," and "Red Jacket." Of these, "Red Jacket" is the one of whom most has been said and written. He seems to have been in every way an extraordinary and highly gifted man. He was born in the year 1758, "When Fort Niagara was captured from the French by the British my mother has told me I was just able to crawl around the floor," he said—this is how the date of his birth has been arrived at. He died of cholera in January, 1830. The name "Red Jacket" originated with a British officer presenting him with a richly embroidered scarlet jacket in the time of the Revolutionary war. His real name was Sa-go'-ye-wàt-ha. This title was conferred upon him, according to Iroquois custom, when he became a chief. The custom of these people was for the members of the clan to meet and select a name for a child while still in infancy, and then publicly announce it in Council in connection with the

name and clan of its father and mother; then, if the child was subsequently raised up to become a sachem or chief his original name was taken away and a new one conferred upon him by the council of the nation or of the league. "Red Jacket" was a member of the Wolf clan, and the first name given to him by the members of that clan was *Q-te-ti-an-i*, meaning "always ready;" but when he became chief he was named *Sa-go'-ye-wàt-ha*, which meant "keeper awake,"—he being such a great orator no one ever slept while he was speaking. "Red Jacket" was a perfect Indian in every respect—in costume, in his contempt for the dress and language of white men; in his opposition to education and the Christian religion, and in his attachment to and veneration for the ancient customs and traditions of his tribe. He was perhaps the finest specimen of the Indian character that ever existed, and as an orator he was unequalled. His language was beautiful and figurative, and his words were delivered with the greatest ease and fluency. When approached once by a missionary on the subject of religion, he responded "We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children; it teaches us to be thankful for our mercies and to live in love; we never quarrel about religion. The Great Spirit made all—both red and white people; he has given us different customs and a different religion. The Great Spirit knows what is best for his children." On another occasion an officer of the army asked him why he was so much opposed to the missionaries, and he replied: "The missionaries do us no good; we do not understand their religion; when they read their book to us, they make it talk to suit themselves; if we had no money, no land, and no country to be cheated out of, these black-coats would not trouble themselves about our good hereafter. These black-coats ask the Great Spirit to send the light to us, but they are blind themselves, for they quarrel about the light which guides them. The red men knew nothing of trouble until the white men came. As soon as they crossed the great waters they wanted our country, and in return have always been ready to teach us how to quarrel about their religion." On one occasion, "Red Jacket" was called to the witness stand at the trial of another Indian—one of his tribe, who had murdered a supposed witch. When asked if he believed in future rewards and punishments, and the existence of a God, he replied, with a piercing look and no little indignation of expression, "Yes! much more than the white men, if we are to judge by their actions." In the course of the trial,

finding that witchcraft was being made the subject of ridicule, he exclaimed, "What! do you denounce us as fools for believing what you yourselves believed two



RED JACKET.

centuries ago? Will you punish my unfortunate brother for adhering to the faith of his fathers and yours! What has he committed, by executing, in a summary way, the laws of his country, and the command of the Great Spirit?" The appearance of "Red Jacket" when uttering these words, was noted at the time as remarkable, even for him. When fired with indignation, or burning for revenge, the expression of his eye was terrible; and when he chose to display his powers of irony, the aspect of his keen, sarcastic glance was irresistible. A rather amusing anecdote is told of him on one occasion when invited to dine at a hotel. Opposite to him at the table sat a white man who used some mustard on his beef and then pushed it over to the Indians. Red Jacket had never seen mustard before, but he took a good half-spoonful with a piece of meat into his mouth and forthwith began to weep. "What makes you cry?" asked another Indian beside him. "I was thinking of a poor old friend of mine who died the other day," he said. His companion then also took a spoonful of mustard, and began to weep. "And what makes you cry, my friend?" demanded Red Jacket. "Oh," replied the other, "I was just feeling sorry that you did not die when your friend did." The outline sketch herewith given, of Red Jacket, is from a life-size oil-color painting, now in possession of Mr. Fred H. Furniss, of Waterloo, N.Y. The original was done by the noted artist, Weir, in 1828. With all his intellectual ability and power to sway minds of others by his elo-

quence, Red Jacket was humble, and impressed with the feebleness of man in the hands of the Great Spirit. He foresaw the extermination of his race, and mourned their decay. Although he lived the life of a Pagan, there were evidences of a change of views during his later days; his remains, by his own wish, were carried to the church in which the Christian son-in-law of his wife worshipped, and were interred in a Christian burying ground. On the 9th October, 1884, Red Jacket's remains, having been disinterred, were brought to the city of Buffalo, and buried again with imposing ceremonies, and in the presence of numerous Indian delegates both from the States and from Canada, in Forest Lawn Cemetery, and a handsome monument has since been erected over his grave. In Barbara Hawes' "Tales of the North American Indians" (1844), is a story of the "Prophet of the Alleghany," in which the Seneca chief, Red Jacket, also figures; but it gives him a different character to that which has already been depicted, and represents him rather as the friend of the missionaries and their religion. The Alleghany Prophet was a tall, powerful Indian, with a deer-skin over his shoulders and a glittering tomahawk in his hand, who believed he had a divine mission imparted to him by dreams to oppose the advance of the white man's civilization and religion, and to lead the Indians back to their old way of living. Red Jacket is represented in this story as taking the part of the missionaries against the Prophet, and inducing his people to accept the white man's teaching; whereupon the Prophet of the Alleghany became enraged, denounced the vengeance of the Great Spirit upon the assembly, and, plunging into the thickness of the forest, was no more seen.

In the records of Pennsylvania history, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, may be found mention of the *Conestoga Indians*, being representatives of two nations—the Senecas and the Shawanees. In 1721, the British made a treaty with these Indians, and a coronation medal was conferred upon their chief. Conestoga, where they dwelt, was a village, lying about seventy miles west of Philadelphia. But a sad time arrived for these quiet, peaceful Indians. White settlers crowded in around them—bad people, who made every excuse they could for creating a quarrel. At length two Indians were killed by the whites. The murderers were arrested, and the Indians summoned by the governor to council to decide what should be done to them. They showed great forbearance. "One life is enough to be lost," said their chief; "they shall not die." This

was in 1722. In 1763 there were only twenty of these Conestoga Indians left; they were still living in their village, but owing to the encroachments of the white people had become miserably poor—they earned their living by making baskets and wooden bowls. Upon this little community, a band of white men known as the Paxon Brothers, descended suddenly at day-break, and stabbed, fired upon, or killed with hatchets, and then scalped every one of them—men, women, and little children, and burned their huts with fire.

The dwellings of the Senecas in the olden time were similar to those of the Mohawks and others of the Iroquois Confederacy, made somewhat in “house-shape,” with upright walls of sticks covered with elm bark, and gable or rounded roofs covered also with bark. Some of these lodges were of considerable length and accommodated several families, each family having its own fire. The wigwam in which Red Jacket was born was a dwelling of this construction; it stood directly under a sycamore tree and was sheltered by the tendrils of a wild grape vine. A description of the dress of this noted chief will give an idea as to how these people in by-gone days used to attire themselves. It consisted of a smoke-tanned deer-skin coat, a wampum or beaded sash round his waist; deer-skin leggings, fringed and ornamented with white beads; plain, unbeaded moccasins on his feet; a Washington medal on his breast, and a tomahawk pipe usually in his hand.

The Senecas still keep up some of their ancient customs and dances. Their principal dances occur four times in the year, and are called “the dog dance,” “the strawberry dance,” “the green corn dance,” and “the bread dance;” each dance lasts from a week to ten days. The dog dance occurs in January, and is the grandest dance of the year. A white dog is fattened and offered as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. The dog is adorned with gaudy ribbons, and, after being killed, a fire is built over it, and when the fire dies down the people all come up and snuff the smoke from the ashes in order to enjoy, as they think, future prosperity.

The Senecas always buried their dead in the ground, generally in a round hole in which the body sat upright on its haunches, and a round mound was raised over the grave. The “dance for the dead” was performed by women only—it was called the *O-he'-wa*; the music was entirely vocal, and it took place in the night. The “Legend of the white canoe,” taken from a late copy of the *Southern Workman*, is a Seneca story.

“In days of old, it was the custom of the Indian warriors to assemble at the *Great Cataract* and offer a

human sacrifice to the Spirit of the Falls. The offering consisted of a *white canoe* full of ripe fruit, which was then paddled over the terrible cliff by the *fairest girl* of the tribe. It was counted an honor by the tribe to whose lot it fell to make the costly sacrifice; and even the doomed maiden deemed it a high compliment. The only daughter of a chief of the *Seneca* Indians was chosen as a sacrificial offering to the Spirit of Niagara.

Her father was the bravest among the warriors, and his stern brow seldom relaxed save to his blooming child. When the lot fell on his child, *no symptom of pity* crossed his countenance; the day arrived for the sacrifice; it faded into night as the savage festivities proceeded: then the moon arose and silvered the cloud of mist that arose from out the turmoil of Niagara; and now the white canoe, laden with its precious freight, glided from the bank and swept out into the dread rapid. The young girl did not hesitate, but calmly steered her bark towards the centre of the stream, while frantic yells arose from the spectators. *Suddenly, another canoe* shot forth into the stream, and under the powerful impulse of the Seneca chief flew to destruction.

It overtook the first; the eyes of *father and child* met in one last gaze of love, and then they plunged together over the thundering cataract into eternity!

VOCABULARY.

man, hungwe.	no, tān.
woman, yagongwe.	I, i.
boy, haxa'a.	thou, išh.
house, kānusa.	my father, ha'hni.
boat,	one, 's ka'te.
river, ken hate.	two, te'keni.
water, nekānūsh.	three, sā.
fire, odjistā.	four, ke'i.
tree, karun'dā	five, wi's.
horse, gu sa'dās.	six, hie'.
dog, shu'wash.	seven, tca'dak.
knife, kai'natca.	eight, te'kron̄.
tobacco, wi yān'kwa.	nine, ki yu'tōn̄.
yes, hōw.	ten, wa's he.

The following books and papers have been referred to in the foregoing account of the Seneca Indians:—Catlin; Indian Bureau Report (Washington); Mortuary Customs of North American Indians (Yarrow); the American Indian (Haines); Races of Mankind; the Red Man; The Indian; The Pipe of Peace; The Indian's Friend; Indian Department Report (Ottawa); The Iroquois Confederation (Hale); Pamphlet by Geo. S. Conover; Rites of Adoption, by the Seneca Indians; Century of Dishonor; North American Indians.

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

 MEMBERS who have paid their subscriptions to this society will for the present receive a copy of OUR FOREST CHILDREN. It must necessarily be some little time before the journal of the Society, "The Canadian Indian," can be published. The first issue will appear, if possible, the first of October, and it will take the place of OUR FOREST CHILDREN. The price of the new journal will be a dollar a year, but subscribers to OUR FOREST CHILDREN will receive the new publication until their paid-up subscription (50 cents) runs out, without any extra charge. The editors of the "Canadian Indian" are Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, and Mr. H. B. Small, President of the Historical and Literary Society, Ottawa. The magazine will be octavo in size, about twenty pages in length, illustrated much as OUR FOREST CHILDREN is at present, and will be issued monthly. It will give general information of mission and educational work among the Indians (irrespective of denomination), besides having papers of an ethnological, philological and archaeological character. Members of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, who have paid up their subscription of \$2, will receive one copy each month of the journal free.

The following names have been added to the membership list of the "Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society" since our last issue:—W. H. Parker, W. D. Lighthall, Rev. G. O. Troop, Rev. Dr. Norton, the Dean of Montreal, W. W. L. Chipman, Watson Griffin, John Reade, R. W. Heneker, Rev. Geo. Thornloe, Alex. Winter, Rev. Principal Adams, Rev. J. M. Davenport, Rev. Canon DeVeber, Rev. R. Simonds, G. F. Matthews, T. B. Robinson, Rev. Canon Brigstocke, Mrs. Almon, Rev. W. W. Campbell, Nehemiah Marks, John L. Harris, R. J. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Maury, Rev. F. W. Vroom, Rev. Dr. Mockridge, Rev. Arnouldus Miller.

The number of members is at present 101. Any persons wishing to become members of the Society will please send their names and addresses, with subscription (\$2) enclosed, either to the Secretary, Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., or to the Treasurer, W. L. Marler, Merchants' Bank, Ottawa.

We are sorry to have to record the departure to their homes of several of our pupils on account of ill-health, and there are still two in the hospital who are too ill to be removed.

MY WIFE AND I.**A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.**

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

 T was a good-sized low-ceiled room, about eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, and had one small window. The walls were plastered smooth and had their upper part whitewashed and their lower part brown-washed, giving the appearance of wainscoting four feet or so high all the way round; the ceiling showed the horizontal cedar beams on which rested sticks supporting a foot or so of adobe soil; the floor was clay, as hard as asphalt and quite clean; a low adobe wall on our right as we entered formed a sort of porch and kept the draught of the door from entering the room. In the angle formed by this low partition and the front wall of the house was the fire-place—very neatly constructed—and a bright fire burning. The Pueblo fire-places are always in a corner, the wood is stood upright, and a chimney carries off the smoke. On the other side of the room was a small table covered with American oil-cloth, and there were two chairs; the cooking utensils, with the exception of a frying pan, seemed to be all of home manufacture, for these people are skilled in the art of pottery, and can make any vessel from a small cup or vase up to a ten-gallon jar. A large black clay globular-shaped pot, full of water for drinking, stood in one corner of the room, and another pot with hot water in it was standing in the fire-place. Around the room were shelves and hooks on which were articles of dress, and homemade blankets of close texture and many various colors. There were also several pictures and a metal cross on the wall. The only inmates of this dwelling when we entered it, were an old man about ninety years of age lying on the floor near the fire, and a young Indian woman, who, as we came in, withdrew to an adjoining room. Who the old man was we could not tell, but we did not think it was the governor; he understood Mexican, and told us in that language, interspersed with a word or two of English, that he was sick—very sick. In a few minutes another man came in; he had long black hair flowing loose over his shoulders, had leggings and moccasins, and was wrapped in a dark blue blanket with black stripes; he shook hands with us and then seated himself on the floor with his back to the wall. This was the governor. He did not understand English, but seemed affable and desirous of making friends with us. I showed him

my photographs of the Shingwauk Home, and said "mi casa," which he understood, and asked if it was "escuela." We made him understand that we wanted an interpreter, and he sent for a young fellow named Santiago, a Santa Clara Indian who had been eight months at the Ramona school, and during that time had learned how to write and to speak a little English; he had not, however, become Americanized either in dress or manner, for his costume was thoroughly Indian—he had bright yellow buckskin leggings and beaded moccasins, wore a red bandana handkerchief round his temples, confining his long black unclipped locks, and had a blanket over his shoulders. Santiago was very communicative and very anxious to display his little stock of English, and so proved a ready, if not a very correct, interpreter. He had never heard of England or English; his only ideas of distinction of race were "Americano," Mexicano and Indio; so he explained to the chief that I was an Americano from a long way off up north and had been twenty years among the Indians.

The evening was now drawing in fast and the room in which we sat was darkening. What was to be done? It seemed unsatisfactory to pay so short a visit. I had had no time to sketch and no time to collect any Tesuque words. I bade Santiago ask the governor if he would have any objection to my remaining for the night, giving my reasons for wishing to do so. The friendly governor was quite agreeable to the proposal, and Santiago said he would lend me a burro to go back to Santa Fé on in the morning, so I said good-bye to Mr. Fenning and he started off on his return journey to Santa Fé, leaving me alone with the Pueblo Indians. Santiago also went back to his own house.

I thought I would make the most of the wanling daylight, so I asked the governor for a cup of water, making signs with my hand on my sketch book that I wanted to paint. The governor seemed quite to understand, and after fumbling a little while in a box, produced an *ink bottle*. No, I said, not that—and looking round I found and took up a cup and got some water from the big black jar in the corner. A number of Indians stood around me while I sketched and seemed amused to watch the progress of the picture, especially when a burro and an old man carrying a baby appeared on the paper. I had only just time to paint in quickly the lights and shadows of my sketch, and then it was dark, and I had to shut my book and climb up the ladder again to the governor's house.

CHAPTER XVI.—A NIGHT IN A PUEBLO.

I WONDERED what the governor was going to give me for supper. I had nothing whatever with me except my painting materials and a note book.

Presently a squaw came in with something in a saucer and placed it on the table. There were two squaws, both young bright-looking women, and I understood they were both wives of the governor; they wore their hair "banged" in front and cut somewhat short all round; their dress seemed to consist of some sort of print jacket, with wide loose arms, and a small colored homemade blanket wrapped around the lower part of the body, in the place of a skirt, and secured by a sash or strap round the waist. Below this short skirt appeared their white leather leggings and moccasins. The women seemed bright and cheerful and moved about with alacrity. In a few moments the other squaw mentioned came in with a cup and a tin coffee pot and deposited them on the table. Then the first one came in again with what looked like a half ream of yellow paper, foolscap size, and laid it on the table. Then they motioned to me that supper was ready. I commenced my meal with perfect composure. The only thing that seemed to me to be still needed was a knife. I had just learned the word "knife" from Santiago, so asked for a "tsiyo." The squaws laughed to each other and seemed to wonder whatever in the world I could want a knife for, but they brought me one, a big butcher knife, probably the only one in the house. I found out afterwards that I had made a mistake in asking for a knife. The Tesuque Indians use a knife for cutting strips of meat off the carcass of a dead



HAVING SUPPER.

sheep or goat, and they use a knife for cutting these strips into little chunks about the size of one's thumbnail, but they do not use a knife at meals, they use

their fingers. The stuff in the saucer which was first brought in I found was little cubes of mutton or goat meat broiled with onions. The half ream of foolscap proved to be "*waiva*," the native bread, made of Indian corn ; it is as thin as paper and the sheets are laid together in packets and pressed ; when you break off a piece it all goes to shivers. So I began my meal. First I took up the half ream of paper in my left hand and tried to pinch off a corner of it with the fingers and thumb of my right ; after a good deal of wrenching and twisting I succeeded in breaking a piece off, but it went to shivers when I laid it on the table. Then I drew the saucer of meat to me, and using the fingers of my left hand for a fork and the butcher knife in my right hand, I succeeded in detaching a few choice pieces of meat from the adjoining gristle and conveyed them to my mouth. Then I put some paper in and chewed it. Then I poured myself out a cup of coffee and put some sugar in and drank. It would take quite a little time to get so used to a Tesuque supper as to enjoy it, nevertheless it was very kind and hospitable of the governor to treat me so well. As soon as I had finished, the Indians had their supper on the floor. The bill of fare was the same as that provided me, and I was gratified to notice that they broke the paper bread and ate it much in the same way as I had done. I was a little mortified, however, to find how mistaken I had been in asking for a knife ; the little cubes of mutton were just the right size to go into an average-sized mouth, and of course I ought to have taken them up with my fingers. After supper was cleared away, Santiago came in again, and I took down from him a good list of Tesuque words. Then he asked if I would like to go round and visit the people, and I said "yes," and followed him.

A clear, bright, starlight night. For a moment I stand on the parapet outside the governor's house, grasping the top of the rude ladder which leads to the court below, and gaze around. There are the dark shadows of the terraces all around the court, faint lights gleaming from the little eighteen-inch square windows of the Indians' houses, and above are the dome-shaped ovens and the tall, gaunt, weird-looking chimneys and the tops of ladders, some short, some long, bristling up among them. In the court below can be dimly seen the dark forms of burros moving about, and a blanketed Indian here and there crossing from one house to another or climbing a ladder. The stillness of the night is broken by the monotonous tum, tum, tum of an Indian drum, accompanied by the Hekh !

he-e-e-e, Hekh ! hai-ai-ai-oi, which seems always to be the principal part of an Indian song, whether for war or peace. "You want see 'm dance?" Santiago asks me. "Yes," I reply. "Come this way then, up ladder." So we climb a ladder to an upper terrace, and arrive at the door whence the sound of the drumming is proceeding. Santiago opens it unceremoniously, and we enter. By the dim light of the fire I see several persons moving about, and a tall Indian in a blanket rocking a baby very vigorously in a hammock swinging from the rafters. We cross this room and enter another. Down by the fire a young woman is beating a barrel-shaped Indian drum. She stops and laughs as we enter, and then shyly withdraws. Santiago immediately takes her place, sits on his heels, and drums away vigorously, accompanying his drumming with his voice. It appears to have the same effect on the Indian as a fiddle on the white man ; a squaw with a baby on her back starts to dance, and then a man joins in, and then a girl—all dancing separately, but keeping time to the music. In a corner of the same room is a young Indian woman grinding corn ; neither the sound of the music nor the presence of a white man seems to distract her ; she is bound to get that corn pulverized, and works away at it like a laundress at her wash tub. The simile is by no means out of place. The mills used by the Pueblo Indians are strong wooden troughs set on the floor. The trough is perhaps eight feet long, two and a half feet wide and fifteen inches deep, and is divided into three compartments. Each compartment is provided with a sloping slab of stone like a washboard. Another slab of stone about twenty inches long, four inches wide and an inch and a half thick, like a large whet stone, is held horizontally with both hands and rubbed up and down the large slab by a woman kneeling at the trough, just for all the world like washing clothes ; the grain, it is scarcely necessary to add, is put between the two stones a little at a time. The stones in the three troughs are of varying coarseness, and the meal is passed from one trough to another until it is reduced to the required fineness. The woman whom I am watching works away with great dexterity. You can scarcely see her lifting the corn a few grains at a time from her side and slipping it between the stones, so quick are her movements. The meal slips down the sloping stone slab to the side of the trough opposite to her and from there it will be removed to the adjoining compartment for another grinding.

Santiago has finished his drumming and we are about

to leave, when the tall Indian swinging the baby bids us be seated. So we squat down on our heels near the fire. No sooner have we done this than a squaw comes forward with a saucer full of mutton cubes and puts it on the floor before us, and then a half-ream of paper and two things that looked like large apple puffs, also two cups and a pot of coffee. It is very kind. I would not on any account offend these good simple-hearted people by refusing their hospitality, so I take up one of the things that looks like an apple puff, and I find that it is an apple puff, or at any rate it is a fruit puff of some kind, it may be apple, it may be peach, it may be quince—for they grow all these—but probably it is a mixture of all three. Santiago also takes a puff. We each eat a little and drink a little of the coffee. The room is lighted only by the flickering flames of the fire, it appears to be clean and of about the same size as the governor's. The baby is still swinging—swinging very high—he goes within two inches of the rafters every time the tall Indian sways the hammock. Were it a white nurse, I should tremble for the child's safety, but in the hands of an Indian I know he is safe. After a time baby seems to have got to sleep, so the tall Indian ceases that amusement and resorts to another: a little girl about four years old is toddling about the room; in another moment she is lassoed and struggling with a fine horse-hair line tight round her neck. The tall Indian laughingly draws the child to him and frees her, and the little creature seems to enjoy the joke quite as well as her father. Having concluded our second supper, we now say good night, pass out of the door and climb down the ladder. As we cross the court the moon is just rising. We try the door of another house. It appears to be locked, but a movement is heard within, and in another minute it is opened by a man. He appears to be naked, but, seeing visitors, withdraws and gets his blanket, and then invites us in. Two women are wrapped up in blankets on the floor, one here, another over there. The room is nearly dark, but our host puts wood on the fire and makes a blaze, and we squat down and warm ourselves. In the conversation that follows, the women from their beds join in and often laugh heartily, but do not shew their faces. I feel a little afraid every now and then that they are going to get up and give us another feed of mutton and brown paper; happily, however, they lie still. It is now 9 o'clock, and seems to me about time for bed. Santiago interprets my thoughts, and says: "You go sleep?" "Yes," I respond. So we cross the court again and climb the

ladder to the governor's house. Santiago pushes open the door, and I follow him in. The family appears to have pretty generally retired to rest. Five or six lumps, covered up with blankets, occupy various parts of the floor. The only sounds that greet us are somnolent sighs and a few snores. The fire is still flickering on the hearth. Near it is a small mattress, unoccupied, a small white bolster at the head, and a Navajo blanket cast down at the foot. "That's you bed I guess," says Santiago. I tell him I am very much obliged. Santiago says he is going back to the dance, but will come and see me again in the morning.

The bedroom accommodation is about what I had expected, but I rather wish there were not quite so many people in the room. The air is close, and I fear will get worse before morning. I wind my watch, remove my coat and waistcoat, put my overcoat over the bolster as a precaution and lie down. I sleep fairly.



IN BED.

Every time I wake I hear the tum-tum-tum of the drum across the court and inwardly wish that the evil spirit, which these Indians think to keep away by their drumming, could be disposed of in some less noisy manner. The dog at my feet sits up and scratches himself several times during the night. The old man who is sick groans and sighs a good deal. The little children whimper a little now and then, and are soothed and comforted by their respective mothers. Several of the party require to clear their throats frequently.

(To be continued.)

MRS. HALSON having been obliged through ill health to give up her post as Hon.-Sec. to the Wawanosh Home, her place will be supplied for the present by Miss BATTY, Ye Gabled House, The Parks, Oxford, Eng., who has kindly agreed to receive subscriptions for the Girls' Home.

W. L. WILSON.

The Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.


It was a happy coincidence that the Indian School at Carlisle should be established in the State named after a man who always dealt honorably with the Indians. It is a happier coincidence that the school is controlled by a humane and religious policy which would most surely have met the cordial approbation of William Penn. Here, on ground once owned by him, the deed for which was given by his heirs, stands the oldest and most prosperous of our government Indian Industrial Schools. It is in the line of restitution to some extent that the school is conducted in buildings once occupied by men whose business it was to fight the Indians. The Carlisle barracks were established in 1757 as an outpost against the Indians. The old stone guard-house, regarded with interest by all visitors, and used to-day in the discipline of recalcitrant Indian boys, was built by the Hessians during the Revolutionary war. The barracks were used for a time by Washington and his troops during the whiskey insurrection. The twenty-seven acres of land occupied by the post were not actually purchased from the Penns until in 1801, and Captain Pratt has in his possession the original deed, making the sale for \$600. It would hardly be possible to find a better location for an Indian School than here; in the heart of the beautiful Cumberland Valley, midway between the North and South Mountains, a healthy region, in a highly cultivated agricultural country, abounding in the fruits of religion and civilization, and where the farmers freely offer homes for the Indians, cordially co-operating with Capt. Pratt in his administration of the school. In fact, there is nothing here to remind the Indian of his aboriginal condition, except the Indian trail from Gettysburg Junction—across the green, through two brick-yards, over fences, across a field, through mud, shoe deep the day I walked it—up to the gate where hangs the suggestive sign, “No admittance on Sunday.” Then there bursts upon the view the commodious buildings, arranged around a lovely lawn, the trees, the flowers, everything to make a school attractive.

This school was started by Capt. R. H. Pratt, Sept. 6th, 1879, by order of the War and Interior Departments, and its decennial was observed two weeks ago with enthusiastic and appropriate exercises. But it is a humiliating fact that our Government has been engaged in killing Indians one hundred years, and in this school work only ten. It is estimated that the average

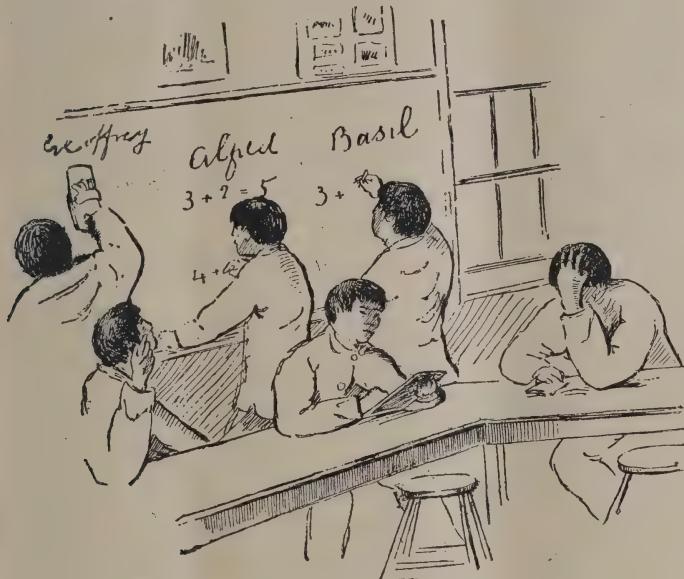
cost of every Indian killed in the last twenty years has been \$100,000, and Capt. Pratt declares that “during this period there has been enough spent in Indian wars to have paid for the education and civilization of the Indians twice over.” The Government appropriation for the education of an Indian is \$167 a year, but through the advantage of the system and economy of administration, it costs only \$140 a year at Carlisle, and Capt. Pratt says: “On the annual appropriation of \$100,000 I will undertake to educate 1000 children annually.”

The school started ten years ago with an attendance of one hundred and forty pupils, which has steadily increased till now there are six hundred and eighty-five, more than one-half of whom are boys. Over sixteen hundred Indians have already received instruction in this school. There were thirty-four new arrivals the day before my visit, and I was assured that even twenty-four hours made a difference in their appearance—the change effected by new scenes, soap and water and different dress. One thing to be broken up is the tribal feeling, akin to that of caste. The Sioux regard themselves as the “big Indians” of all, and are aristocratic, over-bearing and disposed to be tyrannical. But they are coupled with the Indians from other tribes at the table and in the dormitory, and are soon taught that they are no better than the rest. The Apaches are generally regarded as the most intractable of all the tribes, but Capt. Pratt and the teachers testify that the boys and girls from this tribe, more than one hundred of whom were present, are among the best students in the school and the best hands on the farm. The morning of my departure ten Indian boys were leaving to pass the winter on farms, and in bidding them all good-bye, in his parting words of advice, Capt. Pratt urged the Sioux boys “to be as good as the Apaches.” Part of the very practical system of the school is to put as many of the boys as possible out with the farmers, who receive them into their families, pay them well for their work and send them to common schools in the winter. The demand is always large—all through Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware—in the best of homes, and thus the boys are trained to the occupation they must mostly pursue, in the midst of the best influences of civilized life. About three hundred of the boys are now thus out. It is Capt. Pratt’s idea, as he well expressed it to the Indians in my presence; “Boys, you must learn to work. If you can only have a little learning or a knowledge of work, take the work every time, and on a farm. That is the way the most of you

must make a living. If I had my way, I would distribute the whole 250,000 of you all over the United States; not allow a single Indian on a Reservation; not allow two of you to be together until you were civilized; keep you among our people until you became good, industrious citizens. On a farm every one of you has a good teacher all to himself." This is only a sample of the good, practical sense exhibited by Capt. Pratt in his administration of the school. It was a delightful surprise to see the skill of the Indian boys in the carpenter, blacksmith, tailor, harness, tin, and paint shops; and of the girls in the laundry and sewing rooms. It is a capital combination of study and work; half a day in the school-room and half a day in the

during the evening study-hour, assembled in their several grades, in the fourteen recitation rooms, as handsome as those of any college—electric light, folding seats, black boards, sand beds to teach geography, all the conveniences and appurtenances of the modern school, and, best of all, the living, loving teacher, bending with affectionate enthusiasm over her wards. It is Christianity in action. * * *

The teachers never forget the importance of heart education; and when they do, Capt. Pratt thinks the Government might as well close the school. The churches of Carlisle are open for the children, who fill the Sabbath schools and attend the services, and many of them make profession of religion. In brief, if any denominational mission-school is doing more for the religious interest of the Indians, it should be known. The great idea, well attained, is to turn out Christian citizens. When I put the question to a bright young Indian "Do many fall back to their old habits when they return to their tribes?" he promptly answered: "Of course some do, just as our boys at Yale and Harvard—I say OUR, for I am an American—and it would not be right to expect more of the Indians than of the whites." The same young man went on to say: "I am a student in Dickinson college, and in three years more I will be a classical scholar; that is to say, I will receive the degree of B.A.; I will support myself, as I do



APACHE BOYS AT SCHOOL.

work-shop, with plenty of time between for play. Many have the idea that the Indians are stolid and rarely laugh, but that impression is dissipated by the sight of the children enjoying themselves in romp and play on the lawn and in the gymnasium just as do white children, excepting that they are less boisterous. The teacher in the sewing room told me "the fifty or sixty girls in this department talk, laugh and gossip just as much as white girls."

It was an impressive sight to see these children

now, by working on a salary. After I graduate I shall take a course in engineering in Lehigh University, and then pursue that profession." Another young Indian left the day I did, to enter Rutgers college, intending to study law and practice among his own people—the Pueblos—who have nineteen villages in New Mexico, having old Spanish grants which it is necessary to protect, "and," said Capt. Pratt, "in putting this young man through such a course, for such a purpose, I think I am doing Christian work." Last May the

school graduated its first class, (fourteen—seven boys and seven girls—from ten tribes), and several of them have entered higher institutions of learning. The pupils are allowed to remain at Carlisle only five years—surely a short time in which to expect to accomplish much with an Indian boy from a wild tribe of the plains; and no wonder Capt. Pratt earnestly advocates making it ten years.

The discipline of the school is military, but just as it would be for the white pupils. It is largely self-discipline; the same method Capt. Pratt practised with Indian prisoners in Florida. In case of an offence an order is issued, a court martial detailed from the boys themselves, the trial held, the verdict given, and the only interference of Capt. Pratt is to occasionally tone down the severity of the sentence. The use of the Indian language and tobacco are strictly prohibited; and the boys are called upon to report for themselves whether they have used either, and if they have, they are punished by fine. They acquire the English tongue quite rapidly, and it is considered very important to break up the barbarous Indian dialects, no two of which are alike, in order to more speedily civilize and Christianize the Indians. These Indians are from more than forty tribes, including about one hundred from each, the Apache, the Oneida, Pueblo and Sioux tribes; a considerable number from the Cheyenne, Comanche, Pawnee and Winnebago tribes, and even the Alaskan Indians. It is a good place to study the Indian question. Any one in doubt upon the subject, and open to conviction, should visit Carlisle. As I looked at these Indians on the lawn, in the work-shop, in the reading-room, in the dormitory, in the dining-room, in the school-room, in the gymnasium, at their work and at their study, I felt I had seen a wonder of Nature at Niagara, a wonder of war at Gettysburg, and a wonder of peace here at Carlisle.

S. S. GILSON,

—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Carlisle, Pa.

Jottings.

AN extract from a letter just received, says: "The 'Forest Children' was very interesting; your Uncle Charles said he should read some of it to the congregation, for here we so seldom hear of the doings of the Indians in Canada."

A LETTER has just arrived stating that Zosie, one of the little Indian boys who is accompanying Mr. Wilson on his tour through N.S. and N.B., has caught the measles.

CROWFOOT, Chief of the Blackfeet Indians in the North-west Territories, was buried at Gleichen recently. About 800 Indians attended his funeral.

ACCORDING to our usual custom, all the boys worked out of doors during the first week of May—some gardening, some repairing fences, building stone walls and giving the Homes their much-needed spring cleaning.

THE carpenter and his gang of boys have been busy repainting all the outbuildings, making them look like new. In fact, signs of their industry and skill are everywhere visible. This is principally due to the care and oversight of our popular mechanical superintendent, Mr. J. W. Madden.

FOR the last two weeks little Asa has hung between life and death, tended by the loving care and watchfulness of Miss Pigot. He suffered much, but all was ended on Tuesday, the 6th. It was due to inflammation of the lungs, a disease which causes much mortality among the Indians. To attempt to describe Miss Pigot's devotion would be vain. Suffice it to say that no nurse was ever more patient, unselfish and long suffering. We cannot thank her; she finds her thanks in her work.

Ante-Mortem Preparations

THE natives of Southeastern Alaska, when one of their number becomes very sick, conclude that he must necessarily die, and at once set about making all needful preparations.

Not long since, some men called at the Sitka Mission to arrange with the missionary for the funeral of a friend. Inquiring when the man died, the missionary was informed that he was not dead yet, but soon would be.

Upon going to the sick man's house he was found still alive, but dressed up in his best clothes ready for the burial. He had been made to think that he would shortly die, and he did a few hours afterwards.

Some weeks ago, a mother inquired anxiously concerning lumber for a coffin for her sick boy. The boy is still alive and bids fair to live months yet.

Mr. McCullough, of Aiyansh, gives the following incident in the same line:

One day, while passing through the village of Git-lakdamuke, I was accosted by a repulsive-looking individual—a medicine-man.

"I was just coming down to see you, Shimoigat," he explained; "it is not often that I ask you for anything, but I want a little black paint now."

"What do you want black paint for?" I inquired, thinking, perhaps, that he had added something new to his *materia medica*.

"Oh," said he, "I have just made the coffin for Laubagan's wife, and I want to paint the railings around her grave."

"And when did she die?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "she is not dead yet, but," in quite a matter-of-fact tone, "she soon will die!"

"I will see her then," said I, turning into the house. Here I found Laubagan supporting his wife in his arms, while she was struggling and gasping in the relentless grip of a ruthless cough. Having observed her for a little, I concluded that, if left as she was, she would soon indeed fulfil the medicine-man's prophecy, but that with a little stimulant and nourishment she might be sustained and brought under the healing power of some proper medicine. She was just like a mummy, save of a lighter complexion. Wrapped up in some blankets, and placed in a canoe, she was soon comfortably accommodated at Aiyansh. Just as I expected, she soon began to improve, slowly but surely, and, much to the astonishment of every one, two months later she resumed her accustomed household duties, while the medicine-man's own wife died and filled her coffin."—*The Sitka North Star.*

What Next for the Indian?

THIS conundrum is more than three hundred years old. It faced the first settlers. They met it bravely and earnestly; at times with gunpowder and ball, at times with Bible and missionary work. Some of the early settlers were as earnest in seeking education for the Indian as any of their descendants could be. The Bible translated by John Eliot into the Indian language lies open in one of the book-cases of Harvard College Library. There is no longer an Indian to read it, but it is something more than a literary curiosity. It remains a memorial of the unselfish effort which was put forth in the very first settlement of New England to Christianize the Indian. The records of Harvard College contain the names of more than one Indian who was ushered into this temple of learning by the early fathers. The work of Jonathan Edwards among the Stockbridge Indians has left its impress upon that tribe, though far removed from their early home.

The question to-day in regard to the Indian is in some respects the question of yesterday. It is, above all things, a question of education. It has been shown from the very beginning that individual Indians could

be taken from the woods, and, through Education in Christian homes, schools and colleges, be brought up to the average standard of modern civilization, and sometimes pass much beyond it. The trouble has come when we have tried to apply education to the whole tribe. We have never been able to lift a tribe entirely out of barbarism while it retained its tribal organization and heritage of language and custom. Sometimes, indeed, very marked gains have been made through the influence of missionaries who have lived for years among the Indians, and who have succeeded in infusing into them something of the spirit and method of American civilization. But, when we think of two centuries and a-half of effort in behalf of the Indian, as earnest and constant as any efforts made to destroy him, the results that we have to show are not very great. It is not hard to find the reason. We have pursued, for the most part, a wrong method. The idea has been to keep the Indian an Indian. What we need to do, on the contrary, is to have him cease to be an Indian as soon as possible. It may not involve always a change of skin, but it must involve a change of life and habit.

The error of herding the Indians together and turning them into paupers through a liberal distribution of Government rations has now been recognized. The Dawes bill of 1887 was a final blow at the reservation system. The Indians are now to take up land in severalty, and as soon as possible to be ushered into the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship.

COINE of the victories we claim for Carlisle, is that its students coming to us clad in rags and speaking no English, are sent home after five years, well clad and generally with trunks filled with clothing and other useful things, and money in their pockets. The party of one hundred and seventeen that left July 8th, required a large baggage car to carry their trunks and valises checked through, and they carried in their pockets, money of their own earnings amounting to over \$2,000. A hand-cart would probably have carried all their baggage when they first came to the school, and probably it would have been impossible to have found ten dollars in the whole party. Most of them came without English; they went away with the ability to speak and use the language intelligently.

THE Indians of Oregon make it a point to pay the debts of their dead relatives. A Portland merchant has been paid \$330 of a debt of \$345 due him from an Indian who died several years ago.

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

APRIL—1890.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following clothing and gifts to the Indian Homes, Sault Ste. Marie :

From W. G. Egar, Deseronto, a box of seeds, etc.

From a "Friend," towards screen in Bishop Fauquier's Memorial Chapel, \$4.00.

From Mr. W. Wilson, \$1, towards Organ Fund.

From St James Church S.S., Ingersoll, for Bella Naudée, a box of most comfortable and useful clothing.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM APRIL 10TH TO MAY 5TH, 1890.

R. STARK, \$1; a Friend, per Mr. Boyd, \$6; G. W. Marsh, \$10; Church Redeemer S.S., Toronto, for boy, \$18.75; Uxbridge S.S., \$9.42; Miss Barrett, \$2; York Mills S.S., \$3; All Saints S.S., Drummondville, Easter Offering, \$10; Mrs. Killaby, Easter Offering, \$5; Wingham S.S., Easter Offering, \$6; Mount Forest S.S., for boy, \$12.50; W. D. Worden, Toronto, Easter Offering, \$1; St. James S.S., Ormskirk, Infant Class, \$3; Trinity S.S., Durham, \$18; St. Paul's S.S., London, for boy, \$15; St. Paul's S.S., London, for Building, Medicine Hat, \$50; St. James' S.S., Ingersoll, for girl, \$25; Christ Church S.S., Meaford, \$13; Grace Church S.S., Watertown, Easter Offering, \$4.50; The Misses Patterson, \$10; Arch. Duncan, Sunnyside Tyrconnel, \$5; St. John's S.S., Elora, \$9; Cookstown S.S., \$3.12; Parkdale Epiphany Boxes, \$9.79; All Saints' Collingwood, for boy, \$9.38; St. John's, Peterborough, for girl, \$12.50; Holy Trinity S.S., Yarmouth, N.S., for boy, \$20; Holy Trinity S.S., Yarmouth, N.S., for girl, \$10; Diocese of Montreal, per J. J. Mason, \$11; Christ Church S.S., Campbellford, \$5.55; Trinity S.S., Mitchell, for boy, \$6.25; A. H. Coleman, \$1; Pembroke, \$7.17; St. George's, Ottawa, \$50; St. George's Church Guild, Kingston, \$15; St. John's Church, Portsmouth, \$8; St. Charles' S.S., Dereham, \$4.76; R. B. Street, \$4; Trinity Church S.S., Liverpool, N.S., \$2; Grimsby S.S., \$10; Holy Trinity S.S., Toronto, for boy and girl, \$15.

Receipts—O.F.C.

APRIL 10TH, 1890.

MISS PIGOT, \$2; Rev. P. Roe, \$1; Rev. F. W. Dobbs, \$2; Mrs. Mansell, \$1; H. J. Mudge, \$1; J. C. Phipps, \$1; Mrs. Shepherd, 50c; N. Moses, 50c; D. C. McTavish \$1; G. H. Garden, \$1; Miss Boulthope, 50c; Miss C. Lawson, \$1; Miss Barlow, \$2; H. H. Thompson, 50c; J. W. Hamly, 50c; Miss Crawford, \$1; J. E. Baker, 25c; E. B. Kenrick, \$1; Rev. A. H. Coleman, \$1; G. B. Kirkpatrick, \$2; Miss Fleet, \$1; Rev. M. Eells, 50c; R. B. Street, \$1; A. Healy, 50c; Mrs. Martin, 50c; D. C. McTavish, \$1; T. Dowler, \$1.50; Col. Sumner, \$1; Rev. W. E. Graham, \$1; Mrs. Gaul, 50c.

REV. E. F. WILSON desires to acknowledge with many thanks the following offerings to his work, received while travelling :—

Miss Johnson, for girl, \$3; Rev. J. C. Cox, \$2; Alex. Henderson, \$5; R. H. Buchanan, for girl, \$50; Collection, Synod Hall, Montreal, \$35.54; Rev. Canon Mulock, \$5; Sherbrooke Lenten Offerings, for Medicine Hat, \$22.20; Sherbrooke collection at meeting, \$33.11; Wilfred Whitcher, 50cts.; Collection at Lennoxville, \$20.52; Mrs. Roe, for girl, \$25; Collection, St. Andrews', \$12; Miss E. J. Scannell, \$5; Mr. Lawrence, \$1; Rev. Canon DeVeber, \$20; Trinity Sunday School, St.

Stephen, N. B., \$10; The Most Rev. Bishop Medley, £5 (\$24.30); Collection, Truro, \$14.65; Girls' Auxiliary, Truro, for girl, \$14; Sunday School, Truro, \$3.16; J. N. Wilson, \$3; Collection, Dartmouth, \$13.23; J. J. Hunt, \$5; Mrs. J. J. Hunt, \$5; Miss Ratchford, \$2; Envelopes, St. George's, Halifax, \$3.75; Collection, St. Paul's Halifax, \$44.65; Collection, Windsor, N.S., \$19.31; Collection, St. Luke's, Annapolis, N.S., \$33.28.

NOTE.—The collections at Farnham, P.Q., St. John, N.B., and some few other places were remitted through the Diocesan Secretary, and will be acknowledged when received.

DURING MR. WILSON'S absence from home, contributions towards the support of his work should be sent as usual to Sault Ste. Marie, Mrs. Wilson having power of attorney to endorse cheques, &c.

Died.

At the Shingwauk Hospital, May 6th, ASA, aged 9 years.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

EDITED BY THE

REV. E. F. WILSON

SAULT STE. MARIE, - - - ONTARIO.

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Also, THE WASHAKADA HOME, for Indian children, at Elkhorn, Manitoba.

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PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SALE.

AT SHINGWAUK HOME.

A Beautiful Photograph of the SHINGWAUK PUPILS who went with Mr. Wilson to Montreal and Ottawa, mailed	50c.
The two BLACKFEET BOYS, mailed	30c.
WILLIE and ELIJAH (who went with Mr. Wilson in 1886,) mailed	25c.
SHINGWAUK, CHAPEL and a General View of the Shingwauk Buildings from the river (mailed), each	35c.

OUR FOREST CHILDREN,

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF INDIAN EDUCATION AND CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IV., No. 5.]

SHINGWAUK HOME, AUGUST, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 15.

Letter to the Sunday Schools.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—The holidays have commenced at last, and nearly all the boys and girls have gone home. The schools broke up on Friday, the 27th of June. At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of that day every one assembled in the school-room. The Bishop of Algoma, who had kindly consented to give away the prizes, first addressed the boys; this was followed by one or two addresses from other gentlemen who were present. The Indian chief Buhkuzyjenene, who had come up from Garden River for the occasion, made a very animated speech. The Bishop then gave away the prizes, after which "God save the Queen" was sung very heartily. At 6 p.m. all the boys and girls had a splendid tea, laid out under the trees, and late in the evening the girls returned to the Wawanosh. Some of them left for home that night, but the greater part had to wait till next day. I remember one funny little occurrence in connection with Friday. Louisa S., a little girl seven or eight years of age, is the proud possessor of a very diminutive parasol, which she carries about with her on every possible occasion. Friday being a very hot day, of course this young woman arrived with her parasol. But when the time came for the girls to go home and they all assembled in front of the house, the blazing sun had disappeared and the moon was slowly rising in its stead. I suppose Louisa had never been up so late before in her life, at any rate directly she got outside the house she put up her parasol and began to look for the sun. She always did this, for unless she got her parasol directly between herself and the sun, it was too small to be of any use. Well, she stared about for a minute or two, and at last asked in a tone of intense astonishment, "Where ever is the sun?" The girl addressed (an elder sister, I think) answered in a rather shocked voice, "Lou-i-sa, stupid, the sun has gone, it's the moon now." "Well, I must keep the moon off me, then," was the ready retort, and tilting her parasol to exactly the right angle, away she went. How we all laughed! To see this ridiculous little mite trotting calmly down the avenue, with a tiny fringed parasol protecting her from the moonlight, was very funny.

One of the little Islands in front of the Home has now become quite a popular resort. A rustic wooden bridge has been built to connect it with the mainland, and it has been nicely cleared—that is to say a good deal of the thick underbrush has been cleared away, and delightful little paths made, twisting and winding in different directions. At every turn one is confronted by a sign-board pointing to "Readers' Retreat," "Bay View," "Shingwauk View," etc.

The 1st of July passed off without very much demonstration on the part of the boys here. It was a very rainy day, and out-door sports were out of the question. Just before prize-giving day, the "Buckskin Base Ball Club" played a club from the American Sault, and beat them, amid much rejoicing on the part of their school-fellows. The band has had to be given up, as some of the best players have gone home. Those that are left were greatly disappointed at not being able to play in the Sault on Dominion Day, as they were asked to do.

Please address any questions to be answered in these letters, to

BARBARA BIRCHBARK,
(Care of Rev. E. F. Wilson.)

Indian Ingratitude.

(1) In some Indian languages there is not a single expression for "I am grateful to you," but they will say, "You have a good heart." For all favors received, they expect to give as much in return. When this principle is applied to them in their relation to the white people, they accept without thanks and do not expect to pay again, as they think that the white people have received in land more than they can ever repay in gifts to their red brethren. Hence it savors of ingratitude to us, who do not expect anything in return, to see them accept benefits without a word of thanks.—*MacLean.*

(2) Among the Indians of the Pacific coast, there exists a festival known as "Potlach." It is a Chinook word, meaning "to give," from the fact that the chief object is to make a distribution of gifts to friends. A chief desiring honor, or an Indian wishing to obtain a good name for himself, will call the people of his own

and other tribes to enjoy the abundant provision made for them. Many of the adult members of the tribes will spend years of hard toil, live in poverty, denying themselves the necessaries of life, that they may be able to save a sum sufficient to hold a Potlach. At these festivals a single Indian has been known to distribute, in money and various kinds of articles, to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. At the beginning of the Potlach, the names of the persons to receive the gifts are called aloud, and they come forward in a very indifferent manner, to receive a blanket or a gun, but when nearing the end of the distribution, there is a general scramble for the property to be given away.—*MacLean.*

(3) When Peter Jones had his audience with the Queen, he presented a petition and some wampum from the Ojibways of Canada. In speaking of Her Majesty in his journal, he records, "I then proceeded to give her the meaning of the wampum, and told her that the white wampum signified the loyal and good feeling which prevails amongst the Indians toward Her Majesty and her government; but that the black wampum was designed to tell Her Majesty that their hearts were troubled on account of their having no title-deeds to their lands; and that they had sent their petition and wampum that Her Majesty might be pleased to take out all the black wampum, so that the string might be all white."—*MacLean.*

(4) It seems strange to a pale-face that when an Indian is asked his name, generally he will appeal to his Indian friend to answer for him. The reason for this lies either in shame or modesty, as the names given them relate to honor or dishonor. Some Indians have two or three names. Among some tribes the name of a deceased person is never mentioned.

The Naming of Our Kittens.

SATURDAY evening, October 19, one of the girls brought up the Winona kittens in her apron and stood in the hall with them.

Soon a large crowd gathered around them; then began the grand task of naming our beloved kittens. Their names are as follows:

Pasapa (Sioux) meaning Black Head, falling to the cunning little black and white one.

Cheeldauski (Cherokee) meaning Falling Blossom, to the little white one.

Katsidsi (Oneida) Pretty Rose, to the grey and white one.

Babakwa (Shawnee) Flower, to the one that has grey bangs and is quite cunning.

Hinunkwacheck (Winnebago) Young Girl. It is almost all white, with one grey spot on its side.

Their mother has an Omaha name, Englunga, meaning Cat. The girls call her Mrs. Englunga. We think they all have very fine names.—*Etta Pilcher, in Talks and Thoughts.*

Jottings.

 CADET F. B. Wilson, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, has returned home to spend his summer vacation.

We are glad to be able to state that the Hospital is at last empty, Miss Pigot having only a few out patients.

MR. WILSON and the two little boys, Soney and Zosie, returned on the 9th, all in good spirits and well pleased with their trip.

ADDITIONS are being made to the Shingwauk Home in the shape of a drill shed, bath room and back kitchen, and building is rapidly progressing.

THE summer vacation commenced on the 27th of June, prize-giving being held on that day. His Lordship the Bishop of Algoma kindly consented to give away the prizes.

MRS. CUMMINS and Miss Patterson, the two deputies from the W.A., Toronto, paid the Homes a visit last month, and seemed much interested in the work generally.

MR. WILSON expects to leave for the North-west somewhere about the fifteenth of August. He will visit the Elkhorn institutions, and then go on to Medicine Hat.

Two of the Shingwauk pupils, Sahguj and Joseph, have been trying to pass the examination for entrance into the High School, and they are now anxiously awaiting the results.

MISS CHAMPION, the Lady Superintendent of the Wawanosh Home, has left for Collingwood, where she intends spending part of her vacation. We hope she will enjoy a very pleasant summer.

MISS MARY BERGER, who has been an inmate of the Home for nearly nine years, was married in the Memorial Chapel, to Mr. W. Wilson, of the American Sault. The ceremony was performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Algoma.

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 15.

THE HIDATSA INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.



Hidatsa, is one that is probably but little known by the general public, and yet it represents a once important and powerful tribe, their cognomens being *Gros Ventres* and *Minnitaree*. There is also some further confusion about this tribe, owing to another people of a wholly distinct stock, living far to the west, having received the same rather uncomplimentary epithet of *Gros Ventres* (big bellies). The *Gros Ventres* of the western prairies in Montana are properly the *Atsinas*, and the tribe of which we are now speaking, in Dakota, are properly the *Hidatsas*. They have no relation one to the other, neither is there any affinity in their languages.

Hidatsa is the name now generally used by this people to designate themselves; it was the name of their principal village on Knife River (a branch of the Missouri), at the time when the explorers Lewis and Clarke visited them in 1804; although even at that time they were spoken of both as *Minnitarees* and *Gros Ventres*. The origin of the word *Hidatsa* is obscure. It is said by some to mean "willows," indeed the name "*Willow Indians*" has not unfrequently been applied to them. The title of *Minnetaree* they obtained from their near neighbors, the *Mandans*. The story is that when this tribe in its early wanderings arrived on the north-eastern bank of the Missouri river, the *Mandans* were encamped on the opposite shore; the *Mandans*, seeing strangers approaching, cried to them in the *Mandan* dialect, "Who are you?" The *Hidatsas*, not understanding what was said, but supposing that the *Mandans* (who were provided with skin boats) asked them what they wanted, shouted in return, "*Minitari*" —we want to cross the water. All travellers agree that the term "*Gros Ventres*" is a decided misnomer. Palliser remarks:—"They are most absurdly termed *Gros Ventres* by the French traders, there being not

the slightest foundation for branding them with that epithet." The *Hidatsas* are regarded as belonging to the Siouan stock, to which pertain the *Dakotas*, *Omas*, *Osages*, *Poncas*, *Mandans*, *Crows*, and several other important tribes.

Although distantly related to the *Mandans*, their language is, nevertheless, very different to the one spoken by that tribe; and when they first came into contact with each other, as distinct tribes, on the banks of the Missouri river, they were unable to understand each other's speech. However, they made friends and settled together in contiguous villages; and another tribe, the *Arikarees*, of a wholly distinct stock, also made friends and built their villages near them. And so, when Lewis and Clarke made their memorable western tour, at the beginning of the present century, they found these three tribes—the *Hidatsas*, the *Mandans*, and the *Arikarees*, living harmoniously together in villages scattered along the shores of the Missouri river, in North-western Dakota, occupying dome-shaped mud houses all of similar construction, gaining their living by hunting and fishing, all much in the same way, and yet each tribe speaking its own distinct language.

At that time the *Hidatsas*, who were the largest of the three allied tribes, were said to number 2500; now they have become reduced to one-fifth of that number. The Indian Bureau Report for 1888 places them at 502—men, women and children, all told. They still occupy the same locality that they did at the beginning of the century, the present Indian Agency at Fort Berthold being within a short distance of the original *Hidatsa* village. In Catlin's time (about 1830), the *Hidatsas*, or *Minatarees*, as he calls them, numbered about 1500 and occupied three villages of earth-covered lodges on the banks of Knife river; he regarded them as a part of the tribe of the *Crows*, who were then living further west at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and thought that at some remote period they must have had their retreat to their own people cut off by the enemy, and so travelled eastward and joined themselves to the friendly *Mandans*. In language and personal appearance as well as in many of their customs, says Catlin, they resemble the *Crows*. Dr. Washington Matthews thinks it is fully two hundred years since the *Hidatsas* separated from the *Crows*. A *Crow* legend accounts for the separation in this way. During a season of scarcity, while yet they were all living together, a single *buffalo* wandered into a camp and was killed by a *Hidatsa*, who offered the paunch to the *Crows*. The

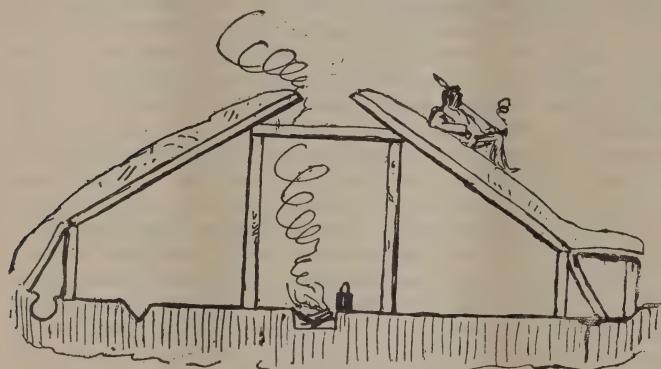
Crows were offended and refused, and so the two bands separated, and the Hidatsas have ever since called the Crows Kichatsa, which means "they who refused the paunch." The Hidatsas probably learned their method of constructing dwellings from the Mandans, as the Crows have never made or lived in earth-coverd lodges.

found their way out, and, discovering a country much better than their own, came back and told their people, and so they all determined to come out. Owing to the breaking of a tree up which they were scrambling, a great part of the tribe had to remain behind in the water, and are there yet. After coming up from the water they wandered over the prairies, and at length came on the Mandans, as already described, on the banks of the Missouri river. From the Mandans they learned the arts of peace, and have ever since dwelt beside them. They say that they had no knowledge of corn until they first ate it from the trenchers of the Mandans. Modern story-tellers say that Devil's Lake in Northern Dakota is the natal lake of the Hidatsa Indians.

Formerly, the Hidatsas were constantly waging war with

the Shoshonee Indians, and there are men still living among them who remember these raids and battles of their younger days. The Hidatsas were a brave, warlike people, but they never ill-treated young children when taken captive, or scalped their enemies; neither would they torture adult prisoners, but they seemed to take a special delight in mutilating the bodies of the slain. One of their most noted chiefs was "Eh-toh-k-pah-she-pe'e-shah," (the Black Moccasin), whose portrait, as taken by Catlin, we here give. He was a mild-tempered old man and made great friends with Lewis and Clarke on the occasion of their visit. Lewis he called "Red Hair," and Clarke "Long Knife," and he asked affectionately after them when Catlin visited him thirty years later. "He is an ancient, patriarchal looking man," says Catlin, "counting undoubtedly more than one hundred snows; he sits tottering with age, and silently reigns sole monarch of the little community around him, who are continually dropping in to cheer him and render him their homage."

Catlin also gives an amusing account of the effect that reading a newspaper had upon these people. "They thought I was mad," he says, "when they saw me for more than an hour with my eyes fixed upon a copy of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*; at last some of them conjectured that it must be a cure for sore eyes.



HIDATSA EARTH LODGES.

The land which these people now occupy is very fairly good both for cultivation and for stock-raising. The three allied tribes have a reserve of eight and a half million acres in the north-west part of Dakota, extending on both sides of the Missouri river and having Fort Berthold as its centre. The Indian agent gives a very favorable report of their progress, both in civilization and in their knowledge of agriculture. Altogether they have about 2000 acres of land at present under cultivation; their dome-shaped mud houses have given place to log and frame dwellings, and the blanket and breech-cloth have been discarded for the more civilized coat and trousers. Each family now has its own little farm, and they grow wheat, oats, corn and potatoes, besides raising a number of cattle and horses. All children of schoolable age go to school—most of them to the Fort Stevenson Industrial School, which is seventeen miles distant; others to the local Mission School. The present missionary, the Rev. C. L. Hall, reports that they have two services and Sunday school every Sunday, conducted partly in English, partly in the Indian language, there being an average attendance of about sixty at the services.

The Hidatsa Indians relate of themselves as follows: They originally dwelt beneath the surface of a great body of water situated to the north-east of their present home. From this subaqueous residence some persons



BLACK MOCCASIN.

I, at length, put an end to the mystery, by reading several passages, which were interpreted to them. Their astonishment then became still greater, and one of them offered me a very handsome, beautifully garnished robe in exchange for it. This I would not accept, but I gave him the newspaper, and he wrapped it up in eight or ten folds of birchbark and deer-skins, and then put it in a sack made of the skin of a polecat, to become henceforward his mystery or medicine bag."

The manner in which these people trap eagles is told by Dr. Washington Matthews, and is worth recounting. Late in the autumn a few families, bent on eagle catching, choose a suitable location and make their camp. They first build a small, earth-covered medicine lodge, and then raise their own tents around it. In the medicine lodge is a sort of altar, on which various charms and relics are placed, and here the hunters remain all day fasting previous to the day's hunt. The eagles are caught in traps made as follows: A hole is dug in the earth and covered with sticks, sods, etc., a small opening only being left in the covering, and close to this is tied a dead rabbit, grouse or other small animal. The hunters having fasted in the medicine lodge all day, take just a little nourishment about midnight, and then sleep until early dawn. Then with the first streaks of light they go to their traps. Each hunter gets inside his pit under the covering of brush and sods, and there waits until an eagle, seeing the bait, swoops down and fastens his claws in it. When the eagle's claws are stuck fast, the

Indian puts his hand out through the opening, and, catching the bird by both legs, draws him into the hole and ties him firmly. The trapper then re-arranges his trap and waits for another eagle. He sits thus all day in his pit without either food or water, and often catches several eagles. They are brought alive into camp, and their tail feathers and principal wing feathers plucked out, and then are set at liberty. The feathers are disposed of to other neighboring tribes, one eagle tail being worth a good horse. The eagle trapping lasts four days, and during all that time the hunters take only a little food at midnight each day. If one of them should have caught no eagles, instead of going to sleep after midnight, he must spend his time in loud lamentation and prayer.

The dwellings of the Hidatsas were, in former days, earth-covered lodges, large and strongly made, similar to those used by their neighbors, the Mandans. They were from thirty to forty feet in diameter, circular, the floor a foot below the surface of the ground, the ceiling ten to fifteen feet high in the centre, the roof somewhat dome shaped, made of strong timbers covered with willows, hay and earth, a hole in the top to let in the light and let out the smoke; the entrance an aperture in the side connecting with a long, narrow, low porch or shed, just as the Eskimos have for their snow houses. The floor of these earth lodges was of earth, the fireplace in the centre—circular, and about a foot lower than the floor. Mats, hurdles, hair pillows, and buffalo robes formed the seats and beds; the bedsteads were separated by curtains. When travelling at a distance from their villages, the Hidatsas would use skin lodges or teepees like other prairie Indians. The Hidatsas and their neighbors were clever in several branches of manufacture. They understand the art of making pottery, and appear even to have known something of the manufacture of glass; home-made globular and ellipsoidal beads of rude construction are still to be found among them; whether, however, any of them antedate the Columbian discovery is doubtful. The boats or canoes used by these people are not canoe shape, but are more like the Welsh coracle, being a tub-shaped, willow frame covered with buffalo skin, and propelled by dipping the paddle forward and drawing it in towards the paddler. In dress these people resembled the Mandans (already described in November No. O.F.C.) They were fond of shells for ornaments, and obtained them in trade from Indians on the Pacific coast. Some old people among them formerly tattooed themselves. Their chief food until within recent years,

was buffalo meat roasted or boiled. Sometimes they chopped the fresh meat fine and put it in a piece of intestine, making a sort of sausage. For preservation they would cut the meat into long thin sheets or strips and dry it in the sun. Meat thus prepared would keep sweet for three years or more. Hungry hunters, on killing an animal, would sometimes eat the liver or kidneys raw. Raw liver is said to have a saccharine taste which is not unpleasant. Their principal vegetable diet was Indian Corn. Sometimes they would eat it green, but generally they allowed it to ripen, and pounded the grain in a wooden mortar with water, boiled it and made it into a pudding or cakes. They also ate squashes, berries, roots, and cakes made of sunflower seeds.

Polygamy is not much practised among these people. When a man marries he offers gifts to the woman's relations, and presents of equal value are usually returned; the wife is not bartered for and bought as with many of the other tribes. After marriage, the husband, if a young man, becomes an inmate of his father-in-law's lodge, and helps by his hunting to support his wife's parents.

The Hidatsas have a number of religious dances and other ceremonies. Chief among them is that called *Nahpíke*, which takes place every second or third year. It is accompanied by a good deal of cruelty—self-inflicted. Some of the participants have long strips of skin cut from their bodies and hanging loose; others have incisions made in the flesh into which a rawhide thong is fastened, the other end being attached to a buffalo skull, which the unfortunate victim has to drag about until his flesh gives way. One young man, in performance of a vow he had made, had himself attached in this way to a horse that had been kept three days without food and water, and he took him to the margin of a river and dragged him away home again without drinking, simply by straining against the animal with the thongs fastened into his flesh and without using his hands.

In regard to their native religion, these people may be said to worship everything in nature—the sun, the moon, the stars, all the lower animals, all trees and plants, rivers, lakes, and stones—everything not made with human hands, having an independent being, they believe possesses a spirit and may be addressed as a god. They believe also in an unseen Deity, whom they call *Itsikamahidis*, the first made or first in existence. They worship the sun and offer sacrifices to it. Formerly they thought it wrong to cut down a large tree.

They do not believe in hell or devil, but they say there are evil genii, in female shape, who may harm people in this life, but cannot hurt them after death. When a Hidatsa dies, his spirit, they say, lingers four nights around the camp and then goes to the land of his departed kindred. During the four nights that the ghost is supposed to linger near his former dwelling, those who had not been good friends with the deceased burn a pair of moccasins at the door of their lodge, believing that the smell of the burning leather will keep him away. Corpses are wrapped and tied up in cloths and placed on scaffolds, or in the fork of a tree.

An interesting account of the Hidatsas has been written by Dr. Washington Matthews of the Surgeon-General's Office, Washington, and the same book contains a grammar and vocabulary of their language. Beyond this, very little has been written about these people.

GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

The Hidatsa is a sonorous language, pleasing to the ear, but not so musical as the Dakota. The sounds *f*, *v*, are unknown to the language, and the letters *b*, *g*, *j*, *l*, *n*, *q*, *r*, *x*, *y*, are not required in writing or speaking it. The linguo-dental sounds *d*, *t*, *n*, *r*, are interchangeable; also the labial sounds *m*, *b*, *w*; this makes it very difficult to write the language correctly; the word madakoe, (my friend) for instance, may be pronounced by one balakoe, by another wanakoe, and so on. As in Dakota, there is the German *ch* sound, but there is no nasal vowel (*ñ*). Parts of the body, and articles that must necessarily have an owner cannot generally be expressed apart from the possessive pronoun. There is no plural number of noun or adjective, and the verb has only a plural in the future tense. The plural has to be expressed by numeral adjectives. There are causative and reflexive forms of the verb. Almost any word can be changed into a verb. The only tenses are the indefinite (present or past) and the future. The only moods are the indicative, the imperative, and the infinitive. Various prefixes to a verb may indicate the mode in which the action is done; thus, *ada* prefixed means that it is done with the foot; *dak*, that it is done with the mouth; *dak*, that it is done with force; *ki*, that it is done repeatedly or completely.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, *ɛ*, as in they, met; *i*, *ɪ*, as in pique, pick; *o*, *ɔ*, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule; *ă*, *ă*, as in but; *ai*, as in aisle; *au*, as in bough, now; *tc*, as in church; *dj*, as as judge; *j*, as in *jamais* (Fr.)

pleasure ; à, as in law ; á, as in fan ; ü, as in French tu ; h, as in German ich ; ñ, as in sing ; dh, as in that ; th, as in thin ; g, as in gun ; ǵ a guttural ghr sound.	
man, matse.	twenty, dopa piti ka.
women, mia.	hundred, piti kih tia.
boy, makad-ishta matse.	come here, hu.
house, ati.	be quick, hata täki.
boat (or canoe), mati.	to-day, hidhi mape.
river, azi.	to-morrow, ataduk.
water, midi.	good morning.
fire, midaha.	Indian, a maka doh paká.
tree, mida.	white man, mashí.
horse, itsua shuka.	God, Ita ka te tash.
dog, ma shuka.	Devil, (no word).
fish, muá.	heaven, a pa hi.
town, ati ahu.	the, (no word).
kettle, midaha.	a hand, shaki.
knife, ma etsi.	my hand, ma shaki.
tobacco, 'o pe.	your hand, di shaki.
day, ma pe.	John's hand, John i shaki.
night, ma ku.	my knife, mata maetsi.
yes, a.	axe, ma ipt sa.
no, desha.	little axe, mi ipsisí daka.
I, ma or mi.	bad axe, mi ipsisí ishia.
thou, da or di.	big axe, mi ipsisí ihtia.
he, i.	big tree, mida ihtia.
my father, a te.	black kettle, midaha shipi.
it is good, tcă kishă.	money, uetsa.
red, hishi.	bird, tsakaka.
white, ataki.	snake, mapok sha.
black, shi pi.	I see, a ma ka.
one, du et sa.	thou seest, adaka.
two, do pa.	he sees, ika.
three, dami.	it is cold, hapa.
four, to'pă.	I know, emake.
five, ki hu.	I knew, emake (no change).
six, akama.	I shall know, emakemi.
seven, sha pu a.	two men, matse dopa.
eight, do pa pi.	three dogs, mashuka dami.
nine, duet sa pi.	four knives, maetsi topa.
ten, pi ti ka.	

MAJOR POWELL, in the *United Service Magazine*, urges that the Indians be utilized by training them for soldiers. It should be said, in this connection, that the use of the Indians as mounted police—a semi-military service—has been a pronounced success.—*Boston Journal.*

MY WIFE AND I.

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued).



HE Pima and Papajo Indians struck me as not very prepossessing in appearance, their skins of a dull clouded color, much darker than that of our northern Indians—and a large proportion of them are sadly pock-marked; they were, however, spoken very

highly of by their teachers, as being quick to learn, very obedient and very industrious. Pimas and Papajoes occupy the southern part of Arizona, and are related to one another, their languages being but slightly different. Later in the evening I went with Mr. Evans to the dormitories to see them all in bed; they had iron bedsteads, with comfortable mattresses and bedding, and slept generally two in a bed. The largest dormitories had thirty or forty inmates. The washing operation I saw next day—just before the evening meal. It was in a large roomy outhouse adjoining the main building; the captains brought in their companies one at a time; there was a boiler full of hot water and a tank full of cold water. Each boy, as he entered, hung up his coat, turned up his shirt sleeves, took a basin from the long row on the wash bench, dipped up a little hot water, then a little cold water, took it back to its place, washed himself, turned out the basin into a slanting trough, which passed through the length of the building, and left it ready for the next company. At meals, the pupils occupied a large dining hall and sat at small tables, six or eight at a table, as at a hotel. The girls were at one end by themselves. Boys, appointed for the purpose, did all the work in the kitchen, under the guidance of the matron, and at meals they wore white aprons and waited at table. The girls, I noticed, were polite in helping one another before helping them-

selves. For supper, they had bread, mashed potatoes, stewed apples and coffee. During my visit I took down words in six different Indian languages, all of which were quite new to me. I also addressed the children again the second evening of my visit, read to them my letters from the boys and girls of the Shing-wauk and Wawanosh Homes, and showed them my sketches and photographs.

My next destination, after leaving Albuquerque, would be Manuelito, on the western border of New Mexico; from there I expected to take stage about twenty-five miles, to Fort Defiance, in Arizona, and then drive eighty miles or so, to visit the Moki Indians; then, returning to Manuelito, I would drive thirty or forty miles in another direction, to visit the Zuni Indians. I had allowed sixteen days for the accomplishment of this western trip, and had been told that it could be accomplished within that time.

"Are you armed?" said Mr. Evans to me, as we were sitting in his parlor after breakfast.

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"Are you armed? Do you carry arms?"

"No," I said. "Is it necessary to be armed?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "No one ever thinks of travelling in the Navajo country without arms. Why, even here at Albuquerque, there are pretty rough doings sometimes. Only a little while ago a gentleman was 'held up' and robbed by three masked men, on the steps of the San Felipe hotel. The country is over-run with desperadoes west of this, and there is continual trouble with the Navajoes and Apaches. So long as two or three travel in company it is generally safe enough, but it does not do for a man to go about alone."

"Does your wife know the sort of country you are going into?" asked Mr. Evans.

"No," I said.

CHAPTER XVIII—MRS. SOMER'S BOARDING HOUSE.

MANUELITO is the Mexican name of the chief of the Navajoes. It is also the name of a desolate little station on the route of the A. & P. Railway, just on the border of Arizona, at which I arrived at 10 A.M., on the morning of Monday, Nov. 26th. I was very nearly passing Manuelito without getting off. The train, I knew, was some hours behind time, but while I was busy writing up my journal, it had been making extra speed, and so reached the place about half an hour earlier than I had expected. When the Pullman porter came in and said—"This is Manuelito, sir," I was taken, as

they say, "all of a heap," and had to bundle my pencil and papers and travelling cap into my valise and close it up, and get my coat and umbrella, all in double quick time; and the train was already moving away when the porter, with my valise, and myself with my



MY ARRIVAL AT MANUELITO.

other things, alighted on the platform. It had been drenching with rain all night, and the rain had turned to snow, and underfoot it was all mud and slush. "Where is Mrs. Somers' place?" I asked of a young man on the platform. "Come with me and I will show you," he said, "let me carry your valise." I noticed that there were only four houses in the place, and that those four houses were at wide distances apart. One was the station, another was the 'section house,' for the railway men, another was a traders' store, and the fourth was Mrs. Somers' boarding house. Mrs. Somers' boarding house was now in front of us. The young man, whose name was Oliver, carried my valise, and I followed him. Mrs. Somers' boarding house was a shanty built of rough upright boards with a slightly slanting board roof, covered with tarpaulin; the surrounding country, so far as one could see through the mist and sleet, appeared to be wild and grand. We arrived at the door of the little shanty and entered. The interior was more attractive than the outside. The attraction lay mainly in its warmth and cleanliness—two very desirable things in a country like this, and in weather such as the present. The room we entered was sitting and dining room; a door on the right led into the kitchen, where Mrs. Somers and her daughter were busy cooking the dinner; and a door in front led into a bedroom, which I could see was plainly but

comfortably furnished. I asked the daughter, who appeared at the kitchen door, if I could remain for the night; she said yes, and then I removed my overcoat and sat me down in an arm chair by the little vase-shaped coal stove and looked about me. On the other side of the stove, rather too near it to be comfortable, was a sofa, a cat lying on it, and a brown retriever under it. It was covered with a handsome bright-colored Navajo blanket. A small clock hung on the wall. The walls and ceiling were rough boards whitewashed; the floor had a red and black carpet, with a grey drugged rug and some rag mats over it; a small table covered with newspapers of very various dates, stood by the little curtained window; a larger table, capable of seating six men, with a white cloth on it, and a cruet stand, stood near the entrance door and extended nearly across the little room; the only other article of furniture, beside the yellow chairs, was a book-shelf containing a few well-thumbed novels, and, on the top

since the rain and snow storms that it was very unlikely he would send, indeed it would be scarcely possible to get there except on horseback; I had better write to him and tell him I was here—an Indian courier would be leaving almost directly with the Fort Defiance mail. So I wrote to Captain Flint. The next one to come into the room was Charlie Somers, the son: it was nearly dinner time and he seated himself on the sofa and scanned the papers; then Oliver came in; then the outer door opened, and two men appeared on the threshold and passed into the kitchen. Considerable excitement appeared to be aroused by the arrival of these two men. Great talking went on in the kitchen, but the door was closed so that I could not hear what it was about, and meanwhile I had withdrawn to the bedroom to get ready for dinner. In the bedroom was a big six-shooter, with all its chambers loaded, and a cartridge belt full of cartridges, and a Winchester.

We sat down to dinner. Charlie Somers, Oliver, these two men who had just come in, and myself. It was a very good dinner, good tasty beefsteak, nicely cooked potatoes, strong savory coffee, and cranberry pie—and there were plated knives and forks and clean white napkins. Mrs. Somers and her daughter waited on us and got their dinner afterwards. I listened to the conversation. There seemed to be considerable excitement about one, Swift, who had been killed recently by the Navajo Indians, and it turned out that these two men, who had been in Swift's party, were supposed to have been killed to, but had escaped, and this was their first appearance since the affray happened. The party at the table seemed to be all down on Captain Flint, the Indian agent—he was too mild altogether with the Indians, they said—yes, it was mainly his fault that so many of the white settlers got killed—the Navajoes were getting so bold it was scarcely safe to stay in the country. By keeping my ears open I got the whole story of Swift's murder. There was a mine somewhere on the Navajo reserve—a gold and silver mine. People knew it was there, but it had never been absolutely located. People were afraid to go there because of the Indians. So a party of sixteen was organized, Swift and these two men being of the number; they were all well armed, and went to prospect. In some way or other Swift got separated from the rest of the party. He had two animals with him—the horse he rode and a pack horse carrying his tent and baggage. He stopped at a 'hogan,' i.e., a Navajo hut, to rest his horses and get lunch. He gave



I LOOKED TO SEE IF IT WAS LOADED.

shelf, a revolver. I looked to see if it was loaded. It was.

I was not left long alone. First, Mrs. Somers came in and introduced herself. I was agreeably surprised at her appearance,—a fine, sensible-looking, grey-haired matron, with a good head and well-cut features, a mixture of good nature and determination and, probably, quite a little of the "eye to business." A son and daughter lived with her, and Oliver was a sort of partner with the son in teaming and horse-trading. I asked if anything had been heard from Captain Flint, the Indian agent at Fort Defiance, as I expected he would send for me. No, nothing had been heard from him, and the roads were in such a terrible condition

the owner of the hogan some of the food he had with him and asked his way. After resting awhile he started on again with his two horses. Night came on and he stopped to camp till morning near a stream of water. A Ute Indian, who had been captured by Navajoes and was their slave, was camped at the same place, and two Navajo boys, who were herding sheep, seeing the camp fire, came to it. There was also another party lurking by, namely, the Navajo at whose hut Swift had stopped for lunch. He had followed Swift on horseback, and his intention was to kill him. The Navajo began to twit the Ute slave with cowardice and dared him to knock the American down. "What do you want to kill the American for?" asked the Ute. "Because the devil is in him," said the Navajo. The Navajo succeeded at length in inducing the Ute to strike the first blow, promising that if he did so he would finish him. Swift was a little suspicious when he noticed that the Navajo had come after him and was talking to the Ute. He untied his horses from where they were and moved them to another place, then he collected some wood and began to build a fire. While he was doing this, the Ute Indian, who had cut a heavy stick, came up behind him and struck him to the



THE MURDER OF SWIFT.

ground. Then he handed the stick to the Navajo, and the Navajo finished poor Swift off. The two sheep boys were witnesses to the scene, and, it was said, even took a part in killing the American. Then the Navajo shot both the horses, and he and the Ute dragged the white man's body into a side canon, placed some stones round it, and covered it with brush. The Ute Indian

had been arrested, but the Navajo was still at large. If steps were taken to arrest the Navajo, the general opinion was that there would be trouble; but he must be arrested and hung for it, they said, and if the proper authorities did not attend to it—why the settlers would take it into their own hands, as they had had to do several times before.

(To be continued.)

Good Thunder's Little Daughter.

(BY BISHOP WHIPPLE.)

THREE was among the Dacotah Indians, whom we call Sioux, a chief named "Wakean Washta," —Good Thunder. Indian mothers name their children after something they saw or heard when the baby came to their home. I suppose this mother heard the thunder, and thought it good for the gift of her dear child, and so gave him the name. More than twenty-eight years ago I met three Indian chiefs on the banks of the Minnesota, near Birch' Coolie—Good Thunder, Taopi and Wa'basha. They told me such a sad story of the robbery of the white man that my cheeks were red with shame. They asked for a missionary, and of this came all the wonderful work God has done for these poor red men.

The next day Good Thunder brought me his daughter, a child of ten years. Her face was beautiful, her complexion a rich dark brunette, her hair black as a raven's wing, and her eyes sparkling like gems. I never have seen a more beautiful Indian child. The father asked me to take her home, and educate her to become like the daughters of Christian white men. I took her to Faribault, where I had an Indian child in my school. She was marvellously intelligent, quick to learn, and gentle as a Christian lamb. The next year she was taken ill. The wild Indians told Good Thunder: "You see what comes of your folly: The bishop has Ojibway children in his school. They are our enemies; they have poisoned your child. She will die, and you are a fool!" Good Thunder came to Faribault, and never did I see a more sad face as he stood at my door. He told me what his Indian friends said. I asked him to go and see his child, whom I had baptized after the gentle poetess "Lydia Sigourney." The father saw his child, and told her what he had heard. She told him the sweet story of Bethlehem; of Jesus' coming into this sad world to be a babe; of his wondrous life of love and mercy; of his death on the cross; of how he passed through the grave; and

ascended into heaven, to be the friend of all who need a friend at the right hand of God. She said, "Father, these Chippeway children have the same mark on our foreheads. We are his children; and his children are friends and sisters and brothers, not enemies. Do you see these berries? The Ojibway children picked them for me. Do you see these flowers? They gathered them for me." Good Thunder believed his child. When he took her home, I gave him an open letter to show to all whites: "This man, Good Thunder, is taking his Christian child home. Will you not, for Jesus' sake, be kind to her? He who said 'Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these,' will surely repay you." Good Thunder told me afterwards how kind all were to his child. I visited the Sioux agency a few weeks later, and was present at Lydia's death-bed. The dear child thanked me for telling about Jesus, told her father she was going to a beautiful home Jesus had prepared, said she would soon be with the Saviour, and her last words were to tell about the angels whom she saw. As I stood by the open grave and committed the lamb of Jesus to God's acre, I was overpaid for all I had done or could do for these red men. From that hour Good Thunder was a changed man. He gave up his heathen dances; he no longer painted his face; he was like a little child, and the blessed story found its way to his heart. He became a Christian, and was baptized Andrew.

This was the summer of the awful Sioux massacre, when eight hundred people were killed by the Indians, who had been provoked to murderous hatred by long deeds of wrong. Good Thunder, Taopi, Wabasha, Wahachampamaza, and other Christians, were as true as steel. They rescued over two hundred white women and children, and delivered them to General Sibley. It was due to their faith in Christ that these wild, savage Indians became Christian heroes. Good Thunder was General Sibley's chief of scouts. He is an old man now, but, of my many friends, I know of none I love more than this Christian chief.—*Southern Workman.*

Do Indians Notice Little Things?

If the following old story of an Indian hunter is true, it is to be hoped that our young Indians, now learning other things than hunting on the plains, are not growing weak in this most excellent trait to have—that of noticing little things:

An Indian going to his hut, discovered that somebody had stolen a piece of venison hung up to dry on

a tree. After looking around very closely, he set off in pursuit of the thief, following his tracks in the wood.

Meeting two men in the forest, he asked them if they had seen a little old white man, who carried a shotgun, and who had a little dog with a short tail.

They said they had met a man of that description, and asked him how he was able to give so exact a description of the thief he had never seen.

"I know he is a little man," said the Indian, "because he heaped up a pile of stones to stand upon in order to get at the venison. I know he is an old man by his short steps. He is white, because his steps show that he turns his toes out—which no Indian does. His gun I know to be short, from a mark the muzzle made on the bark of a tree against which it had been leaned. His dog is a small one, I know by his track; and that his tail was short I found by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting when his master stole the meat."—*Indian Helper.*

Life in Alaska.

MMR. LIND can not get his men to work to-day, and all on account of a *balooga*. Yesterday about 3 A.M. I heard the *balooga* yell, and when I got up at 5.30 I could not find our workmen. Later in the day I saw Mr. Lind, and he said his men were all off after a *balooga*. About 8 P.M. the men arrived, bringing a lot of blubber. Johnnie's father put in the first spear, and he therefore stands at the head of the honor list. Three others are on this list, among them a small boy 9 or 10 years old. It seems that the first four spears that are put into a *balooga* are those which bring credit upon the owners. Nearly the whole carcass is divided among those on the honor list, although every one participating in the chase gets a piece of blubber and meat. The superstition connected with a *balooga* I have never fully heard, but so much I have learned:—those who take part in the killing observe absolute rest for four days after the killing. This is why Mr. Lind's work is at a standstill. The natives declare that they would die if they worked within these four days. However, I have no trouble to get Allexi's man to work, but I have not required any hard work of him. During the chase yesterday one man was upset by the whale, but there were no serious accidents. Some day I hope to learn the particular part which the white whale plays in the religious belief of these people. I am convinced that there is something in their belief which compels them to observe the four days of rest. This is even greater honor than is paid to a dead man.—*North Star.*



CHIEF JOSEPH.

In the August number of *The American Missionary*, Miss Mary C. Collins, for many years a devoted missionary among the Dakota Indians, gives these thrilling facts :

"Last Sabbath, Mr. Riggs came up from Oahe and we had communion, and there were five children baptized and seven grown people, and seven more were examined and advised to wait till the next communion. It was a most interesting season.

"Three of the young men were the leaders in the Indian dance. They have always been the head ones in all Indian customs. A year ago one of them said in the dance that he should follow the Indian customs a year longer—give himself up to them wholly and try to be satisfied, and if he had in his heart the same unsatisfied feeling, the same longing, that he then had, he should throw it all away.

"On last New Year's day, the same young man, Huntington Wolcott, came to me and said—'Last night I arose in the dance and told them that I had given the old customs and the old Indians a fair trial, and that they did not satisfy, now I should leave them forever and give myself to God, and if any others were ready to follow to arise and so make it known. The other two leaders arose, stood silently a moment, and walked out.' From that time they have given themselves up to singing, praying and studying the Bible. They had, for two years, been halting between two

opinions, attending the school, church, etc., and the Indian feasts and dances, too. These three having come out so boldly on God's side, has made a great change in our work here.

THE benighted Alaskans are firm believers in hobgoblins, ghosts, signs and omens. The first winter that Rev. and Mrs. Willard spent in the Chilcat country, was one of deep snows and stormy weather. The natives said that the weather-gods were angry at the new ways of the missionaries. A child had been buried instead of burned on the funeral pyre in accordance with their customs. The mother of the child became alarmed and felt that her life was in jeopardy for permitting her child to be buried, so she kindled a fire over the grave in order to appease the gods and bring fair weather. At school the children had played new games and mocked wild geese. The girls of the Sitka Training School brought on a very cold spell of weather by playing a game called "cat's back," and which caused a commotion at the native village. A white man out with some natives picked up some large clam-shells on the beach to bring home with him; the natives remonstrated with him saying that "a big storm may overtake us, our canoe might capsize and all be drowned."—*North Star.*



RABBIT SKIN.

THE above cuts—"Chief Joseph" and "Rabbit Skin," should have appeared in "Our Indian Tribes—Paper No. 14" (July issue O.F.C.), but were, through mistake, omitted.

"Work Is Sociable."

THERE was a very pleasant thought expressed by a Carlisle boy in a home letter. It ought to be printed, and put in a frame for a motto. It was this, "Work is Sociable." The boy had been detailed to wash dishes in the kitchen. Everybody, girls as well as boys, knows how disagreeable is the task. But this boy with a rare good nature, looked on the bright side of the matter, and even fished fun out of the dreadful dish water. There were other boys to make it lively, and their cheerful chatter made the work light. What kind of a "white man" do you think that Indian boy will make when he grows up? We believe he will go through life teaching the lesson of his original motto—"Work is sociable."

What Wild Indians Eat.

A WRITER in *Our Brother in Red*, Indian Territory, says:—"It may be of interest to know what these Indians eat, although the story may be read with disgust. They eat animal food principally, but they are learning to mix other kinds of food with it. Every two weeks the Government issues to these Indians at this agency about 200 head of cattle which are driven out upon the prairie near here and shot down by the men. It is cruel sport, and enjoyed by them to the extent that it is cruel. I suppose it is the only thing that reminds them of the days of the buffalo; hence they run these beeves over the prairie shooting them a number of times before a real effort is made to kill them. After the killing is done and the sport is over, the squaws take hold and skin and clean the beeves. As soon as the carcass is opened then begins the eating. A kidney smoking warm and reeking with blood is seized upon by some hungry papoose and with bloody jaws devoured. Here is another feasting upon a raw liver, now and then dipping the pieces into the secretion of the gall-bladder to give relish and digestion to the food thus devoured. Then there are the squaws as they work away at the beef, cutting off the entrails or pouch unwashed and putting them into their mouths, and chewing with all the satisfaction that a so-called civilized white woman does her chewing gum. It may be that in addition to appeasing hunger they eat the entrails and paunch thus for the sake of digestion. There is a pepsin contained in them, and pepsin promotes digestion. A fetus from the embryo state up, ready for birth, is considered a great delicacy. They eat the fetus frequently unwashed and uncooked. A

mare and her new foaled colt died just back of my house on the river. The Apaches ate both the mare and the colt. Just across the road in front of our house, a cow died a lingering death. They ate the cow and the unborn foetus. If there is any lower plane to be found, so far as eating is concerned, I know not where to find it. I have seen them cook and eat with a good deal of relish the carcass of a fat dog or puppy. They cook the puppy with the hair and hide all on. They remove the skin after cooking. I might tell you of other things that they eat, but I suppose you have had enough along this line to satisfy the most fastidious."

The Red Man's Lament.

MY destiny, my destiny! How sinks my heart, as I behold my inheritance all in ruins and desolation—yes, desolation. The land the Great Spirit has given us, in which to live, to roam, to hunt, and build our council fires, is no more to behold. Where once so many brave Algonquins and the daughters of the forest danced with joy, danced with gratitude to the Great Spirit for their homes, they are no more seen. Our forests are gone, and our game is destroyed. Hills, groves and dales, once clad in rich mantle of verdure, are stripped. Where is this promised land which the Great Spirit had given to his red children as the perpetual inheritance of their posterity, from generation to generation? Ah, the pale-faces, who have left their fathers' land, far beyond the ocean, have now come and dispossessed us of our heritage, with cruel deceit and force of arms. Still are they rolling on and rolling on, like a mighty spray from the deep ocean, overwhelming the habitations of Nature's children. Is it for the deeds of Pocahontas, of Massasoit, of Logan, and hosts of others who have met and welcomed the white men in their frail cabin doors when they were few in numbers, cold and hungry? Is it for this that we have been plundered, and expelled at the point of the bayonet from the hallowed graves of our brothers and sires? O, my father, thou hast taught me from my infancy to love this land of my birth; thou hast even taught me to say that "it is the gift of the Great Spirit," when yet my beloved mother clasped me close on her peaceful breast, while she sang of the warlike deeds of the great Algonquins. O, my father, our happiest days are o'er, and never again shall we enjoy our forest home. The eagle's eye could not even discover where once stood thy wigwam and thy peaceful council fire. Ah, once it was the happy land, and

all the charms were there which made every Indian heart swell with thanks to the Great Spirit for their happy homes. Melodious music was heard in every grove, sung by the wild birds of the forest, who mingled their notes sweetly with the wild chant of my beloved sisters at eve. They sang the song of lullaby to the pawpoose of the red man, whilst swinging in the cradle from the shady trees, wafted gracefully to and fro by the restless wind. The beautiful old basswood tree, bending so gracefully, stood there, and the brown thrush sang with her musical voice. That tree was planted there by the Great Spirit for me to sport under, when I could scarcely bend my little bow. Ah, I watched that tree from childhood to manhood, and it was the dearest spot to me in this wide world. Many happy youthful days have I spent under this beautiful shady tree. But, alas, alas, the white man's axe has been there! The tree that my good spirit had planted for me, where once the pretty brown thrush daily sat with her musical voice, is cut down by the ruthless hands of the white man. 'Tis gone; gone forever, and mingled with the dust. Oh, my happy little bird, thy warbling songs have ceased, and thy voice shall never again be heard on that beautiful shady tree. My charming bird, how oft thou hast aroused me from my slumber at early morn, with thy melodious song. Ah, could we but once more return to our forest glade, and tread as formerly upon the soil with proud and happy heart! On the hills with bended bow, while nature's flowers bloomed all around the habitation of nature's child, our brothers once abounded, free as the mountain air, and their glad shouts resounded from vale to vale, as they chased o'er the hills the mountain roe, and followed in the otter's track. Oh, return, return! Ah, never again shall this time return. It is gone, and gone forever, like a spirit passed. The red man will never live happy, nor die happy here any more. 'Tis passed, 'tis done. The bow and quiver, with which I have shot many thousands of game, is useless to me now, for the game is destroyed. When the white man took every foot of my inheritance, he thought to him I should be the slave. Ah, never, never! I would sooner plunge the dagger into my beating heart, and follow the footsteps of my forefathers, than be slave to the white man.

The White Flag.

 IT is a fact which I deem to be worth noting here, that amongst all Indian tribes that I have yet visited in their primitive, as well as improved state, the

white flag is used as a flag of truce, as it is in the civilized parts of the world, and held to be sacred and inviolable. The chief going to war always carries it in some form or other, generally of a piece of white skin or bark rolled on a small stick, and carried under his dress or otherwise, and also a red flag; either to be unfurled when occasion requires the white flag as a truce and red one for battle, or, as they say, "for blood."—G.C.

Unjust Treatment of the Indians.

 TREATY was concluded in the city of Washington in the year 1836, to which my people—the Ottawas and Chippewas—were unwilling parties; but they were compelled to sign blindly, and ignorant of the true spirit of the treaty and the true import of some of its conditions. They thought when signing the treaty that they were securing reservations of lands in different localities as permanent homes for themselves and their children in the future; but before six months had elapsed from the time of signing this treaty, or soon after it had been put in pamphlet form so that all persons could read it and know its terms, they were told by their white neighbors that their reservations of land would expire in five years instead of being perpetual, as they believed. At the end of this time they would be compelled to leave their homes, and if they should refuse they would be driven at the point of the bayonet into a strange land, where, as is almost always the case, more than one-half would die before they could be acclimated. At this startling intelligence more than half of my people fled into Canada; fled to the protection of the British Government; fled, many of them even before receiving a single copper of the promised annuities; fled to a latitude like that in which they had been accustomed to live. The balance of them determined to remain and await whatever the consequences might be, and receive the annuities which they were promised for twenty years. But fortunately their expulsion from the State was suddenly stayed, in the years 1850 and 1851. By the kindness of the people in the State of Michigan, they were adopted as citizens and made equal in rights with their white neighbors. Their voice was to be recognized in the ballot box in every election; and I thought this is what ought to be, for the same God who created the white man created the red man of the forest, and therefore they are equally entitled to the benefits of civilization, education and Christianity.—*Blackbird*.

His Father's Portrait.

THOSE who have read Catlin's works are aware that his most honored Indian hero was Four Bears, a chief of the Mandans. He devotes one full-page plate to Four Bears' portrait, another to his hospitality, four to his buffalo-robe, an entire chapter to his personality and history, and he often refers to him elsewhere in his various works. Among those who came to see my books was a son of this Four Bears, named Rushing Eagle, or (as he was more familiarly called by whites) Bad Gun. Rushing Eagle was then second chief of the Mandans. He had already earned a high reputation for himself as a warrior and counsellor. He was very gentle in his manner, reticent, dignified and disinclined to beg favors of white men. At the time of which I am speaking he was a middle-aged man; his father had been dead over thirty years, and I did not suppose his recollection of his parent could be very vivid. At the first sight of the picture of Four Bears he showed no emotion, although he regarded it long and intently. While he was gazing at it I was called on business out of the room, and I left him alone with the book, telling him, correctly as I supposed, that I would be gone some time, and asking him not to leave until I returned; but in a few moments I was obliged to come back for something I needed. When I re-entered the apartment, I found him weeping and addressing an eloquent monologue to the picture of his departed father. Of course, I intruded as short a time as possible on this scene, and left him alone a long time, so that he could "have his cry out."—*Dr. Washington Matthews, in American Antiquarian.*

Sharp-sighted Indians.

CONE of the most curious traits of the Ayan Indians is their power of seeing the motion of a fish in water. The Yukon is very muddy. The water is ten or twelve feet deep, and the river wide. Yet when a solitary salmon comes up this river, its coming is noticed, its position identified, and it is often caught in a hand net. Some person, generally an old squaw, is on the look-out in front of the huts, on the banks. At her call a man runs to the beach, picks up his canoe, paddle and net, and guided at first chiefly by the other Indians who gather on the shore, but as he approaches, relying more on himself, shoots the canoe in the proper position; and, while he regulates its movements with his left hand, plunges the net to the bottom with his right.

THE first thing that the little Indian girl, Nina, said when she found herself at Richenda's party was, "When we going to eat the little party?"—*Indian Helper.*

A Sioux Indian named Henry Hokixina Lyman, twenty-two years old, has entered the Yale Law School and intends to practice among his tribe when he has been graduated. He entered on the recommendation of the Indian College at Hampton, Va. He is handsome and intelligent.

A LITTLE Alaska boy, having been set to write about what a lady had said to them on a recent visit, wrote: "A lady last Saturday evening came to speak to us about not to drink, not to swear and not chew the baker. Of course we will be good if we do'nt do it."—MAX (aged 11 or 12.)

THE girls in the Sitka Mission, Alaska, fill orders for articles embroidered entirely by themselves. These native girls are surprising even their teachers by their aptness and patience in doing fine and delicate work. The following articles are now made:—Finest linen doylies, hemstitched and embroidered; needlebooks, embroidered pincushions, embroidered satchel bags, filled with pine needles, embroidered photograph holders.

A LADY of culture, who has lived two years in Alaska, thus writes concerning the native women: "As I learn more of the *deep* degradation of these poor women, I desire more and more earnestly to see the young girls rescued from such a life. In all my missionary experience I have never known anything like it. If I had a Home full of young Alaska girls outside of Alaska where they could have the entire control of them and where they could be shielded from certain influences that surround them here, I think I should be one of the happiest women in America."—*North Star.*

THE Chiriqui Indians, in olden times, inhabited Mt. Chiriqui, in South America, from which you can see both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. These Indians had their burying ground 2,750 feet above the level of the sea. They had many metal implements and pieces of pottery. In and around the burying ground were enormous stones covered with curious figures and inscriptions. They were very skilful in working metals, and especially in plating them. Many gold, bronze and copper ornaments and implements were found in the graves, many of which had been moulded in clay or sand moulds, but no traces of pots to melt the metal in were found.—*Amateur Collector.*

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following gifts and boxes of clothing to the Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie:

From St. Matthias S.S., Cote St. Antoine, P.Q., a bale of very useful girls' clothing.

From Portsmouth Indian Mission, in connection with the W.A., per Miss Betts, a parcel of clothing for boys and girls, containing, among other things, twelve greatly needed dresses and twenty-seven aprons.

From the Kemptonville Branch of the W.A., a parcel of clothing, also pillow-slips, which are most acceptable.

From a "Friend," for sick children, \$5.00—spent in beef tea, jellies, biscuits, oranges and other delicacies.

From the "American Bible Society," New York, a Bible, to be given as a special prize.

From Inverness Branch of the W.A., a box of nice clothing for boys and girls.

From Mrs. J. A. Coster, Carleton, St. John, N.B., a box of clothing for boys and girls.

From the Young Girls' Guild of St. George's Church, Kingston, a bale of clothing for distribution.

For "Phoebe," a box containing a complete new outfit, a nice shawl, boots, etc., from St. George's Cathedral S.S., Kingston.

A second donation of \$2.35 from a "Friend," for Hospital and sick children. This sum is still in hand for future needs.

From Miss Lena Baird, towards screen in Bishop Fauquier Memorial Chapel, \$2.00.

From Miss McLaren's Sewing Class, some clothing for girls and a doll for Xmas.

From "The Daughters of the King," St. John, N.B., per Mrs. Walker, outfit for Anthony; also clothing for boys and girls.

FROM ENGLAND, large contributions of clothing and Xmas gifts from the following friends and Working Parties:

A number of Xmas gifts, etc., made by St. Dunston's Children, M.C.L.

From Mrs. and Miss M. and C. Thorpe, socks, scrap book and other gifts.

From Miss Pinder, shirts, pinafores, books, socks, etc.

From Mrs. and Miss C. G. Corrie, sherling, jackets, pinafore, etc.

From Mrs. Harke, a parcel of woollen things.

From Mrs. Halson, presents for Xmas.

From the children of Mrs. Basil Wood, gifts for the Xmas tree.

From Mrs. Seakey's Working Party, hoods, jerseys, stockings, frocks, petticoats and many other garments.

From Miss Jeaffreson's Working Party, a large supply of shirts, socks, vests, petticoats, etc.; also bale for the Bishop of Algoma.

From Miss Greaves' Working Party, a good and useful supply of clothing for both boys and girls.

All these and many other kind gifts from our English friends have been received, for which please accept our grateful thanks.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM JUNE 10TH TO JULY 5TH, 1890.

MEMORIAL Church S.S., London, for girl, \$18.75; Anon, \$20; Mrs. Veal's Boarding School, Toronto, for girl, \$26; St. Martin's S.S., Montreal, for girl, \$12.50; St. John's S.S., Berlin, for boy, \$9.38; St. John's S.S., Elora, balance Lent Collection, 55 cents; Wm. Rainsford, Fort Erie, \$25; St. Peter's Guild, Sherbrooke, \$37.50; J. N. Poole, Newboro, \$2.50; St. Peter's Church S.S., Cobourg, \$14.50; Miss Cruso, for freight, 70 cents; Trinity S.S., Colborne, for boy, \$6.50, and for S.L.F., 25 cents; Mrs. Clement's Girls' School, Berthier-en-Haut, Q., for boy, \$16.25; three of Miss Harmon's Resident Scholars, 49 Daly Ave., Ottawa, \$3.35; Misses E. and J. Hoyle, towards support of girl, \$4.05; Strathroy S.S., \$6.25; Rev. Cooper Robinson, \$1; Miss M. H. Beaven, for freight, \$2.65; A Visitor, \$1.

Receipts—O.F.C.

MISS H. J. ANDERSON, 50c.; E. A. Taylor, 50c.; Miss Murray, \$1; Mrs. Wilmot, 50c.; A. McCue, 50c.; Miss Day, \$1; E. Rapelje, \$1; Miss S. A. Smith, \$1; Miss Reed, \$1; Miss M. A. Lamb, 50c.; Miss M. Peebles, \$1.50; Thos. Keam, \$1; J. Wallace, 50c.; T. Sanderson, 50c.; Mrs. Cowley, 50c.; Miss Bacon, \$2; E. Kendrick, 50c.; Miss Davidson, 50c.; Hampton Inst., \$1; Miss Sterns, 50c.; N. W. Hoyle, \$1; Miss Carruthers, 50c.; Mrs. Young, 50c.; Miss Walklate, \$1; Miss Day, \$1.15; Ven. Archdeacon Lindsay, \$1; Mrs. Banks, \$1; G. T. Spencer, \$1; Miss Counsell, 50c.; V. Kennedy, \$2.50; L. R. Marsh, \$1; Rev. J. A. Fletcher, 50c.; H. Browne, 50c.; F. W. Brown, 50c.

Died.

June 9th, at the Wawanosh Home, CAROLINE WAUKAY, aged 15 years.

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EDITED BY THE

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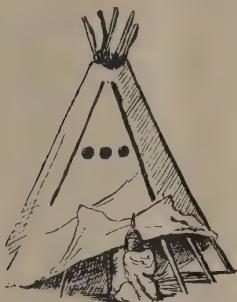
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SHINGWAUK HOME, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

[NEW SERIES, NO. 16.

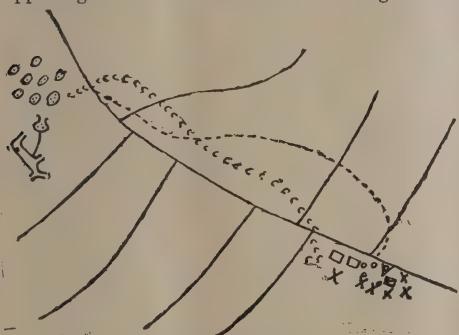
Picture Writing.



LTHOUGH the Indians in their native state had no idea of the art of writing, they used to have a clever way of recording events by means of rudely drawn pictures. The one of which a tracing is here given, was drawn by a Hidatsa Indian, named

"Lean Wolf," and it

describes a little trip which he made on foot from Fort Berthold to Fort Buford, Dakota, to steal a horse from the Dakotas encamped there. The head of a man with a wolf attached to it means "Lean Wolf;" the little irregular circles close by are the earth lodges of the Hidatsa Indians, and the spots in them are the posts supporting the roof. This is the Indian village at Fort



LEAN WOLF'S MAP.

Berthold. The dotted line shews Lean Wolf's footprints, going on his journey from Fort Berthold to Fort Buford, the little square marks at this latter place are the Government buildings, the crosses are the teepees of the Dakotas. Where a cross and a circle are united, it means that a Dakota is married to a Hidatsa. Where a cross and a square are united, it means that an Indian is married to a white person. The black

lines represent rivers; and the hoof marks imply that Lean Wolf was successful in stealing the horse, and that he rode it back by a shorter way than he went to Fort Berthold.

Letter to the Sunday Schools.



MY DEAR CHILDREN,—There is not very much going on here now that nearly all the boys and girls are away for the holidays. Bathing and berry picking are the chief amusements. The wet weather has generally put a stop to pic-nics, or anything of that sort. We had a bazaar for the benefit of the Rev. R. Renison, a few weeks ago. There was a nice stall full of work, a great deal of which had been done by the members of the "Onward and Upward Club," during the weekly meetings. The Indian girls had made aprons, frocks, baskets, dressed dolls, etc. The boys had devoted their energies to wood-carving and basket-making. The bazaar was held on one of the little Islands in front of the Home, and the different stalls (refreshment, etc.,) were dotted about here and there. They were prettily draped and decorated, and when the island was lighted up in the evening with Japanese lanterns and torches, it all looked very picturesque and pretty; but, unhappily, it had rained heavily the night before, and even a little that morning, so the general atmosphere was decidedly damp, and not many people came. However, we cleared expenses and had a nice little sum left to send to Mr. Renison. The lazy inmates of the Home were very pleasantly awakened the other morning, by the band playing a new and very pretty tune, at some little distance from the House. They had been asked to join an excursion party, who were going down the river for the day, and so were up bright and early and giving their friends a morning serenade before they left. Of course they are very short-handed now, as most of the best players have gone home; but as school begins again the middle of August, the band and everything else will soon be in full swing. Somebody asked little Zosie (one of the boys that Mr. Wilson took with him to England) how he liked it all; his answer was, "I was getting a little tired of it." He said the only thing that he wanted in England, and

could not get, was "Johnny Cake." Canadian children know what that is; the boys often have it for tea, and poor little Zosie missed it greatly. Both he and Soney are the proud possessors of a watch each. Of course one of the first questions asked was, "Well, Soney, what is the time?" "I can give you English time," said Soney, in a most magnificent tone of voice. It was amusing to see the reckless way in which the two boys gave away their presents. So many kind friends had given them different things, that when they got back to the poor stay-at-homes, they evidently felt that they could well afford to be generous. In fact Zosie, I am certain, did not feel really happy until he had managed in one way or another to dispose of nearly everything he possessed, had tumbled into his old clothes once more, and was perched upon the wood pile, with a piece of Johnny cake in his hand, and a crowd of admiring small boys round him. At any rate, that was how I saw him, and he looked remarkably happy.

BARBARA BIRCHBARK.

Icebergs at Home.

MULTITUDES of travellers, voyaging across the Atlantic Ocean, see from time to time whole flocks of icebergs sailing silently away to their doom in the sunny south; but it does not often fall to the lot of man to see these icebergs at home, before they start off upon their long journey. Glacier Bay is on the western coast of Alaska. Mountains rise to a great height on its sides, and the coast presents a perpendicular ice front 250 feet in height. Professor Wright says:—"This great glacier region is a wonderland in itself. Repeatedly have I seen vast columns of ice, extending to the full height of the front, topple over and fall into the water with a report like a thunder-clap, or the booming of a cannon. The bay is generally full of immense bergs, several hundred feet long and wide, and from 20 to 60 feet in height; and they are constantly floating out towards the ocean."

THE two Roman Catholic institutions for Indian children, at Qu'Appelle and High River (both in the North-west Territory) receive between them \$42,000 per annum, of Government money, for their support.

AMBROSE, aged eight years, was writing to his friend, one of the ex-teachers at Carlisle, and as she had directed a letter to him, "Master Ambrose," he thought that was the correct method, and returned his answer to her with "Master Miss P—" in plain characters on the envelope.

Not Ashamed of His People.

REV. SHERMAN COOLRIDGE, is an Arapahoe Indian, a young man, and a preacher in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

He is a full Indian, the distinctive features of the race being as strongly marked upon his visage as upon any Indian face we ever saw.

We saw Mr. Coolridge last October, at the Mohonk Conference of the friends of the Indian. We ate at the same table with him and conversed with him.

We saw no difference between him and an Episcopal clergyman of any other race, or between him and a gentleman and scholar of any other race.

In an address before the Mohonk Conference, after Henry Kendall had said, "Since I have been separated from my parents I respect them more and I love them more," Mr. Coolridge supported this Carlisle experience with his own, as follows:

My people have received me after fourteen years of absence in civilization, and have looked up to me and been proud of me. When I suggested anything in the way of improvements, or when I asked them to convene together, that I might speak to them on any subject, they came, as our friend said, "up to time." So that they do not have prejudice always. It depends much upon the man. Some of the Indians are only allowed to stay a few years in the East. If they stay two or three years, they have only a smattering of education. Those are the ones who sometimes get the disrespect of the people. But, when one is educated enough to stand his own ground, and is recognized and encouraged by the white people there or in the East, then these people will have much pride and respect for him, and will heed his advice and his words.

—*Indian Helper.*

THE Indians of Guiana have only four numbers in their system of enumeration. They count by the hand and its fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it "a hand;" six is therefore "a hand and first finger;" ten is "two hands;" but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is "a man;" forty is "two men;" and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, a hand and first finger." —*Indian's Friend.*

THE dialect used by some of our boys is quite laughable. For instance last Sunday evening, two boys wanted to comb their hair. One of them said to the other, "I go hair my comb." "Wan!" replied his friend, "what for right you don't say it." —*Pipe of Peace.*

Indian Tribes—Paper No. 16.THE CHEYENNE INDIANS.By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

THE Cheyennes are warriors of a very determined type; some of the bloodiest of frontier warfare has been carried on by the Americans against this tribe. The men are of above the average stature, few of them being less than six feet in height. As a tribe, they are the richest in horses of any Indians on the continent, a single chief having sometimes owned as many as a hundred animals. Formerly wild horses roamed their prairies, and these they used to catch and sell to the Sioux, Mandans, and other tribes, as well as to the fur traders.

The name Cheyenne (spelt also Shyenne, Shienne, Chayenne) means "wounded people." How they received such an appellation is not known. They call themselves *Zi-zis-tas*.

They belong to the great Algonkin stock; their nearest relations among the other tribes being the Gros Ventres and the Blackfeet, and their more distant connections the Ojebways, Crees, Pottawatamis, Kickapoos, Micmacs, Mohicans, &c.

When first known, they were living on the Cheyenne River, a branch of the Red River of the North, but they were driven west of the Mississippi by their enemies, the Sioux; and about the close of the last century, still further west across the Missouri, where they were found by those enterprising travellers, Lewis and Clarke, in 1803. At the time of the first treaty made by this tribe, with the United States, the Cheyennes were said to number 3,250 souls. So long as the white people did not encroach upon their domains, they were inclined to be friendly with them; but immigrants began pressing westward in great numbers; in the year 1859 it was estimated that over 60,000 incoming settlers crossed the plains occupied by these Indians. Then the trouble commenced. A foolish mail-carrier fired on two innocent young warriors, who came riding up to beg tobacco; the Indians returned the fire; troops then were called out; the Cheyennes became exasperated, killed two men and a child, and took a woman captive. Emigrant trains after this were in constant danger of attack; and the Cheyennes were regarded as hostiles, and shot down wherever found. For three or four years a costly and bloody war was carried on against them. The men, proud, arrogant, and believing themselves to be superior in strength to their white aggressors, refused to yield either to per-

suasion or force. If worsted in one engagement, they quickly rallied their braves and prepared for another. The United States Government wanted to move them all to Indian Territory, and there settle them on reserves and make them farm; but to this they were one and all resolutely opposed. A number of them, who had been seized in Dakota, and were held as prisoners of war at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, declared that they would never be taken alive to Indian Territory; and they broke up the iron stones in the camp, and made themselves weapons with which to defend themselves. The commanding officer, thinking to tame their savage nature, ordered them to be starved and to be kept without fuel (although midwinter, and the glass below zero) for several days. At the end of two days he said that the women and children might come out and be fed; but not a woman would move. On the night of the fourth day, driven to desperation, they broke prison, overpowered the guards, and fled. They were overtaken in a deep ravine and mercilessly shot down. Only fifty women and children and seven men were left of this band, and they were sent to prison at Fort Leavenworth. A black page on American history was the Sand Creek massacre; it took place in November, 1864, at a time when the Cheyenne Indians and the white settlers were sworn foes. Governor Evans, of Colorado, had sent out a circular, inviting all Indians who were friendly to the American Government to come to Fort Lyon for protection, while war was going on against the hostiles. A band of Cheyennes availed themselves of the invitation, and went into the Fort, believing that they would be safe. After a time an order came for them to be removed to Sand Creek, forty miles from the Fort, but they were still guaranteed perfect safety. But the American Colonel intended their destruction. Just at daybreak, Nov. 27th, he fell upon their camp with his troops and massacred them without mercy. Their chief, White Antelope, who had always been friendly to the Americans, seeing what was happening, ran out towards the soldiers, crying in English, "Stop! stop!" When he saw that nothing could be done, he folded his arms and waited till he was shot down. Women and children were killed and scalped by the brutal soldiers. One little child, three years old, was toddling along through the sand, perfectly naked, trying to follow the Indians, who had taken to flight, when a soldier, seeing him, jumped from his horse, took deliberate aim and fired. He missed his mark. A comrade then dismounted, fired at the poor little creature; and he missed, too. Then

a third man came up and fired, and the little fellow rolled over in the sand.

In 1867, General Hancock burned a village of the Cheyennes, on Pawnee Fork. This provoked another war, which ended in the defeat of "Black Kettle," and his braves, by General Custer, at Washita. In 1868-69, there was war again, in which Generals Sheridan, Custer and Carr took part. In March, 1875, the Southern Cheyennes, under their chief, "Stone Calf," surrendered at Fort Sill. In 1876, the Northern Cheyennes joined "Sitting Bull," and the Sioux, and aided in the terrible Custer massacre. In 1877, they surrendered, and were sent to Indian Territory; but the following year they broke away, and escaped again to the North. At the present time there are 2,100 Cheyenne Indians in Indian Territory, and 560 in Dakota. For the last two or three years they have been quiet, and are now showing a disposition to engage in agriculture, and to send their children to school. The latest reports from Indian Territory are encouraging. Once the wildest, proudest and most untameable of all the tribes; now over 2,000 of them are wearing civilized dress, either wholly or in part; they have 2,000 acres under cultivation, and 75 per cent. of their children are attending school. Their missionary is the Rev. H. R. Voth, of the Mennonite church, who has a mission boarding school of about fifty children; and also holds services in the camp. The first Cheyenne was baptized in June, 1888. Quite a number of Cheyennes have been educated at the Carlisle Indian School, in Pennsylvania; and some of the returned pupils are now doing a good work among their own people. A writer in the *Red Man*, thus describes a recent visit to these people, showing what marked progress they are making in civilization:—"That little house is where 'Creeping Bear' lives, and there is Mrs. Creeping Bear whipping the pigs away from the door with the dish cloth. Ten months ago she had no house, no pigs, no dish cloth; so we can excuse the mis-application of the latter. Let us go inside. Those pictures on the wall were sent from the East last Christmas. Those new chairs and the hand-saw, were purchased the last trip to the Agency. The looking-glass and towelling are late purchases. The window-curtains, though calico, are hemmed and looped back in a civilized way. The cook-stove was issued to them by the Government."

One great hindrance to the advancement in civilization of these people in days gone by, was the existence of the "dog-soldier" element, by means of which at-

tendance was made compulsory at the sun-dance and other heathen ceremonies. Now this is done away with, and instead thereof they have a system of native police, acting under the direction of the Indian agent. The native police, some thirty-five in number, wear a uniform and receive pay; and their duty is to look after and arrest whiskey pedlars, horse thieves, and other such transgressors; and also to enforce the attendance of children at school.

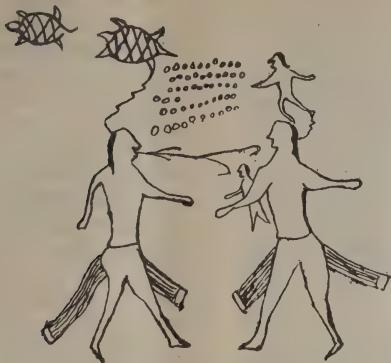
We have already alluded to three chiefs of this tribe, "White Antelope," "Black Kettle," and "Stone-calf." Another noted man was the "Wolf on the



"WOLF ON THE HILL."

Hill" (Ne-hee-o-ee-woo-tis); he was chief of the Cheyennes in 1834, at which time Mr. Catlin painted his portrait, and thus describes him:—"A most fine-looking and dignified man, a man of honor and strictest integrity, his dress a very handsome one, made of deer skins, garnished with broad bands of porcupine-quill work down the sleeves of his tunic and leggings, and all the way fringed with scalp-locks, his hair profuse and flowing over his shoulders."

Before these people were taught to read and write, they were accustomed, in common with most other Indians, to convey messages one to another, or to record their brave deeds, by means of pictographs. The accompanying cut is *fac simile* of a letter sent by mail by a Southern Cheyenne, named "Turtle-following-his-wife," in Indian Territory, to his son, "Little-man," in Dakota. It was drawn on a half-sheet of ordinary writing paper, without a word written. It was enclosed in an envelope, which was addressed to "Little-man, Cheyenne, Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota," in the ordinary manner, the direction being written



CHEYENNE PICTOGRAPH.

evidently by some clerk at the agency. The letter was evidently understood by "Little-man," as he immediately called upon the Indian Agent and told him that \$53 had been placed to his credit to enable him to take the long journey to his father's home, in Indian Territory. The Agent had by the same mail received a letter from the Indian Territory Agent, enclosing the \$53 for the purpose named. The pictograph letter is explained thus:—"The two large figures represent father and son, each with his name attached by a jagged line to his head—the one "Turtle-following-his-wife," the other, "Little Man." From his father's mouth goes forth the message "Come!"—the ends of the lines curved back, and, as it were, drawing "Little Man" towards him; and just above are the silver coins necessary for the journey which, if counted, will be found to number fifty-three.

In the war of 1876, the Oglala Indians helped General Mackenzie to fight against the Cheyennes. This event was commemorated by a rude drawing, found some time after in the camp. The star-looking figure is the Cheyenne camp, or circle of teepees. To one of the teepees is attached, by a line, an Indian's head; this was the beginning of the attack. The white man holding up three figures, is General Mackenzie, who is placed upon the head of the warrior, to indicate that the Indians were assisting him. The other white man is General Crook, indicated by three stars, because he wore three stars on his shoulder straps. The symbol for 'Cheyenne,' was generally three or four short marks, because it was their practice to make several transverse cuts on the fore-arm; before or after going into a conflict, as an offering or vow to the Great Spirit for success.

The Cheyennes, like most of the prairie Indians, live in "teepees," made of a framework of poles, covered over with buffalo-hides or tent-cloth, and conical in shape. In the winter time they generally protect these dwellings from the cold winds and the drifting snow, by a circular fence of brush-wood, as shown in



CHEYENNE TEEPEES.

the drawing. A strange sight is their "medicine dance." A number of braves, naked to the waist, enter the "Medicine Lodge." They gash their arms and legs, and pierce holes in their chests, pass ropes through the holes, and suspend themselves from the centre of the lodge until their struggling tears the flesh loose. Each one has a bone whistle, and, keeping their eyes on a suspended charm, they dance night and day, without food or water, until exhausted. Even although advancing now in civilization, so strong is their love for their ancient customs, that the Cheyenne Indians have kept up these medicine dances until quite recently. Some of the Christian young men, who have been educated at Carlisle and elsewhere, have now banded together to try and put a stop to the practice, and at a recent gathering for a medicine dance, they had prayer and singing in an adjoining tent, as a counter attraction; but they were soon ordered away by the medicine men. One of the leaders in this movement, Leonard Tyler, says:—"We prayed for our poor red brethren, who cut themselves while making medicine, and almost died from thirst; and it seemed to us that we heard God's voice speaking to us and saying, 'Go on, I am with thee always.'"

These people do not seem to have many traditions. If they have any, they havenot yet been recorded. They believe in a Great Spirit, whom they call Ma-hai-nan; and in their medicine lodge they preserve four sacred arrows, which they say came out of the earth. When they die, they believe they will go to a good place in the south, and that their spirits will hunt buffaloes.

According to Capt. Clark, when a Cheyenne child is born, whether a boy or girl, it is first of all called

baby, afterwards by any childish name, until, if a boy, he goes to war. Then he will be named from something that has happened on the journey—from some incident, some animal killed, or some bird that is supposed to have helped him to success. An old Cheyenne Indian gave Capt. Clark the following incident in his life, concerning his own name:—"When I was small," he said, "I was called *Little Bird*. When I first went to war and returned to camp, the name of *Long Horn* was given to me, by an old man of the camp. Then the traders gave me the name of "Tall White Man;" and now, since I have become old, the Indians call me "Black Pipe," because I used to blacken the stem and bowl of my pipe after these trips, as a sign that I had been successful."

Some time since there was discovered in the State of Kansas, a burial case, containing a Cheyenne baby, and a description of it will show what were the mortuary customs of these people. The case, which was made of the interlaced branches of white willow, was found resting on a platform of sticks, supported on poles, about eight feet from the ground. It was removed to the Army Medical Museum, at Washington, and there opened. Inside the basket-work covering were layers of buffalo-robés secured by gaudy-colored sashes—seven robes in all. Then came a series of new blankets—five in all—two scarlet, two blue, and one white. These being removed, the next wrappings consisted of a striped white and grey sack, and a nearly new United States infantry overcoat. Inside these were three robes, with hoods, very richly ornamented with bead work and spherical brass bells; these robes were made of buffalo-calf skin, and were each about four feet long. Within these were, first, a grey woollen double shawl, then five yards of blue cassimere, then six yards of red calico, then six yards of brown calico, and, finally, the remains of a child, probably about a year old, elaborately dressed in a red flannel cloak, red tunic, bead-work leggings, red and black stockings, and wampum necklaces adorning its neck. There were also buried with it numerous trinkets, a porcelain image, a china vase, and a number of little toys.

The Cheyenne Indians call their neighbors, the Arapahoes, *It-tan-i-wa*; the Sioux, *I-ho-o-mo-ho*; the Pawnees, *Ho-ni-a-tan*; the Comanches, *Shisk-in-o-wits-i-tan*; and the Apaches, *Mats-se-an-i-tan*. No books have as yet been published in the Cheyenne language.

VOCABULARY.

Pronounce *a*, as in father; *e*, ē, as in they, met; *i*, ī, as in pique, pick; *o*, ö, as in note, not; *u*, as in rule;

ă, ū, as in but; <i>ai</i> , as in aisle; <i>au</i> , as in bough, now;	<i>te</i> , as in church; <i>dj</i> , as in judge; <i>j</i> , as in <i>jamais</i> (Fr.), pleasure;	ă, as in law; ă, as in fan; ū, as in <i>tu</i> (Fr.); <i>h</i> , as in <i>ich</i> (Gr.); <i>n̄</i> , as in sing; <i>dh</i> , as in that; <i>th</i> , as in thin; <i>ḡ</i> , as in a guttural <i>ghr</i> sound.
man, <i>hi-tän</i> .	woman, <i>hi-ih</i> .	to-morrow, <i>ma-wō-in-na</i> .
boy, <i>kiss-i-wai</i> .	house, <i>mai-yu</i> .	good morning, <i>howh</i> .
boat, <i>amois-tcistu-tca</i> .	river, <i>ohih</i> .	Indian, <i>tcissiwoistān</i> .
water, <i>ma'h-pih</i> .	fire, o wist.	white man, <i>wi-a-hu</i> .
tree, <i>hūh tcistch</i> .	horse, <i>mu'ă-nūh</i> .	God, <i>ma-hai-nan</i> .
dog, <i>ho-ish-kiss</i> .	fish, <i>no'-māh</i> .	Devil,
town, <i>w'i-hyu-in</i> .	town, <i>w'i-hyu-in</i> .	heaven,
kettle, <i>ük-si'-wi-du</i> .	horse, <i>mu'ă-nūh</i> .	a hand, <i>ma-ats</i> .
knife, <i>mo'-i-tcistch</i> .	dog, <i>ho-ish-kiss</i> .	my hand, <i>na-ats</i> .
tobacco, <i>tsin-ni-mo</i> .	fish, <i>no'-māh</i> .	your hand, <i>ni-ats</i> .
day, <i>esh-shéyw</i> .	town, <i>w'i-hyu-in</i> .	John's hand, <i>John hi-ats</i> .
night, <i>dai'-e-hwa</i> .	horse, <i>mu'ă-nūh</i> .	my knife, <i>na-motc-ki</i> .
yes, <i>hi-i</i> .	dog, <i>ho-ish-kiss</i> .	axe, <i>hōk-kwi</i> .
no, <i>ho'-wün</i> .	fish, <i>no'-māh</i> .	little axe, <i>etcki-hok-wi</i> .
I, <i>nă-ni'-hiyöwh</i> .	town, <i>w'i-hyu-in</i> .	bad axe, <i>ehäv-sivä-hok-wi</i> .
thou, <i>ni-ni'-höwh</i> .	horse, <i>mu'ă-nūh</i> .	big axe, <i>imaha-hok-wi</i> .
he, <i>dă-dü'-hi-tan</i> .	dog, <i>ho-ish-kiss</i> .	big tree, <i>mah-ho'-tsi-tsí</i> .
my father, <i>ni-hu'-e</i> .	fish, <i>no'-māh</i> .	black kettle, <i>mo'h-ta-bi-tu</i> .
it is good, <i>pah-wah</i> .	town, <i>w'i-hyu-in</i> .	money, <i>makadän tsitsi</i> .
red, <i>i-mai'-kit</i> .	horse, <i>mu'ă-nūh</i> .	bird, <i>shí'-shi stitsi</i> .
white, <i>tsé-wök'-üm</i> .	dog, <i>ho-ish-kiss</i> .	snake, <i>shí'-shi-no thwits</i> .
black, <i>tse-mokh-tauh</i> .	fish, <i>no'-māh</i> .	I walk, <i>na'-mi</i> .
one, <i>in-yu-kaih</i> .	town, <i>w'i-hyu-in</i> .	thou walkest, <i>ni'-ami</i> .
two, <i>inih shi-ă</i> .	horse, <i>mu'ă-nūh</i> .	we walk, <i>na'-m-nim</i> .
three, <i>in-ă-hi-ă</i> .	dog, <i>ho-ish-kiss</i> .	they walk, <i>í-am-niyă</i> .
four, <i>in-näh-vi-ă</i> .	fish, <i>no'-māh</i> .	he is asleep, <i>e-shina'wots</i> .
five, <i>in-nō-hün</i> .	town, <i>w'i-hyu-in</i> .	is he asleep? <i>e-shina'-wots-a</i>
six, <i>näh-sō-tă</i> .	horse, <i>mu'ă-nūh</i> .	I go, <i>na'ta-ni-uts</i> .
seven, <i>nis-sō-tă</i> .	dog, <i>ho-ish-kiss</i> .	I shall go, <i>na'ta-asi-yuts</i> .
eight, <i>näh-nōhk-tă</i> .	fish, <i>no'-māh</i> .	I went, <i>nata-ashin-i-yuts</i> .
nine, <i>söhk-tă</i> .	town, <i>w'i-hyu-in</i> .	I am not going, <i>nata-tusa-ni-yutsi</i> .
ten, <i>mäh-töhk-tă</i> .	horse, <i>mu'ă-nūh</i> .	are you going? <i>nita-tusi-niyutsi</i> .
twenty, <i>nisöh-e</i> .	dog, <i>ho-ish-kiss</i> .	give it to me, <i>ni-metc-shtch</i> .
hundred, <i>mah töhk-tă-nū</i> .	fish, <i>no'-māh</i> .	don't be afraid, <i>ni-wi-i-du'-tän</i> .
come here, <i>nis-tci-yuts</i> .	town, <i>w'i-hyu-in</i> .	I am hungry, <i>nă widäm'-shi-tän</i> .
be quick, <i>shi-wün-istch</i> .	horse, <i>mu'ă-nūh</i> .	are you sick? <i>ni-ha-mo'-taï?</i>
to-day, <i>hët-its-ai-ish-aiv</i> .	dog, <i>ho-ish-kiss</i> .	he is very sick, <i>í-yuda'cohái mo'-tahe</i> .

it is cold, a-tonit.
 I see him, na-wâm.
 thou seest him, ni-wâm.
 he sees him, i-wâ-mo.
 he sees it, i-wôt ta.
 if I see him, mah-wôm,
 thou seest me, ni-wâm ^{mi}
 I see thee, ni-wâm matsi
 he sees me, nawâm ^{ma}
 I see myself, na wâm matsi
 we see each other, na wâm ^{matsi}
 do you see him? nishi wâm ^{ma?}
 I do not see you, tsa wâm
 two men, nishi ta'na.
 three dogs, na'ha ôsh risse.
 four knives, nivi motc-ki-its.

Did John see the horse? John iwâm-o-ho mo-eh-naha?
 I will see you to-morrow, stâwâm itsi mawô ina.
 John saw a big canoe, John iwôt' amo'ystcis tîca.
 I shall not go if I see him, natsani itsi matawom.
 If he goes he will see you, matani-ot sitsi tsiwom.
 What is your name? nitun'-shi-wi?
 Where are you going? tusa nitau' tsa?

The following books and papers have been referred to in the foregoing account of the Cheyenne Indians: Catlin; the "Red Man;" Indian Bureau Report, Washington; Century of Dishonor; Bureau of Ethnology Report, Washington; The American Indian; The "Indian Helper;" Mortuary Customs (Yarrow). Special thanks are due to the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, for the loan of several manuscripts bearing on the language. Also to Kish Hawkins, of the Carlisle Indian School, for a partial vocabulary and notes.

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 \$1400 required in order to complete the first of the three buildings at MEDICINE HAT.

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The Wawanosh Home.

AN interesting account appeared recently in the columns of the Toronto "*Empire*," describing a visit paid by two ladies to the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. The following describes their visit to the Wawanosh:

THE WAWANOSH HOME.

The first visit on the day after our arrival here was to the Wawanosh Home, which we reached after a walk of about a mile and a half along a pretty country road,



WAWANOSH HOME (*side view*).

fragrant with the odor of the spruce trees which grow in great profusion on either side. The home for Indian girls was established by Rev. Edward F. Wilson in 1879 as a branch of the Shingwauk Home, as before that time both boys and girls had been received in the Shingwauk. The Wawanosh is a substantial square stone building with kitchens, etc., at the back. The door was opened for us by the pleasant-faced matron, Mrs. Seal, who, on learning our errand, expressed great pleasure and willingness to show us everything of interest in the building. After a few minutes' rest in the cosy sitting-room of the lady superintendent and teacher, Miss Champion, who unfortunately was not at home, our visit being unexpected, Mrs. Seal took us across the hall to the school-room, where about ten Indian girls, of ages varying from 9 to 16 years, were found. The holidays had begun, we were told, and some of the girls had gone home, while the others were to go in a few days. Bright, intelligent girls they looked, and, after hearing them read and sing and examining their copy books, we were not surprised to be told that they learn even more quickly than white children, having, as a rule, more perseverance.

"How many girls can you take?" we asked, and were told that 26 was the number the house was supposed to hold, but that generally

27 OR 28 WERE CROWDED IN.

The girls are instructed in every branch of household work, and, indeed, practically do all the work of the house, under the oversight of the matron, as well as sew and knit. For the work they do they are paid a

small sum, a few cents of which they retain as pocket money and the rest is placed in a savings bank to their credit.

"Do they return home when their five years' training is over?" said I.

"No," replied Mrs. Seal. "They generally go as domestic servants, and give great satisfaction. From the school-room we passed quickly through the dining-room and kitchen and then up stairs to the dormitories and cupboards, where were hanging the neat uniforms or best dresses of the girls—navy blue dresses, trimmed with three rows of red braid, white aprons and black sailor hats, trimmed with red ribbon. We said goodbye to the girls, receiving from one of them a note, which we faithfully promised to take to her former teacher in the Elkhorn Home in Manitoba. Mrs. Seal then took us across the road to a small cottage, used as the laundry for both the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes. Here we found the laundress with four Indian girls hard at work, but were sorry to find that this work was rendered unnecessarily laborious from the want of any modern conveniences, such as we are accustomed to see in the laundries of our public homes in Toronto. A waterspout from the roof conveys the rain water into a tank under the floor, from which it has to be lifted by buckets to the tubs and boilers. The stove also for ironing is small, old, and smokes badly. Now, when the laundry work of over 100 persons has to be done weekly amid these drawbacks and inconveniences, because there are no funds to expend on necessary improvements, it makes one wish that some of our wealthy men, who give so generously to the Toronto "homes," would come up here and leave a substantial reminiscence of their visit behind them. Altogether, however, our visit to the Wawanosh was a pleasant one—barring the mosquitoes. I have always had a feeling of compassion for the poor Egyptians in the time of their numerous plagues. Not for Pharaoh and his advisors, but for the rank and file who had nothing to say in the matter. If mosquitoes were among the other sorts of flies, I shall always feel for them as for fellow-sufferers after our morning at the Wawanosh. The war dances we executed would have done credit to the parents of any of the Indians present.

WILL not our English friends give us some further help towards our MEDICINE HAT Homes. £280 is still wanted in order to complete the building now in course of erection, by November 1st.

Iroquois Indians changing with the Times.

To the Editor of O.F.C.:

DEAR SIR,—I received information a few days ago, through the Brantford Press, what may be regarded as one of the most important of all important matters in connection with the ancient confederacy of the "People of the Long House"—*Six Nations*. That is, they have appointed a committee of six chiefs, to draft out rules and regulations for the guidance and information of its people on the reserve. There are several reasons why this may be regarded as important; in the first place, the affairs of the people can be carried on on business principles, more suitable to its present surroundings and educational tendencies. Of course, it must not be inferred that the present system is devoid of business principles; before we can make such an attack upon a system, which I am told, upon good authority, gave birth to George Washington's great scheme of confederating colonies into one harmonious whole, a scheme a little over a century ago, thought to be dangerous on account of its republican character. Liberal minds can now look upon the many United States of all America, viz.: Columbia, Brazil, etc. Not only in America is the grand lesson exemplified as coming from the barbarian aborigines of the new world, but it has taken fast hold across the ocean. Countries have placed upon their flags, legends indicating freedom to all, governments by the people and for the people, not monarchy. However the red man has been used in the past, his one great virtue, "personal freedom," will certainly not go into oblivion with him. Of all the information that has been gathered regarding our Six Nation Indians, little or nothing has been produced, in spite of the fact that more has been written about them in early history than any other tribe or confederation of aborigines. Enough has been gathered, however, to successfully stamp them as "The Romans of the West;" shrewd in all their dealings, masters of their situation, they placed more weight upon harmony between themselves, than eagerness to gain possession, for its own sake; hence, it would have been impossible for them to attain a state of civilization like the European civilization, trampling and subjecting one another, all for the sake of money. Their highest thought was how to be happy.

After a probable period of 1000 years, a change is to take place through sheer necessity; but this change should not in any way be looked upon with shame or disgrace, nor detrimental to the present conditions: for it must be borne in mind, the Indian of to-day is not

the Indian of yesterday, and by the great law of evolution we must acquiesce cheerfully, though I could not think of the change taking place without struggle. People cannot be blamed for holding fast to the old friend in preference to the new, which, though an old saying is indeed a true one. There is always so much feeling of danger and suspicion on the part of the Indians in matters of this sort, that they actually prefer not to act rather than to leave themselves in a position whereby legislative acts may misconstrue their meaning. In consequence of this, they are in constant fear. How changed from their former condition; they act without responsibility, and, with some truth, without any defined purpose. This project of having well-defined rules and regulations will transfer what responsibility remains from the verbal or memory record, to records in black and white. Chiefs of the Six Nations must not wonder why the people should require such change, when by their acts they show their appreciation for knowledge; they cannot encourage education without it showing itself in some shape or other, and they must bear in mind, that those who would favor such are prompted by the most earnest desire to advance the people's interest. As years roll on, social changes take place; when one portion looks upon certain things as extravagant, by others they are looked upon as a necessity. Another thing, why something definite is required, in regards to property, some of the Indians have become so very exacting and overbearing in their eagerness to get wealth, and are shrewd enough to appeal to the old laws; when they fail in that they appeal to Canadian laws; this is taking advantage of the Indians' non-descript condition.

Now, if the Government were to try and rectify this, they would be sure to make a bungle of the whole business, simply because there exists two classes, "whose ideas and feelings are dissociated;" and so based upon misunderstanding.

I hope the committee will work the case out in a manner that will bring about some definite understanding, and not let the matter collapse, and D'ongoun'ouï-vérâd'ouh-Oneuh.

O-Ji-Ja-tek-ha.

Toronto, May 16, 1890.

"OUR FOREST CHILDREN" for the past sixteen months, June, 1889, to September, 1890, is shortly to be bound, and the volumes will be offered for sale. Subscribers who have full files on hand, and wish them bound, will please send word to that effect to the Editor.

MY WIFE AND I

A LITTLE JOURNEY AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. E. F. Wilson.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued).

MRS. SOMERS waxed eloquent on this subject, and began to shine in a new light which I had scarcely anticipated. She was evidently a woman who would shoot a Navajo at sight, if he came prowling around her place without any business. "Flint is no good for these Indians, he's afraid of them, that's what it is. It wants a man whose got some heart and pluck for such a business as this. These Navajoes know he's afraid of them, and that's how it is they are so bold. I tell you, Mr. Wilson," said Mrs. Somers afterwards, in confidence, "there's going to be trouble about this affair. Why it's scarcely a year since Mr. Dean was shot fifteen miles from here, between this and Defiance, and the Indian that shot him has never been arrested; and a few months ago there were three men killed on the track by these Navajoes. I tell you the settlers won't stand any more of this. I belong to a Society down in Texas, and I have only to give them the word and 300 men will be at hand to avenge Swift's death. Those men in Socorro County, that was Swift's county, are not going to let it alone, they are most all Texas men; if the Government don't find and punish that Navajo before many days, there will be 15 or more of these Navajoes killed—and then there will be a general rising and an Indian war—I know it must come sooner or later, and we may as well be ready for it."

"Does Captain Flint go about armed?" I asked of Oliver. "Armed! I should think he did; why, he never goes anywhere without an escort, and he takes two six-shooters in his belt and a gun loaded with buckshot on the floor of the buckboard under his feet—why, he wouldn't cross from his house to the stable without his six-shooter."

"How was it Dean got shot?" I asked.

"Why, Dean was just travelling through the same as you are. He got off at the station here just as you did, and he wanted to go out to the Fort the same as you. Well, he came into the store here, Dougherty's store, and hired a horse to go out there; and he changed a \$20 piece in the store. This Navajo Indian that killed him, 'Buttons' we call him, saw him get the gold changed, and saw him put the silver in his pocket, and 'Buttons' made up his mind to have that money."

"What was the fellow called 'Buttons' for?"

"Why he always used to bring silver buttons to trade with, the Navajoes make them, you know, out of dimes or quarters. Well, Dean stated off to go to Defiance, and the Navajo mounted his pony and followed him. He followed him 15 miles, and then he



THE SHOOTING OF DEAN.

shot him. The bullet struck him in the thigh, and he fell from his horse. 'Buttons' robbed him of his money and was trying to lug him into the bush to kill him when Dan Cotton came riding along just in the nick of time, and when 'Buttons' saw Dan Cotton he made off. Cotton got Dean up on his horse and brought him here. It was six weeks before he was able to be about. 'Buttons' has never showed his face around here since."

I waited till Wednesday to see if any word would come from Capt. Flint. Then I thought, better than waste further time, I would hire a team and go to Zuni, and take Fort Defiance and Moki later. So I wrote a pencil note to Capt. Flint's teamster, whoever he might be, telling him that I was gone to Zuni and would be back Friday, if he would be kind enough to wait for me till then. The Somers said that in the present state of the roads, even if he arrived that evening he would want a day here to rest his horses before starting on the return journey, so that it would cause very little hindrance. So, having settled this matter, I engaged Oliver with a buckboard and a pair of mules, and we started at 11 o'clock in the morning.

I thought it better, considering the condition of the country, to leave my valise behind me, and just put up what I thought I should need for the two days absence

in a strapped bundle with an extra overcoat and some wraps. Mr. Somers gave us a lunch to take with us, and a canteen filled with water, and Oliver put on his cartridge belt and took his six-shooter ready loaded. Then we started. It was quite a new country to me, typical, as Oliver informed me, of all this Western country through New Mexico and Arizona, and quite different to what I had seen in Colorado. First we crossed the Rio Puerco, down a very steep clay bank, across a narrow but rather deep stream with a quick-stand bottom, up a steep bank on the other side; then five miles of open country with low hills on either side, all dry and barren and with scarcely a vestige of vegetation. Then for six miles or so our route lay through a grand canon—"Six mile canon," it is called—or flat desert valley, from half a mile to a mile in width, and abrupt yellow sandstone rocks, 300 or 400 feet high, on either side. The formation of the rocks was very curious and varied. Here and there rose a tall slender column of sandstone supporting a huge block of rock on its top. Here again grew a crop of gigantic sandstone mushrooms, 6 or 7 of them in a group, and varying from 15 to 30 feet in height. Over there, looming up behind a ridge, were the minarets of some ancient Cathedral; there, again, cut in the face of the rock was a perfectly symmetrical bridge, supported by a single arch. It was a wild, wild desert—a weird, uncanny-looking place—a place of caves and gorges and gulches and wild beasts—a choice district indeed for Indian scalp hunters and white desperadoes. There were said to be bears and wolves and coyotes in abundance, but we did not see any. Once we came upon an immense flock of Navajo sheep and goats. They looked very pretty in and out among the rocks, but there was nothing whatever for them to eat except the sage brush. I am told, however, that during the winter they manage to eke out a living on that not very palatable-looking food. A slight sprinkling of snow was on the ground, and I found my seal-skin coat none too warm. Oliver was an excellent travelling companion, but all his talk was of the "killings" which had taken place within the last year or so, and the quality and value of horses and mules. "These Navajoes," he said, "are never to be trusted; there is trouble all the time between them and the Americans. They come to steal our horses and mules; and, of course, we can't put up with that; and if we can't get out own back, why we take theirs. I can tell you," said Oliver, "it's not very pleasant when one's out on the trail teaming goods, to find in the morning, after a night's camping, all one's horses gone;

and there, skulking round, you will see perhaps five or six of these Indian brutes, with their Winchesters; and they will offer to show you where your horses are, if you will pay them—they have taken and hidden them away in some side canon or gorge during the night, and rather than be delayed hunting for them you have to pay these brutes what they ask to shew you where they are. I tell you it makes a fellow feel ready to knock them down or shoot them on the spot. But spare me! we must not shoot a Navajo. A Navajo's life is worth ten times more in the eyes of the Government than is an American's. If an American gets killed, its no matter at all; but if a Navajo is killed, why you will have the Indian Agent and his scouts and the troops all after you in a terror of a time. The fact is the Government is afraid of these Indians, they just pet and pamper them, and its just that that makes them so bold. But this state of things can't last much longer. These Navajo brutes have got to be punished, and the sooner there's a break out I guess the better. You see, there'll be a general break out before next Spring."

"I suppose you have trouble in these parts with white desperadoes too, don't you?"

"Oh yes, this country is overrun with deserters from the army, and bad fellows who have been obliged to skip from civilized parts; but its not as bad as it used to be a few years back; the railway and the telegraph coming through here has helped to put them down, and they keep further back now than they used to. Of course, every now and then there's a train robbery. A number of these fellows come together, masked and armed, and 'go through' a train, making the passengers give up all their valuables; and there's a great deal of horse stealing, too. Marshall Barrett shot and killed four of these fellows in one evening, at Holroyd, about fifty miles from here, because they resisted arrest; that's the way to do with them. That man, Crislo, who dined



COW-BOYS' PLAY.

at our place the day you came, killed a man about seven months ago; he was acting deputy-sheriff at that

time. Then we have great times, sometimes, with the 'Cow-boys,' but they go in for these things more just for deviltry, than anything. About ten months ago they stopped a train at the next station to ours, and 'held up' the passengers; they fired their six-shooters through the car windows and scared the people all out of their lives, and then went through the train. At another place, while the engine was taking water, they galloped up, firing their pistols all round; and they got an Indian and ran him off with them, saying they were going to hang him. A number of the passengers followed to see what they were going to do; and as soon as they had got some distance from the train, they 'held up' every one of those passengers and 'went through' them, taking away all the money and watches they could get. I tell you, those cattle men sometimes are a 'holy terror.'"

"What do you call this pair of mules worth?"

"Why, Puss here is worth \$100, and Monk, he's smaller, but he's fast, he's good for \$75 to any man. John Somers sold a better pair than these, only this morning, for \$250; that's a good price for mules!"

"What are horses worth then?"

"Oh, horses are not worth as much as mules in this country. A horse will fetch all the way from \$40 to \$75. Indian ponies are of less value. They sell for \$20 or \$30 apiece."

"What are sheep worth?"

"Navajo sheep are worth nothing in the market. Certainly they are not worth more than from 75 cents to a dollar a-piece; indeed they'd be dear at that. It's only the wool that'll sell. They shear them twice in the year—May and October. The sheep average one and a-half pounds at each shearing, and the wool sells at about 15 cents a pound; wool buyers go round and buy it up. That man, Clarke, who's at the house now, is a wool buyer."

"What does the shearing cost?"

"On the sheep ranches they pay 1½ cents to 2 cents a sheep. There's nothing pays better than sheep in this country. They cost next to nothing to keep, as they find their own living all the year round—30 cents a year for each sheep, will about cover everything."

At two o'clock we had travelled fifteen miles, and stopped at the only house between Manuelito and Zuni. It was kept by an American, who was married to a half-breed woman, and made his living by stock-raising. We were glad to go into the little adobe dwelling and warm our feet by the fire in the corner, and eat our lunch. An Indian woman was weaving a blanket in the same room, on a native loom. It was very interesting to watch the operation. The loom consisted of two strong upright poles fastened to the floor and rafters, about six feet apart, with cross pieces at top and bottom, and a winding cord for tightening them; on this frame the blanket was made, beginning at the bottom and working upwards, the operator sitting on the floor. I made a sketch of the woman at her work. These Navajo blankets are said to be the best in the world; they are beautifully made, very variously colored, and sell for from \$5 to \$100 according to size and quality.



INDIAN WOMAN WEAVING.

The last part of our journey was more tedious than the first—the scenery not so attractive, the hills more distant, and the travelling, too, was heavier, for in some parts the snow was six inches deep; the sun also had gone in behind the clouds, and it was beginning to blow and snow again. It was a welcome sight when we at length saw the outline of the Zuni buttes—two great castles of rock looming up against the grey sky; but we had still seven or eight miles to go, and it was growing dark. Down a hill we went,—and then it seemed, in the darkness, as though we were driving out on to a frozen lake and leaving the land behind us. It was a wide, open, flat area, many miles, seemingly, in extent, and low hills all round it. Away to our left rose a "Mesa"—a high, flat table-rock—which I recognized as forming the background to a picture which I had seen of Zuni, so that I knew we must now be nearing our journey's end.

"Did you see that light?" said my driver. I looked into the dense gloom ahead of us, and in a little while discerned the faint glimmer of a light; and then another a good distance to the right.

"That's Zuni," said Oliver.

As we drew nearer, other little lights gleamed forth. I counted over thirty of them; and the wide distances they were apart shewed that Zuni must be a large place. The population, I believe, is at present about 1600.

NOTE—This being the last issue of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," "My Wife and I" will be continued in the pages of "*The*

Canadian Indian." The next chapter, entitled Zuni, will be found to be the most interesting one in the whole narrative. The story will extend probably to the March number of *The Canadian Indian*, after which a new story, illustrated in the same manner, will be commenced, entitled "Two Little Indian Boys, and Where they went to."

THE S.P.C.K. has voted £100 towards the Homes at MEDICINE HAT, but the building must be completed and insured before this is available, and over and above this grant \$1400 (£280) is still required.

Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society.

THE following persons have subscribed their names as members of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, since the last list was published:—The Bishop of Nova Scotia, Rev. P. J. Filleul, Charles Burrill, Mrs. G. M. Armstrong, Rev. Louis C. Wurtele, The Very Rev. the Dean of Quebec, Rev. Thomas Fyles, Rev. G. G. Nicolls, G. R. White, John Macgillycuddy, G. M. Sproat, J. R. Tomly, J. M. Lemoine, Rev. F. C. Piper. There are now 115 members of the Society. Any other persons wishing to join will please send their name and addresses, with subscription (\$2 or 8s.) enclosed, either to the Secretary, Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; or to the Treasurer, W. L. Marler, Merchants Bank, Ottawa. The Society's Journal, the "*Canadian Indian*," the first number of which is to appear next month, will be sent free until December, 1891, to all who have paid up their subscriptions.

THE "Sokitaphe Home" for Indian children, at MEDICINE HAT, is now being built at a cost of \$4000.

"The Canadian Indian."

THE *Canadian Indian*, the first number of which will appear on the 1st of October, is to be a first-class magazine, printed on heavy antique paper, size six-by nine and a-half inches (about the same as Harper's Monthly), 24 pages in length, illustrated, and will contain articles on the ethnology, philology, and archaeology of our aboriginal races by the pens of some of our ablest writers; also information as to the present condition and future prospects of our Indians; the missionary and educational work which is being carried on among them; gleanings from other magazines and papers, both Canadian and American; stories, tit-bits, Indian children's letters, extracts from their examination papers, &c.; the aim of the editors

being to provide in as concise and yet as attractive a form as possible, such reading matter about our Canadian Indians as shall be palatable both to the student and to the general reader, to the learned ethnologist as well as to the school boy, and, for that matter, to the Indian himself, in whose interest the Magazine is published.

The "Canadian Indian" is sent free to Members of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society. To others the price is \$2 per annum, or half that amount to missionaries working among Indians, to Indians, and to Sunday Schools (for their library) supporting a pupil at an Indian Institution. Those who subscribe at once will receive fifteen numbers, viz., October, November, December, 1890, and the whole of 1891, before their subscription expires. Any person may become a member of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, and also receive the magazine for 15 months, by sending in \$2 (or 8s.) to the Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

THE new Sokitaphe Home at MEDICINE HAT is now being built at a cost of \$4000, but in order to complete it by November 1st, \$1400 must still be raised.

To our Subscribers.

S has already been announced, this is the last issue of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." Next month, October, will appear the first number of the "Canadian Indian," one half of which will be devoted to original papers on ethnological and philological subjects; and the other half will contain serial stories, items about Indians, missionary work, Indian children's letters, etc., etc., such as hitherto have filled up the pages of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." The new magazine will be illustrated, and will be made in every way as useful and reliable and interesting a journal on Indian subjects as it is possible for it to be. Mr. H. B. Small, who will edit the ethnological part, is already widely known by his writings on Canadian subjects in the British Press; and his connection with the magazine augurs well for its success. Mr. Wilson will edit the educational and missionary part, and continue his story "My wife and I," which has already gone through sixteen numbers of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN." After due thought and consideration on the part of the editors; and consultation with others who have had experience in such matters, it has been decided that in order to make it from the outset a first-class magazine, the price must

be \$2.00 per annum (eight shillings). It is to be the organ of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, and as such will be the medium of intercommunication with other learned Societies, and its pages will be contributed to by men who would be indisposed to lend their valuable writings to any but a first-class magazine. It seems important therefore that its position should be asserted from the first, and every effort will be made to maintain its character as time goes on. The subscription therefore will be \$2.00, which sum covers also the annual membership fee. It has however to be considered also that one of the chief aims of the "Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society," as at present constituted, is to reach through its publications the eye and the heart of the Canadian public, to call forth their sympathies for our poor red men, and lead them to take an active interest both in the proposed research into their past history, and also in what can be told of their present condition and future prospects. With this object in view, it seems most important to enlist the interest and help of the missionaries and teachers, who are laboring among the Indians at their widely separated and isolated stations. Without the co-operation of these laborers in the field, the success of either our newly formed society or of the new magazine can be well expected. It is proposed, therefore, that to missionaries and teachers among Indians, whether in the United States or in Canada, to the Indians themselves, and also to Sunday Schools supporting pupils in Indian Homes, the charge for the Magazine shall be \$1 instead of \$2, but this will not entitle them to be members of the Society. We hope that most of the present subscribers to "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" will give our new Society a helping hand, just at the start, by subscribing at any rate for one year to the "Canadian Indian." To those who have already paid up for the second year of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN," viz., to May, 1891, we will, in lieu thereof, send the "Canadian Indian" for six months, viz., until March, 1891; and then, if willing to continue taking the new magazine at the advanced price, we must ask them to pay the \$2 for the year commencing with the April number, 1891. To other subscribers who have paid several months in advance for "O.F.C." we will send the "Canadian Indian" for such time as their subscription will cover, and will notify them at what date to renew, if they wish to continue the new magazine at \$2 per annum. We have about 500 complete files of "O.F.C." still on hand, viz.: June, 1889, to September, 1890, inclusive (16 months), and these we propose now

to bind and offer for sale. We will be glad to receive orders for these bound copies.

With the dropping of "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" will be dropped also the "Stray Leaves from the Forest," which we have published during the last few months specially for our Sunday School helpers. In order to supply this deficiency, we shall hope to make more use than hitherto of the regular church papers and periodicals, the columns of which have been kindly opened to us for that purpose.

THE Rev. John M. Davenport, of St. John, N.B., has offered \$50, if 19 others will do the same, and make up \$1000 for MEDICINE HAT.

Medicine Hat.



ON the 20th of July, Mr. Wilberforce Wilson, brother of the Rev. E. F. Wilson, a civil engineer, who has been in charge of the Shingwauk Home during the latter's absence in England, went up to Medicine Hat, to make arrangements for the immediate erection of the new Indian Institution, which is to be called the Soki-tahpe Home. The *Medicine Hat Times* has the following item in its issue of July, 31st:—

"The excavations for the main building of the Medicine Hat Indian industrial schools was commenced on Tuesday by the contractor, Mr. H. Yuill. The building will be constructed of frame and concrete, the timber showing on the outside. It will be 38×40 ft., with a rear wing 17×23 ft., and two stories in height. It will overlook the river, from which it is distant about three hundred yards. The ground floor will be divided into a porch and hall, superintendent's sitting room and office, dining room, kitchen and pantry. The first floor will be divided into a superintendent's bedroom, a sick room, linen room, and school rooms. Until the other buildings are erected, portions of the two school rooms will be partitioned off for dormitories for the pupils. The contractor binds himself to complete the building in three months. Mr. Wilberforce Wilson will remain here to oversee the construction of the building, and if possible he will open the schools this winter."

To this newspaper notice it must be added that out

of \$4000 required for the completion of the building, \$2100 only is as yet available. The S. P. C. K. has promised £100 so soon as the building is completed and insured; but unless more money comes in within the next two months, the work will have to be closed down for the winter in an incomplete state. Just \$1400 is the sum now wanted in order to make the S.P.C.K. grant available, and to complete the building before winter.

THOSE who will join with Mr. Davenport in giving \$50 each to MEDICINE HAT, please send their names and addresses at once to Rev. E. F. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie.

Jottings.

THERE are forty-seven pupils at present at the Washakada and Kasota Homes, at Elkhorn.

THE Presbyterians expect to open their large new Government Institution for Indian children, near Regina, this fall.

SCHOOL re-commences at the Shingwauk and Wanawosh Homes, August the 18th, and at the Elkhorn Homes, Sept. 8th.

THE Shingwauk recently had a visit from Adam Kiyoshk, who was the first pupil to enter that institution, sixteen years ago. Adam is now a fine broad-shouldered man, thirty-two years of age, with a wife and three children. He is at present employed as a dyer, by a Chicago firm.

DONATIONS are most earnestly solicited for the new Homes at MEDICINE HAT.

THE Shingwauk Home received a visit recently from Miss Cartmell, representative of the Methodist Women's Missionary Society. She was on her way to the North-west and British Columbia, to visit all the Indian schools, with a view to selecting a suitable position for a new Indian Home.

THE sale of fancy work on behalf of the Rev. R. Renison's Mission, took place on the Shingwauk Island, July, and realized about \$30. The island was prettily lighted up in the evening, and the stalls very tastefully decorated. Owing to showery weather, the attendance was not as large as had been hoped.

ANY contributions to MEDICINE HAT just at the present time, will be most thankfully accepted. We are most anxious to complete the building before winter.

Indian Ornaments.

THREE are few ornaments now in use with any meaning, among the Dakota Indians. Eagle feathers—the number worn showing the number of enemies he has killed, the wing feathers of the bald-headed eagle denoting male, and the black eagle feathers denoting women, are perhaps most prominent. If they have scalped the enemy, a broad red streak is painted upon the feathers. If the person killed was of prominence or reputation, the feather is sometimes dyed red. No one will wear an eagle feather unless entitled to it, as they believe it will fly away from their heads if worn unlawfully. The scalp-lock is still worn, even among the so-called civilized Indians. They arrange the scalp-lock proper an inch across, and tie around this very firmly a head band, and then the hair is braided, and an otter skin tied around it spirally, forming a braid at least two, and sometimes as much as four, feet long. This is kept oiled for the enemy. If an Indian has the time, and the person killed is of importance, he will scalp off the whole from beneath the eyebrows, including the eyes. Grizzly bear claws are worn as necklaces, as a mark of distinction, but, as they are costly, the wearing of them is merely a matter of wealth and not of chieftainship.—*Kansas City Times.*

Indian Piety.

IN the American Magazine for October, Mrs. H. S. Thompson, describing a trip taken in the Red Pipestone country, makes mention of a very marked feature of piety shown by the Christian Indians of that region. The following incidents are related:—

Some of our party, with less wisdom than frolic, visited a tepee on Sunday morning to purchase a few of the specimens of carved pipestone. They found the family at breakfast, and were treated with grave cold politeness, until their errand was made known, after which the family refused to hold any conversation with them whatever.

A similar result was shown on another occasion when a party from the town visited the Flandrau Indians, who have a church fourteen miles from the pipestone quarry. The party went for the purpose of engaging these Indians for a war dance at the coming Fourth of July celebration. These white Christians undertook the matter on a Sunday morning, and found the Indians all at church an hour before service, where they intro-

duced the subject at once. To their astonishment and annoyance they could elicit no response, nothing but blank silence. Thus discomfited, they withdrew until after service, and then made further efforts. Still the Indians stared in silence on the ground, and finally turned their backs upon their intruders in disdain, who then withdrew, too much chagrined to communicate the affairs to their townsmen. A few days later the Indians came in a body to negotiate for their service, thus proving their respect for the white man's religion, though contempt for its violators.

WHEN a chief of the Cherokees was asked why the Cherokees are so much in advance of the other tribes, he replied: "Because we have taken care to educate our women as well as the men." This answer means much. It means civilization and advancement for any people, be they Cherokees, Turks, Chinese or Africans. As long as the mother is ignorant, there is little hope for her sons.—*The Pipe of Peace.*

BISHOP HARE, of South Dakota, reported to the General Convention that during the last three years he has confirmed six hundred and fifty candidates among the Indians. Nine persons of the Sioux or Dakota race are now in holy orders. The Indians last year contributed \$2,500. He says: "Because they have sometimes done brutal deeds, it is a mistake to call them 'brutes.' Because our ancestors little more than one hundred years ago, for political reasons, beheaded their prisoners, and impaled them upon the walls, or condemned them to be hung, drawn and quartered, are we to call the English nation a nation of brutes? Unquestionably, they did brutal things; and so did these Indians. But these Indians are not brutes. They are capable of civilization, and there is not a remote corner of that reservation where you may not find a pretty little mission house or chapel and a worshipping congregation."

THE Indian children possess many good traits, which have been observed by those who have noticed the peculiarities and characteristics of the Indian race. One writer truthfully remarks that they are noticeable for their feeling of charity, and the manner in which they will stand up for each other, even when they recognize the faults of the offending party. They will not betray each other if they can possibly help it, and are always willing to do for and help each other along. This is not often found in a great degree among white children who have had far better advantages.

Apache Girls.

THE little Apache girls at the Ramona school are implicit believers in what they are taught of religion. The second Sunday, after fourteen or fifteen Apaches had arrived, they were fitted out in American garments and sent to church. As they were leaving the house, it was discovered that a skirt of one of the little girls was too long. The teacher took a needle and thread and fastened it up securely. The older girls were anxious that the first impressions of the new pupils, just from an Apache camp, should be correct. One of them went at once to the matron and indignantly asked: "What for Miss DeSette sew on God's day? What for you no tell her to stop?" — *Wide-awake.*

Clothing for Our Indian Homes.

MRS. WILSON begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following gifts and clothing sent to our Indian Homes:

JULY, 1890.

From Mrs. Niven, Montreal, a bale containing boys' and girls' clothing, also gifts for Xmas.

From Mrs. Brigstocke, St. John, N.B., a barrel containing some nice warm quilts, boys' clothing and other gifts.

Receipts—O.I.H.

FROM JULY 7TH TO AUGUST 4TH., INCLUSIVE.

L. R. MARSH, London, Ont., £5; St. Stephen's S.S., Toronto, for girl, \$25.25; St. Mark's, Niagara, for girl, \$25; Miss Crouch, Virgil, \$10; All Saints', Toronto, for girl, \$25; Visitor, £1.00; Shingwauk Collection Box, £2 83; Mrs. Muckleston, for freight, \$2.00; St. Paul's S.S., Uxbridge, for boy, \$9.37; Mrs. Forbes, for girl, \$45; Bible Class, Peterboro, for girl, \$12.50; Dr. and Mrs. Beaumont, \$3; St. George's S.S., Montreal, for boy, \$75; Mrs. H. P. Holden's Class, special, Elkhorn, \$0.40, per R. V. Rogers, W. A. M.A., Ottawa, \$10; St. George's Church, M'atreal, \$100. Receipts during Rev. E. F. Wilson's tour in England: A. Kinsella, £1; Anon, per Rev. G. G. Nichol, £1; Mrs. Morton, £1; Mrs. Blake, 5s.; Miss Atkins, 10s.; R. McCauley, £1; Mr. McGillieuddy, £5; J. G. Chur. £1; Mrs. Almon, 10s.; Miss Parminster, £1.50; Miss ... £1.50; Mrs. Andrews, 10s.; Rev. C. Hole, £5 14s.; Miss Brookings, 10s.; Mrs. Cleghorn, £1; Mrs. Butcher, £1; Mrs. T. Harvey, £1; Mrs. Pennefather, £2; Jos. H. Richardson, 10s.; E. Sturge, 10s.; Mrs. J. Richardson, £1; At Mrs. T. Merz's, £8 13s.; Mr. and Mrs. R. Foster, £1; Mrs. McDonald, 10s.; Mrs. L. Fry, 5s.; Offertory St. Dunstan's, London, England, £2 13s. 9d.; Meeting St. Dunstan's, London, England, £2 18s. 9d.; Miss Meadow's White Drawing Room, £20 7s. 6d.; Hughes Hughes, Esq., £5; Mr. Thompson (Grand Hotel), £2 2s.; Stoke Newington Collection, £3 12s.; Col. Clarke, Wimbleton Drawing Room, £12 15s. 3d.; Public Meeting, Wimbleton, £4 9s. 9d.; M. B. Galbraith, £1, per Rev. Canon Wilson, £1 6s.; Mrs. Tait, Drawing Room Meeting, £5 6s 4d.; Mrs. Ellis, 3 guineas; Meeting, iron-room, Mildmay, £5 3s. 8d.; Mrs. Hutton, 1 guinea; Ipswich Afternoon Meeting, £6 10s. 8d.; Evening, £2 3s. 4d.; Bromley Public Meeting, £3 5s. 11d.; Mr. W. S. Cowell, Ipswich, £5; Miss Atkins, £1; Rev. Canon Elwyn, £1 1s.; Miss Farrar, £20; Hampstead Meeting, £10; Dover Friday Meeting, £3 19s. 2d.; Saturday, £5 13s. 5d.; Dover Sunday Offerteries, £4 13s.; Ramsgate Afternoon Meeting, £6 2s.; Evening, £3 3d. 4d.; Dr. Martin,

£1; Arthur Wilson, £5; St. Jude's Mildmay Offerteries, £15 13s.; Garden Meeting, Mitcham, £13 2s.

NOTE.—As the "Canadian Indian" will be published on some different lines to those on which "OUR FOREST CHILDREN" has been published, acknowledgement of contributions to Mr. Wilson's Indian Homes will not as a rule appear in its pages, but will be sent to the church papers together with a few notes about the work going on at the Homes.

Receipts—O.F.C.

JULY 10TH, 1890.

Mrs. Noyes, 50c.; Mrs. Eppes, \$1; Mrs. Fortin, 50c.; Miss Lamb, \$1; Williamson & Co., \$1; Miss Crouch, \$2.50; O. Sharpe, \$1; R. N. Wilson, \$1; Sarah Atkins, 50c.; Miss L. A. Kingsmill, \$1; Miss Brown, 50c.; Miss Vidal, 50c.; W. Wilson, 50c.; Miss A. Wordman, \$1; Miss Moody, \$1; Mrs. J. Manning, 50c.; Mrs. Hamer, \$1.50; Miss Bawtree, \$1.20; Mrs. Fearon, \$1; G. F. Jewell, \$2.50; Miss Millar, 50c.; Carlos Montezuma, 50c.; Rev. Dr. Burman, \$1.

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